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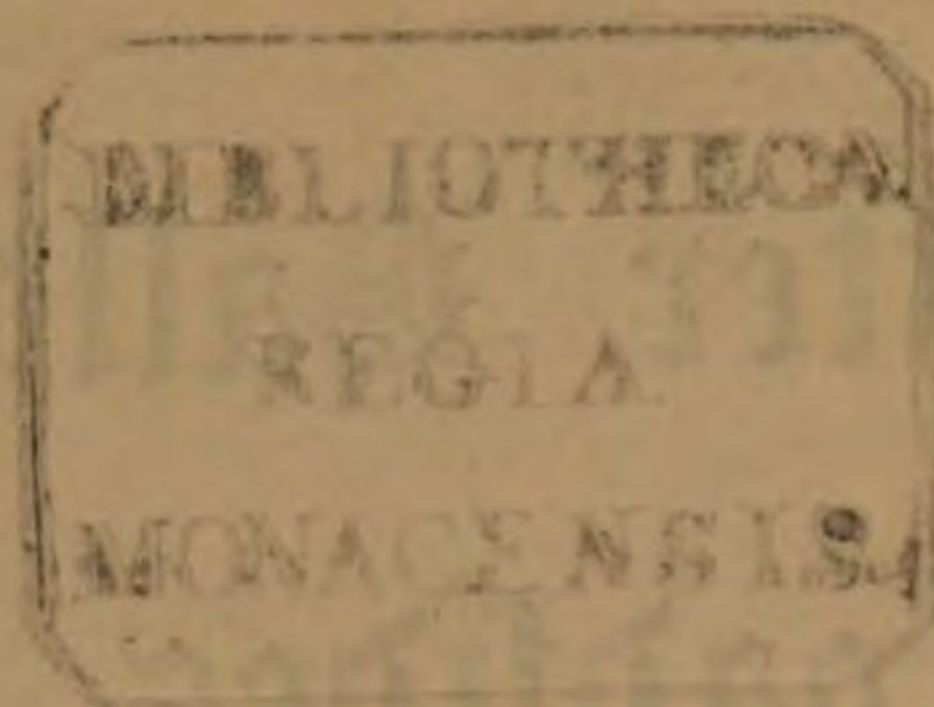
A
COLLECTION OF SEVENTY-NINE
**Black - Letter Ballads and
Broadfides,**

PRINTED IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH,
BETWEEN THE YEARS 1559
AND 1597.

ACCOMPANIED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND
ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.



LONDON:
JOSEPH LILLY, 17 AND 18, NEW STREET,
AND 52, GARRICK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1867.





P R E F A C E.



LOVE a ballad in print," are the words put by Shakespeare into the mouth of one of his characters, and from his evident fondness for them we must infer that he is conveying his own feelings through the mouth of the speaker. Another great writer of our own days, Sir Walter Scott, had an equal predilection for this species of literature, and has availed himself of them in the fascinating productions of his pen.

The Collections of Phillips, Percy, Evans, Ritson, Pinkerton, Jamieson and others, are a convincing proof of the favour with which they have been received by the public.

It may be confidently asserted that the present collection is not less interesting, and is certainly much more curious, than any that have preceded it, illustrating as it does the language, opinions, manners, usages, the feelings and passing events of the greater part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

These ballads, all of the highest interest and curiosity, hitherto unknown and presumed to be unique, are reprinted without the slightest alteration from the celebrated Collection formerly in the library of Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury Square, at the sale of whose library it was purchased by the publisher for Henry Huth, Esq., to whom his best thanks are due for his kindness and liberality in permitting the present publication.

The Introduction and Notes are supplied by two gentlemen profoundly versed in early English literature.

JOSEPH LILLY.





INTRODUCTION.

IT is remarkable how soon after its invention the art of printing became an instrument of popular amusement and instruction,—an active agent in the development of the mind of the people. This character, however, arose in some degree out of the necessity which called the art itself into existence, and which would naturally extend itself rapidly in proportion as it was indulged. The works which the first experimenters in printing sought to produce were prints and small books intended for religious teaching, which had been previously drawn and written by the hand, and which were thus necessarily sold at higher prices than the majority of the class for whom they were intended could afford to pay. The great want, therefore, to be supplied, was the means of producing an indefinite number of copies of a book in the same time and at the same cost which had formerly been employed in producing one, and thus reducing the cost of each individual copy to a very small fraction of the whole. In most countries, for some length of time after the introduction of printing, the full advantage of the art was imperfectly appreciated, perhaps for want of an agency by which a great number of copies of a

book could be rapidly and widely circulated ; and the first books were bulky, no doubt expensive, and calculated for anything but what we should call popular reading. It was in France that the art of printing first assumed a more popular character. There already existed in that country during the last twenty years of the fifteenth century, which must, therefore, have originated within very few years of the invention of the art, an extensive literature of a very popular character, consisting chiefly of farces and drolleries in a dramatic shape, poetical tracts on various subjects, tales in verse and prose, satires on contemporary manners and sentiments, almanacks and facetiæ, many of the later degenerating into simple coarse obscenities, so early did the objectionable uses of printing accompany this more than useful art. All these appeared in the form of small pamphlets, of a few, often not more than three or four, leaves each. They appear to have been sold by itinerant booksellers, who hawked them about the country, and were called technically *bisouarts*, and who still preserve in France another of their old names, that of *colporteurs*.

This literature spread from France into Italy and Spain at an early period. It was introduced into England at the beginning of the sixteenth century, no doubt from France, because nearly all the English samples of it we know are translations or adaptations from the language of that country. Our literary antiquaries call them *chap-books*. They were a class of books exposed by their nature to speedy destruction, but a sufficient number of them are preserved, though in unique

or very rare copies, to leave no doubt that they were very numerous, even at an early period.

There was another class of literature, we may perhaps say still more popular, which appears to have flourished most in England, and which we usually call *broadfides*. The Germans call them *fliegende Blätter*, and the French *feuilles volantes*, both comparatively modern terms, and the last perhaps translated from the other. These broadfides became far more popular in England than in other countries, and during a long period they have been the usual mode of publishing popular ballads. They were the form employed with us for royal proclamations and similar documents from a very early period in the history of printing. Setting these aside, the broadside appears to have been employed first for printing papal indulgences, several examples of which, dating from 1513 to 1527, will be found in the collection of broadfides preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, of which a valuable catalogue, compiled by Mr. Robert Lemon, has been recently published. In this collection, which is, for the earliest period, the richest and most valuable in existence, we find no example before the middle of the sixteenth century of what we now understand more specially by the name of ballad,—of that peculiar class of popular literature which belonged to the long period of transition in our country between mediæval society and the society of our own times. We soon find the printed broadside employed in the various circumstances of temporary agitation, whether political or social. In fact, the press was destined very soon to become the

most powerful agent in all social agitation. On the 11th of June, 1540, late in the reign of Henry VIII., Thomas Lord Cromwell, that king's minister and counsellor in all his acts of hostility against the Church of Rome, fell into disgrace, and was committed to the Tower. To the papal party it was of course a subject of exultation, which was displayed in a ballad, published no doubt soon after his imprisonment, at all events before his execution on the 28th of July following. The Protestant party took up the cause of their protector, and the result was a rather bitter warfare carried on by means of poetical broadsides, eight of which are contained in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries. The original ballad against Cromwell is printed in Percy's "*Reliques*." Cromwell's assailants offended the king, who was personally identified with the acts for which they censured Cromwell, and it is curious that the writer of most of the ballads in defence of the fallen minister was Thomas Smith, who describes himself as "servaunt to the kynges royall majestye; and clerke of the queenes graces counsell, though most unworthy." Three or four known broadsides of a similar character belong to the closing years of the reign of Henry VIII. When we enter the reign of his son and successor, Edward VI., we find rhyming broadsides of the same character. First in date of those preserved in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries are two ballads for and against Bishop Gardner, printed probably in 1548, when that prelate was committed to the Tower. We now fall in with the names of printers who were subsequently remarkable for

the number of ballads which issued from their presses. John Waley, who lived in Foster Lane in London, printed "A Newe Balade made by Nicholas Balthorp, which suffered in Calys the 20 daie of Marche, M.D.L.," which means March, 1551. In the year following, another of the great printers of ballad literature, Richard Lant, introduces us to a new controverfy in these poetical broadsides. It was provoked by a young man in literature who afterwards rose to considerable celebrity, Thomas Churchyard, who wrote a short metrical satire on contemporary society entitled "Davy Dycars Dreame." Churchyard found an opponent in a man who signed himself T. Camel, and whose printer was Henry Sutton, another well-known printer of ballads, who dwelt in St. Paul's Churchyard. In the collection of the Society of Antiquaries there are no less than thirteen broadside poems belonging to this controverfy, those by Churchyard and his friends printed by Lant, and those of his assailant by Sutton, and all within the year 1552. The number of broadsides of this description belonging to Edward's reign is very small, but among them is the earliest example of which we have any knowledge of the true ballad literature, though it is not written in what was afterwards considered as specially ballad verse. John Waley printed, as it is presumed, in the reign of Edward VI., a broadside in verse, entitled, "A new mery balad of a maid that wold mary wyth a fervyng man," the author of which informs us that his name was Thomas Emley. Two or three poetical broadsides printed in the reign of Queen Mary are all more or less of a political character.

One only, which is ascribed by conjecture to Mary's reign, and which is entitled, "A new ballet entituled howe to wyve well," is a veritable ballad, and is written in ballad metre. The author was Lewis Evans, and it was printed by Owen Rogers, "at the Spread Egle, betwyxte both the Saynct Bartholomews." It is probable, however, that it belongs to the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, rather than to that of her predecessor.

We are thus only able to point out one literary ballad printed in England previous to the middle of the sixteenth century, and that belonging to so late a period as the reign of the Sixth Edward, and we can hardly imagine that this class of literature was very common at that period. We know that it was circulated in a very perishable form, and we should not expect to find now any very large remains of it from so early a date, yet still we ought to find more frequent allusions to it. We are unable to say exactly when the literature of the ballad first came into existence, but it appears to have become suddenly very popular. It was a new branch of commerce, and which, as is often the case, created a new want. The Stationers' Company was incorporated in the year 1556, and its registers begin in the following year. When we look at these, we are astonished at the great number of ballads which, from the first opening, were licensed for publication, and yet, of them all, there is only a rare example here and there of which we have any trace beyond the entry of the title in these registers. But it would seem that this multiplicity of broadside ballads was then only beginning, for at the commence-

ment of the Stationers' Registers we find only one or two printers of ballads, and it is a year or two later when they become more numerous. During the first ten years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the names of about forty printers from whose presses ballads were issued appear in the registers of the Stationers' Company, and other names of ballad-printers are met with which are not to be found in the registers.

It is chiefly to this most interesting period of the history of our ballad literature that we owe the ballads printed in the present volume. The greater number of them range from 1560 to 1570, and only a very small number pass the year 1572. They have no doubt been originally collected by some man of position who lived at that time and took a lively interest in all that was passing around him, and were most likely preserved among his family papers. Mr. Payne Collier, in 1840, edited for the Percy Society twenty-five ballads of the same character, and belonging to the same period, which are known to have belonged to the same collection. Altogether they form, no doubt, the most extraordinary and valuable collection of early English ballads now known to exist. They are the more interesting, because they have not been collected by one whose taste ran upon any particular class of such productions, but they present a variety which embraces the whole field of broadside literature; and it will be worth our while, in our present consideration of them, to treat them in detail in this point of view. In the first place, they naturally separate into two great divisions, those of a purely literary character, and those which

are more or less political or relate to contemporary events or feelings.

To the former of these divisions belong sentimental and love poetry, romances and stories, and facetiæ. A part of the latter class was taken or imitated from the French popular literature; they were the *fabliaux* of an earlier period. Many of them were satires upon the failings of the other sex, which then formed a favourite theme. Of these we have examples in the present volume, in the ballad of "The Pinnyng of the Basket," (p. 105), in "A mery Balade, how a wife entreated her husband to haue her owne wyll," (p. 129), and in "A very proper dittie, to the tune of Lightie Loue," (p. 113). Some are loose and indelicate stories, such as that of the Brewer and Cooper, (p. 60), a true representative of the ancient *fabliaux*, which appears to have been very popular, as two or three editions of it have been traced. Others, again, are more or less openly obscene, of which there is one example only in the present volume, the ballad of "Mother Watkins Ale," (p. 251). This, also, appears to have been extremely popular, for it is not unfrequently alluded to in the lighter literature of the Elizabethan age, though no traces of its existence had been discovered until the present collection came to light. Perhaps we may consider as belonging to this class the dittie "Shewing what vnkindnes befell by a kisse," (p. 214), and the verses entitled, "Adewe, Sweete Harte," (p. 222). This description of literature appears to have been sufficiently abundant in Elizabeth's, as it was indeed in the ages which followed. Among the "Old Ballads" is one by a preacher

named Thomas Brice, who is known as the author of some other publications, and died before 1570, "Against filthy writing, and such like delighting." This ballad appears to have been directed against two of the licentious writers of the day, who had written ballads in defence of their productions, and it commences with the lines,—

What meane the rimes that run thus large in every shop
to sell,
With wanton sound and filthie sense? Me thinke it grees
not well.
We are not Ethnickes, we forsoth at least professe not so;
Why range we then to Ethnickes trade? Come back,
where will ye go?
Tel me, is Christ or Cupide lord? Doth God or Venus
reigne?

In the present collection, we have another satirical ballad on the contemporary literature, or at least on the poets, which has for its title the following rather clumsy lines (p. 205),—

To such as write in metres, I write
Of small matters an exhortation,
By readyng of which men may delite
In such as be worthy commendation.
My verse also it hath relation
To such as print, that they doe it well,—
The better they shall their metres sell.

The writer of this ballad, who seems to think that it was the duty of the printer to look to the goodness of what came from his press, professes to imitate the example of Horace, who protests against the inferior poets among the Romans, such as Lucilius for example, and there were plenty of such wretched rhymesters in the days of Elizabeth,—

Wherefore let vs not open a gate,
 Eyther the printer, or they which write
 To fuch as they be, knowyng their ftate.

And he fingles out efpecially for his criticifm
 the writers on love,—

Your balades of loue, not worth a beane,
 A number there be, although not all;
 Some be pithie, fome weake, fome leane,
 Some doe runne as round as a ball;—
 Some verfes haue fuch a pleafant fall,
 That pleafure it is for any man,
 Whether his knowledge be great or fmall,
 So that of a verfe fome fkyll he can.

Of thefe love ballads there is no great number in our collection, and many of them to which we can give a date, as well, indeed, as of all the purely literary divifion, belong to rather a later period than moft of the hiftorical and political ballads, fo that they were perhaps collected by another and younger member of the family, who afterwards mixed them with the others. To this clafs of amorous and fentimental ballads belong, “A Newe Ballade of a Louer extollinge his Ladye,” (p. 24), a fheet of poems of this defcription preferved in manufcript (pp. 190-194), and “A prettie newe Ballad, intytuled,—

“The Crowe fits vpon the wall,
 Pleafe one and pleafe all.”

The writer of the latter, who is unufually large and liberal in his fentiments, recommends his reader to pay his homage to the whole fex and not to confine himfelf to an individual.

There are three ballads in this collection which belong to the clafs of novels and romance. One has for its fubject the well-known ftory of

Patient Griffel (Grifeldis), which has been a favourite with English poets since the days of Chaucer, and appears here in its earliest ballad form, under the title of "A most pleasant Ballad of Patient Griffell," (p. 17). The other two are, the ballad of "The Marchants Daughter of Bristow," (p. 66), which was no less popular than Patient Griffel, and that of "The Faire Widow of Watling-Street, and her 3 daughters," both of them in two parts. These are both the earliest editions known, belonging to a period approaching near to the close of the sixteenth century, when this class of ballad histories was coming into great popularity.

The political and historical ballads in the present collection possess an extraordinary interest, for they belong to one of the most momentous periods of our national history. Little more than a generation had passed since the overthrow of feudalism. Henry VIII. had broken the power of the papacy in England, and his son, Edward VI., seemed to have established Protestantism; but, on the death of the latter, the older religion, in the person of Mary, resumed its sway during more than five years, under its least pleasing attribute, that of persecution. Mary also was just dead, and her sister Elizabeth had stepped into her place with a cautiousness which, although the protestant party looked upon her as their friend, almost left room to doubt which party she intended to espouse. The cloud, which was already bursting over Western Europe, added greatly to people's doubts and fears, and they were filled with anxiety, not only to be made acquainted with

the present, but to get even a slight glimpse into the probabilities of the future. The publication of news, whether true or false,—and the latter was, perhaps, the most saleable, because it was the most extraordinary,—became thus a profitable trade. For these reasons the political ballads and broadside literature are now very important evidence not only of the popular feelings of the time, but of the means employed to influence those feelings. In the superstition of those days, every unknown or unusual natural phenomenon was looked upon as a warning from heaven of social and political disaster, and was, therefore, watched with the most intense interest.

Among these signs, none created greater apprehension than monstrous births, which we find continually recorded even by the historians and more serious writers of the day. The year 1562, the fourth of Elizabeth's reign, is recorded by the English chroniclers, such as Hollinshed and Stowe, as especially fertile in monsters. The present collection contains nearly a dozen broadsides descriptive of these prodigies, generally accompanied with a picture. No less than five of them belong to the year just mentioned, 1562. The first (p. 27) is a "true reporte" of a child born at Great Horkefley, near Colchester, having neither legs nor arms; the description of the child is prefaced by verses setting forth the mysterious design of these monsters. The next (p. 45) is an account of a monstrous pig with a dolphin's head, born at Charing Cross a few days subsequently, similarly accompanied with verses moralizing upon the phenomenon. Another pig, farrowed at Hampstead, near London, in

the October of that year, is described in a third broadside, "imprinted" by Alexander Lacy (p. 112). A fourth broadside (p. 186), also belonging to the year 1562, as we learn from the entry in the Stationers' Registers, describes another monstrous pig, and is accompanied with a poetical "exhortacion or warnynge to all men, for amendment of lyfe." And another of the same year (p. 201), entirely in ballad verse, represents a monstrous child born at Chichester. Another monstrous child, born at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, in 1564, is described and explained in a moral or religious light, in a ballad by John Barker (p. 63). The year 1566 produced twins joined together at the stomach, described in a ballad by one John Mellys of Norwich (p. 217), and a child with ruffs round the neck, born at Mitcham in Surrey (p. 243). In 1568, we have a monstrous child born at Maidstone, in Kent (p. 194), having "first the mouth flitted on the right side, like a libarde's (leopard's) mouth, terrible to beholde," which the author of the ballad explains as a rebuke to the kingdom for its wickedness, and as a sign of God's displeasure,—

This monstrous shape to thee, England,
 Playn shewes thy monstrous vice,
 If thou ech part wylt vnderstand,
 And take thereby aduice.

And finally we have a description of a "marueilous straunge fishe," caught between Calais and Dover, in June, 1569 (p. 145).

People lived in that condition which naturally arises out of the breaking up of one great social system, and the transition towards another, the

character of which is as yet unknown. Men were conscious that the whole frame of society was disjointed and corrupt, and looked forward anxiously to the coming reform. Latterly the revolution had taken a strongly religious character, and the feeling of discontent partook also of a religious shade, and one class of the popular ballads, of which there are some good examples in the present collection, formed a powerful agent in sowing and cherishing the seeds of that puritanism which was to exercise so great an influence on the destinies of our country in the next generation. None of these ballads, indeed, are more curious than those which attempt to picture the vices and corruptions of the times during the earlier, and, perhaps we may say, less settled part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. One of the earliest of these, belonging to the year 1561 is entitled, "A balade declaryng how neybourhed (neighbourliness), loue, and trew dealyng, is gone" (p. 134). The author, John Barker, complains of the illcondition of the world generally,—

How straunge it is to men of age,
 The which they se before their face,
 This world to be in such outrage,
 It was neuer sene in so bad case.
 Neighbourhed nor loue is none,
 Trew dealyng now is fled and gone.

These two lines form the burthen of the song, if one can call it a song. John Barker complains that flattery and deceit were then the means of success; that wickedness prevailed everywhere; that covetousness was the great principle of men's actions; that the landlords acted unjustly

towards their tenants; and that every man was the enemy of his neighbour. Another ballad, published in the same year, bearing the name of a better known writer, John Heywood, is entitled, "A Ballad against Slander and Detraction" (p. 9). Another ballad of this class, which appears from the Stationers' Registers to have been published in 1566 or 1567, is directed against the crime of bribery, and, the text being taken from Scripture, is entitled, "A proper new Balad of the bryber Gehefie" (p. 42). Another ballad, printed in November, 1566 (p. 101), is directed against the licentiousness of the age; as is also one published a few years later, under the title, "Of the horrible and wofull destruction of Sodome and Gomorra" (p. 125). With these may be classed "A new Ballad against Unthrifths" (p. 153), which is aimed against the then numerous class of spendthrifts and rioters, who, the writer tells us, spent their money in the tavern, or threw it away at dice, until they fell into still worse practices, and finished with Tyburn and the gallows,—

Then some at Newgate doo take ship,
Sailing ful fast vp Holborne Hil;
And at Tiborn their anckers piche,
Ful fore indeed against their wil.

Another ballad, "The xxv. orders of Fooles" (p. 88), which, according to the Stationers' Registers, belongs to the year 1569, is more playfully satirical. It had long been the fashion to represent mankind, as then existing, in the garb of fools, and classifying these according to their various weaknesses and peculiarities. The Ship of Fools, of Sebastian Brandt, is well

known, and it was popular here in an English version as well as in its original form in Germany; and our own Sir Thomas More wrote in praise of Folly. The writer of the ballad divides the fools of this world into twenty-five orders. Some fools, according to his view, look upon wisdom with disdain; some preach to others virtues which they do not practise themselves; others spend all in their youth, and make no provision for their old age; others again delight in discord and strife; and so on to the end of the list. One of the most curious broadsides in the whole collection is the ballad which pictures the various orders in the state, arranged under the heads of the priest, the king, the harlot, the lawyer, and the clown, each boasting of the power he holds over the others (p. 98). The priest alleges that he prays for the other four; the king that he defends and protects them; the harlot, introduced in a manner which would seem to show a low state of morals at that period, says, "I vanquesh you fower;" the lawyer, "I helpe yov iiij. to yovr right;" the clown, "I feede yov fower;" and death comes in and proclaims his errand, "I kill yov all." This subject is found, treated a little differently, in the French popular literature of that age, from which the idea was taken by the English ballad-writer, who has, no doubt, modified it a little to make it accord with the difference of English sentiments. It is to be remarked that we have here also (p. 173) one of the most curious and earliest of the English representations of that well-known allegory, the Dance of Death, a very popular subject during Elizabeth's reign.

The earliest dated ballad in this collection is of the year 1559 (the first of the reign of Queen Elizabeth), and is entitled, "The Wonders of England" (p. 94). It is a brief retrospective review of English history since 1553, when God, as a punishment for the sins with which the land abounded, took away from us the good King Edward. The people had since suffered from mental darkness and persecution, until God relented and sent us Elizabeth, and,—

Straightway the people out dyd cry—
 Prayfed be God, and God faue thee,
 Quene of England!

It may be remarked that this ballad is one of the poetical productions of the printer from whose press it issued, John Awdeley, who seems to have sought frequently to exhibit his talents as a ballad-writer. There is another ballad of a satirical character, which belongs apparently to the earlier part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which describes the defects of contemporary society by their contraries. It has for title, "Other (i. e. *either*) thus it is, or thus it shoulde bee" (p. 247), and ends with a prayer that Elizabeth might rule her subjects well, and that they might prove true in their obedience. We have a ballad breathing a similar vein of satire (p. 208), which unfortunately bears no direct evidence of date, though it is believed to be very early. This ballad declares that the gospel was then read in its original purity throughout Christendom; that all people led their lives "after Christe's rule;" all neighbours lived lovingly together as though they were kinsfolk; the earth had become like heaven, and the people

in it like angels; the prisons were empty; and all things went on so flourishingly, that it was believed that doomsday was near at hand; but the writer adds, rather waggishly, "O wondrous good tydynges, yf al sayynges be tru!"

The religious and moral poems are hardly so numerous in the following collection as might be expected. A poet named Christopher Wilson is the author of a ballad written in 1566 (p. 166), in which an acrostic, containing his name, runs through the initial letters of the lines from beginning to end. In another ballad, printed in 1568 (p. 138), the well-known writer Elderton has expounded the sayings of the ancient philosophers in verse. A third poet, John Symon, has given a metrical commemoration of Scripture worthies, under the title of "A pleasant posie, or sweete nosegay of fragrant smellyng flowers, gathered in the garden of heauenly pleasure" (p. 5). This belongs to the year 1572. The ballads against popery are more numerous, and every incident which could be made the ground of an attack upon the Romish party appears to have been seized upon with eagerness. We have here "A Balade of a Preist that losse his nose" (p. 141), to which the writer adds, as a rhyme, "for sayyng of masse, as I suppose." It is a very satirical description of the mishap of a priest, stated to have been the vicar of Lee, who had been waylaid, it would appear, on his return from mass, robbed, and his nose cut off. A broadside, probably of a later date than the last, gives an engraving, accompanied with verses, of two friars of the order of Capuchins (p. 156). The pope's bull, hung against the

Bishop of London's palace-gate, in 1571, is the subject of two ballads in this collection (pp. 33, 224). We have also a rather earnest protest against the mass, in a ballad printed in 1566 (p. 171); and a rather good ballad, belonging apparently to a rather early period of the queen's reign, and published under the simple title of a "A newe Ballade" (p. 30), was intended to warn her against the hostile designs of the spirituality, meaning thereby the Romish party, by the examples of such of her predecessors as had fallen victims to the unscrupulous ambition of the clergy. The strong feelings of the protestant party in England at this time led to a spirit of exaggerated loyalty and devotion which not unfrequently displays itself in these ballads. A curious ballad by Elderton, entitled, "Prepare ye to the Plowe" (p. 174), and to be sung to the rather singular tune of "Pepper is blacke," represents the queen as holding the plough, and exhorts her subjects to be always ready to help her,—

The queene holdes the plowe, to continew good seede;
Trustie subiectes, be readie to helpe, if she neede.

This loyalty, which led Elizabeth's subjects to employ the extreme of flattery, is shown in a ballad by a not unknown writer of that age, named Bernard Garter, entitled, "A strife betwene Appelles and Pigmalion" (p. 151), who feigns a contest between those two artists for superiority, the result of which was a statue, by the latter, of a woman of such surpassing beauty as had never been seen before, and dame nature took it away, gave life to it, and restored it to

earth in the person of Queen Elizabeth. The pious Englishman of that day imagined, in his devotion, that no beauty could surpass that of the great champion of Protestantism.

These earlier years of the reign of Elizabeth formed, indeed, a period of anxiety and uncertainty among all classes. Elizabeth and her ministers knew that the catholic party, not only at home but on the Continent, were conspiring against her, and that not only her religion, but her throne, and even her life, were in danger. People's doubts were not lessened by occasional displays of exultation on the part of some of the less discreet of the catholic party, who could not conceal their hopes of success; and by the knowledge that a very great part of the population of the country was ready to join to whichever fortune should seem to promise success. People were, by no means, assured of the fate of Protestantism, until the rebellion of the Dukes of Northumberland and Westmoreland, in the autumn of 1569, which displayed the real weakness of the other party. The alarm which this rising created, not only among the people, but in Elizabeth and her court, was very great; but it did not last long: before the end of the year the rebellion was crushed, and the two earls were fugitives. This success evidently drew forth a great number of broadside ballads, the titles of many of which are entered in the Stationers' Registers, and a few of which are preserved. No less than five of these are in the present collection, the earliest of which is a metrical prayer for divine protection against the rebels (p. 121); the others all relate to the period which followed

the suppression of the rebellion. The first ballad in the present volume commemorates the execution of a priest named Plumtree, who had taken possession of the church of St. Nicholas, in Durham, and of the flight of the leaders of the rebellion. Another, entitled "The Plagues of Northumberland" (p. 56), is also something like a song of triumph over the defeat of the rebels; and a third (p. 231), having for its title the distich,—

Joyfull Newes for true Subiectes to God and the Crowne,
The Rebelles are cooled, their Braggies be put downe,—

is written in the same spirit, but in a more scornful tone. Lastly, we have "A Newe Ballade, intituled, Agaynst Rebelloious and false rumours" (p. 239), bearing the date 1570, and published no doubt early in the year. Before these curious pieces were made known by the discovery of the collection now printed, only two or three contemporary ballads on the northern rebellion of 1569 were known to exist. Two, published by Bishop Percy in his *Reliques*, from his folio manuscript, are border ballads, composed by minstrels who seem to have sympathized more or less with the two Earls and their followers, and they are of an entirely different character from those here printed. Among the "Old Ballads" printed by Mr. Payne Collier, which had originally formed part of the present collection, there is also a ballad on this rebellion, written by Thomas Preston, and entitled,—

A lamentation from Rome how the Pope doth bewayle,
That rebelles in England can not prevayle.

And there is one in the collection of broadsides

in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, also exulting over the defeat of the rebellion, and entitled, "Newes from Northumberland." These are, we believe, all the popular ballads now known to exist relating to this important event; and they are very curious as illustrating the popular feelings which it excited.

The other historical ballads in this collection are chiefly of a less degree of importance, because they relate generally to events of no great interest at the present day, with two especial exceptions. These are two Scottish ballads, both by Sempill, a known Scottish poet. The subject of the first is the massacre of the Protestants in Paris on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1572, and it is entitled, "Ane new Ballet set out be ane fugitiue Scottisman that fled out of Paris at this lait murder" (p. 37). The Scots, who were of course by their form of religion more closely allied in feeling with the French Protestants than the English, were greatly affected by these sanguinary persecutions in France, and, under the terror they created, the Scottish government then in power sought to draw still closer its relations with Queen Elizabeth. Such is the spirit of the present ballad. It presses upon Elizabeth the prudence of united and vigorous measures of defence,—

Now, wyse Quene Elizabeth, luik to yourself,
 Dispite them, and wryte thame ane bill of defyance,
 The Papistis and Spanzards hes partit 3our pelf,
 As newly and trewly was tald me thir tythance.
 Beleue thay to land heir, and get vs for nocht;
 Will 3e do as we do, it sal be deir bocht.

The other of these Scottish ballads (p. 49) is en-

titled, "Ane Complaint vpon Fortoun," and was published early in 1581, on Morton's fall, but before he was brought to trial and executed.

Of the English historical ballads, or broadsides, which remain to be mentioned, one (p. 236) is a poem by "Ber. Gar." (Bernard Garter), entitled "A dittie in the worthie praise of an high and mightie Prince," who appears from the context to have been Thomas Howard Earl of Norfolk, but the occasion on which it was written is not explained. There are three ballads on the deaths of eminent persons, who were, first, "my Ladie Marques" (p. 14), (perhaps the Marchioness of Southampton), which was entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1569; second, "the Ladie Maioreffe" of London (p. 178); the third, "the Earl of Huntingdon," which bears the date of 1596. A ballad named "Saparton's Alarum" (p. 118), bears the name of John Saparton as its author, and appears, from another ballad on the same individual entered in the Stationers' books, to belong to about the year 1569; its meaning is not very clear. We have "A famous dittie" on a somewhat memorable visit of the queen to the city on the 12th of November, 1584 (p. 182); and "A mournfull dittie" (p. 197) on a sudden mortality which took place among the judges and others at the Lincoln Assizes of 1590. There are two ballads on another accident which happened in the provinces, the burning of the town of Beccles, in Suffolk, in 1586 (pp. 78, 81); they were both printed by Robert Robinson in London for Nicholas Colman of Norwich, so that even at this time ballad-printers appear to have been only to be found in London.

Lastly, we have a ballad entitled "Franklin's Farewell to the World" (p. 85). James Franklin was the apothecary who supplied the poisons used in the Overbury murders, and was condemned and executed on the 9th of December, 1615. Another ballad, on the same subject, is preserved in the collection of the Society of Antiquaries. This ballad must have been added to our collection long after the original collector had departed from the scene of his labours.

With the mass of ballad literature here revealed to us, we may naturally be curious to learn something of the ballad-writers, but we can collect little beyond a few obscure names, and others which are merely hinted to us by their initials. Among them, however, are the names of one or two writers who are better known in the smaller literature of the Elizabethan period. Such is Thomas Churchyard, whose name is found attached to one of the ballads separated from the present collection, and printed by Mr. Collier. Such also are William Elderton, and Thomas Deloney. The first of these was celebrated for his tippling propensities, as well as for his rhymes, and is said to have drunk himself to death, some time before 1592. His special characteristic is commemorated in a contemporary epitaph, recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys, as follows:—

*Hic situs est sitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius sitis est.*

Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry;
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.

He was the author of three ballads in the present volume (pp. 16, 140, 178), and of two of those edited by Mr. Collier. One of the latter was printed on the 22nd of March, 1559, which, in our reckoning, means 1560. Deloney was a professed ballad-writer on all passing events. His only production in the present volume is one of the poems on the burning of the town of Beccles, in 1586 (p. 84); one in Mr. Collier's volume, printed in the same year, has for its subject the execution of the conspirators in the celebrated Babington Conspiracy. Deloney usually signs only with his initials, T. D. John Heywood, who also is a well-known writer of the middle of the sixteenth century, was a firm Roman Catholic, and went into voluntary exile on the death of Mary, dying at Mechlin, in Brabant, in 1565. If he be the author of the "Ballad against Slander and Detraction" (p. 9), to which the name of Haywood is attached, it must have been intended as a protest against personal abuse to which some of the Catholics, perhaps himself, had been subjected. Richard Tarlton, another well-known minor Elizabethan writer, is the author of one of the most sprightly ballads in the present collection (p. 259); as well as of one in Mr. Collier's collection, to which his name is given in full. John Awdeley, the printer, appears not unfrequently to have written his own ballads. Two of them occur in our present volume, the first (p. 97) printed in 1559, the second (p. 123) in 1569; and there is a third in Collier's volume, supposed to belong to about the same date as the former. A few also of the other names of authors attached to these ballads

are known by some other contributions to the literature of the age. John Barker, who wrote three of our ballads (pp. 59, 66, and 138), one of them printed in 1564, and another entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1569-70, is also known as the author of a ballad "Of the horrible and wofull destruction of Jerufalem," printed by Colwell about 1568. The initials "T. Gr." attached to one of our ballads (p. 94) probably stand for Thomas Greepe, who was the author of a poem on the exploits of Sir Francis Drake, printed in 1587. Leonard Gibson, whose name occurs here as the writer of a ballad on the lightness of the ladies (p. 117), was the author of a little book called "The Tower of Trustinesse," in verse and prose, printed in 1555; and there is a song called "L. Gibson's Tantara" in the "Handefull of Pleasant Delites," 1584. The individual designed under the abbreviated form Ber. Gar. (pp. 153, 239), and in one case merely by the initials, B. G. (p. 150), was Bernard Garter, who wrote the "Tragical History of Two English Lovers," printed in a small volume in 1565, and "A New Yeares Gifte," printed in quarto in 1579, and some of whose verses are prefixed to "Pasquine in a Traunce," 1584. John Philip, whose name is attached to one of our ballads printed in 1570 (p. 182), and to whom probably belong the initials I. P. attached to the lines added to the account of the Wonderful Swine (p. 190), is known by several poetical works still extant, of which perhaps the most curious is "A rare and strange historicall Novell of Cleomenes and Sophonisba," printed in 1577. John Mellys, of Norwich, the author of a

ballad on two monstrous children, printed in 1566 (p. 220), was perhaps the same person, for he bears the same name, as the compiler of "A briefe Instruction how to keepe Bookes of Accompts," which bears the date 1588. The other names and initials found in our collection of ballads appear to be entirely unknown. When we compare them with the few other ballads of this period now known, which present us with many new names, we cannot but be surprised at the great number of individuals who must have found employment in writing ballads at this very early period in the history of ballad literature.





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ANCIENT BALLADS AND
BROADSIDES.



*A Ballad intituled, A newe Well a daye,
As playne, maister papist, as Donstable waye.*

Well a daye, well a daye, well a daye, woe is mee,
Syr Thomas Plomtrie is hanged on a tree.



MONGE manye newes reported of late
As touchinge the rebelles their
wicked estate,
Yet Syr Thomas Plomtrie their
preacher, they saie,
Hath made the North countrie to crie well a
daye.

Well a daye, well a daye, well a daye, woe is me,
Syr Thomas Plomtrie is hanged on a tree.

And now manie fathers and mothers be theare,
Are put to their trialles with terrible feare,
Not all the gaye crosses nor goddes they adore
Will make them as merie as they haue ben
before ;
Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

The widowes be woful whose husbandes be taken,
 The childerne lament them that are so forsaken,
 The church men thei chaunted the morowe masse
 bell,
 Their pardons be graunted, they hang verie wel.
 Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

It is knowne they bee fled that were the beginners,
 It is time they were ded, poore sorofull finners ;
 For all there great haste they are hedged at a staye,
 With weeping and waylinge to sing well a daye ;
 Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

Yet some hold opynion, all is well with the highest ;
 They are in good fastie wher freedome is nieste ;
 Northumberland need not be doutefull, some saye,
 And Westmorlande is not yet brought to the
 bay ;
 Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

No more is not Norton, nor a number beside,
 But all in good season they maye hap to be spide ;
 It is well they be wandred whether no man can say,
 But it will be remembered, they crie well a daie ;
 Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

Where be the fyne fellowes that caried the crosses ?
 Where be the deuifers of idoles and asses ?
 Wher be the gaie banners were wont to be borne ?
 Where is the deuocion of gentyll John Shorne ?
 Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

Saint Pall and Saint Peter haue laid them a-bord,
 And saie it is fetter to cleaue to Gods worde,

Their beades and their bables are best to be burnd,
And Moises tables towards them to be turnde ;
Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

And well a daye wandreth still to and froe,
Bewailinge the wonders of rumors that goe ;
Yet saie the stiffe-necked, let be as be maye,
Though some be fore checked, yet some skape
awaie ;
Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

And such some be fowers of feedes of fedicion,
And saie the Popes pardon shall giue them re-
mission,
That kepe themselues secrete, and preeuilie saie,
It is no greate matter for this, well a daye ;
Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

You shall haue more newes er Candemas come,
Their be matters diffuse, yet lookte for of some ;
Looke on, and looke still, as ye longe to here newes,
I thinke Tower Hill will make ye all muse ;
Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

If they that leaue tumblynge begin to wax climbing,
For all your momblinge and merie pastimeing
Ye will then belecue, I am sure as I saie,
That matter will meeue a newe well a daye ;
Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

But as ye be faithlesse of God and his lawe,
So till ye see hedles the traitors in strawe,
You wil be still whisperinge of this and of that,
Well a daye, woe is me, you remember it not ;
Well a daie, well a daie, &c

Leaue of your lyinge, and fall to trewe reason,
Leaue of your fonde spieng, and marke euery
season ;
Against God and your countrie to taulke of
rebelling
Not Syr Thomas Plumtrie can bide by the
telling ;
Well a daye, well a daye, &c.

And such as seduce the people with blyndnes,
And byd them to trust the Pope and his
kyndnes,
Make worke for the tynker, as prouerbes doth
saie,
By such popishe patching still comes well a
daye ;
Well a daye, well a daie, &c.

And she that is rightfull your Queene to subdue
ye,
Althoughe you be spitfull, hath gyuen no cause
to ye ;
But if ye will vexe her, to trie her hole force,
Let him that comes next her take heed of her
horfe ;
Well a daie, well a daie, &c.

Shee is the lieftennante of him that is slowtest,
Shee is defender of all the deuowtest ;
It is not the Pope, nor all the Pope may,
Can make her astroyed, or finge well a daie ;
Well a daie, well a daie, &c.

God prosper her highnes, and send her his peace
To gouerne good people with grace and increase ;

And fend the deseruers, that seeke the wronge
 way,
 At Tyborne some caruers, to finge well a daie;
 Well a daie, well a daie, &c.

Finis.

W. E.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleestrete beneath the
 Conduit, at the signe of S. John Euan-
 gelist, by Thomas Colwell.



*A pleasant Poesie, or sweete Nofegay of frag-
 rant smellyng Flowers gathered in the Garden
 of heauenly Pleasure, the holy and blessed Bible;
 to the tune of the Black Almayne.*



STOCK of flowers, bedewed with
 showers,
 In a garden now there springs;
 With mirth and glee, vpon a tree,
 A byrd there sits and sings;
 So pleasant is her voyce,
 It doth my hart reioyce:
 She sets her tunes and noates so meete,
 That vnto me it seemes so sweete,
 That all the flowers, that euer could be,
 Was neuer so swete as this to me;
 The lyke before I dyd neuer se.

¶ The Bible it is, that garden i-wys,
Which God preferue alwayes :
Lykewyse Gods worde it is that byrde,
That now so much I prayse.
Also those goodly flowers,
So well bedewed with showers,
I wyll now go about to gather,
And put them in a posy together ;
I wyll not put them in no cheft,
But bynd them vp as I thinke best,
And kepe them alway next my brest.

¶ The fyrst I fynd, to please my mind,
Abell be had to name ;
Enoch alwayes is worthy of prayse,
Likewyse of worthy fame.
Looke you what Moses wrytes,
And in Genesis there resites,
How God tooke hym the story sayth,
That he should neuer tast of death :
And also Noe, that righteous man,
A curious worke dyd take in hand,
To make the arke we vnderstand.

¶ Good Abraham, that faithfull man,
In God dyd trust alway :
He dyd not feare, nor once dispayre
His onely son to slay ;
Isacke was no weede,
Nor Jacob in very deede :
Joseph was a flower of price,
God dyd hym saue from cruell deuice ;
Also Moses eke we fynd,
And Aaron lykewyse vp we bynd,
Josua is not out of mynd.

¶ The Judges also, both lesse and mo,
They were of worthy fame :
To speake of all, my tyme is smal,
To rehearse them all by name.
The prophet Samuell,
Our God dyd loue him well :
Dauid was a flower so sweete,
To make hym kyng God thought it meete,
For great Goliath he hath slayne ;
And Sallomon after him dyd raygne,
Which vnto wysedome dyd attayne.

¶ When Achab dyd florysh, the rauens did
norish
Elia, a man of God ;
Kynge Josias and Esdras
We finde, and pacient Job.
They feared our God of might,
And serued him day and night :
No ioy nor payne could them procure,
But alwayes by hym to endure :
Esay lykewyse and Jeremy,
They preached alway earnestly,
And dyd their duty faithfully.

¶ And Daniell destroyed Bell,
The Babilonians God :
The dragon also he brought to wo,
Without either sword or rod.
To rehearse the Prophets all,
By their names them for to call,
Although they be of worthy fame,
It is to long them for to name :
We may not Tobias leaue behynd,
Yet was he almost out of mind,
But few such flowers now can we fynd.

¶ Full wel we know, no flowers can blow,
But boysterous stormes must fynd :
For that is no flower, that euery showre
Doth driue away with wynd.
For all these goodly flowers
Had many stormy showers,
Before that they could blow or bud,
Or bring forth feede to doe any good :
They dyd abyde both cold and blast,
Yet allwayes dyd they stand stedfast,
Tyll all the stormes were gone and past.

¶ Now at this time, for our gracious Queene,
Let vs geue harty prayes :
God may her defend, from enemies hand,
At this time and alwayes ;
And send her prosperous raygne,
With vs for to remayne,
For to defend Gods word so pure,
And euer with it for to endure :
That she may be to vs a bower,
To kepe vs alway when it doth showre ;
I pray God saue that princly flower !

¶ Finis.

John Symon.

¶ Imprinted at London by Richard
Johnes, dwellyng in the upper end
of Fleet Lane, 1572.



A Ballad against Slander and Detraction.

- ¶ Gar call him downe, gar call him downe, gar call him
downe downe a :
- ¶ God fend the faction, of all detraction, calld downe and
cast away.



ALMYGHTY God
Dooth shake his rod
Of iustise, and all those,
That vniustly,
Detraetyfly,
Detract their freends or foes.

He telthe eche one,
Thou shalt iudge none ;
And if thou iudge unbiden,
Thyself, faith he,
Shall iudged be ;
This lesson is not hiden.

To this now sturd,
This is concord,
Whiche wilthe vs in eche dout ;
To deem the best,
That may be gest,
Till time the trueth try out.

Knowing by this,
That think amisse
Against no man we may ;

Muche more must we
Ill langage flee,
And call it downe downe a ;
Gar call him downe, &c.

¶ With swoord or skaine
To see babes flaine,
Abhorth to look upon ;
Attend to me,
And ye shall see
Murder and flaunder one.

Like as a knife
By reuing life,
So flaunder fame hath slain ;
And bothe ones doone,
Bothe alike foone
May be vndoon again.

Then what more ill
With knife to kill,
Or with the tung to sting :
With knife or tung
Strike olde or yung,
Bothe in effect one thing.

These woords are short,
But they import
Sentence at length to way :
Of all whiche fence,
To flee offence,
Call flaunder downe I say ;
Gar call him downe, &c.

¶ When vice is fought,
Al vice is nought,
But some vice wors then some :
And eche man fees
Sundry degrees
In eche vice self dooth come.

Now fins the least,
We should detest
Vice or degree in vice :
If in the moſte
We ſhowe our boſte,
That ſhoweth vs moſte unwice.

If I in thee
Suche faults ones fee,
As no man ells doth knowe ;
To thee alone,
And other none,
Theſe faults I ought to ſhowe.

Then of intent
If I inuent
Fauls tales, and them diſplay :
That is moſte vile,
Whiche to exile,
God calleth this down, downe a.
Gar call him downe, &c.

¶ Some count no charge
To talke at large
Suche il as they doo heare ;
But Gods account
Dooth not amount
To take ſuche talkers heere.

Of woork il wrought,
 When it is fought,
 In telling foorth the fame,
 Though it be true,
 The talke may brew
 Drink of damnable blame.

To frame excuse,
 Of tungs misuse,
 We haue no maner mene ;
 So that by this,
 No way ther is
 Il talles to cary clene.

Whiche makes me call
 Vpon you all,
 As calling cal you may ;
 Tales false or true,
 Me to ensue,
 To call them downe, down a.
 Gar call him downe, &c.

¶ Chrifte crieth out stil,
 Say good for il,
 But we say harme for harme ;
 Yea ill for good
 Ill tungs doo brood,
 Wrath is in them so warme.

Slander to fere
 And to forbere,
 This text stands well in place ;
 Wo by the tung,
 Wherby is sprung
 Slander in any cace !

To fleke this fier
Of flanders yre,
Repentance must deuise
To fet all hands,
To quenche the brands
With water of our eies.

Whiche brand then blowe
To make loue glowe,
That loue by grace may stay,
And by resort
Of good report,
Call slander downe I say.
Gar call him down, &c.

FINIS, q^d Haywood.

Imprinted at
London, at the long Shop
adioining vnto Saint
Mildreds Church
in the Pultrie, by
John Allde.



*A proper new Balad in praise of my
Ladie Marques,*

whose Deatb is bewailed to the Tune of New lusty gallant.



LADIES, I thinke you maruell that
I writ no mery report to you,
And what is the cause I court it not
So merye as I was wont to dooe ;
Alas ! I let you vnderstand,
It is no newes for me to show ;
The fairest flower of my garland
Was caught from court a great while agoe.

For, vnder the rouse of sweete Saint Paull,
There lyeth my Ladie buried in claye,
Where I make memory for her soule
With weepinge eyes once euerye daye ;
All other sightes I haue forgot,
That euer in court I ioyed to see,
And that is the cause I court it not,
So mery as I was wont to be.

And though that shee be dead and gone,
Whose courting need not to be tolde,
And natures mould of fleshe and bone,
Whose lyke now liues not to beholde,
Me thinkes I see her walke in blacke,
In euery corner where I goe,
To looke if anie bodie do lacke
A frend to helpe them of theyr woe.

Mee thinkes I see her forowfull teares,
To princelye state approching nye ;
Mee thinkes I see her tremblinge feares,
Leste anie her suites shulde hit awrie ;
Mee thinkes she shuld be still in place,
A pitifull speaker to a Queene,
Bewailinge every poore mans case,
As many a time shee hath ben seene.

Mee thinkes I see her modeste mood,
Her comlie clothing plainlie clad,
Her face so sweete, her cheere so good,
The courtlie countenance that shee had ;
But, chiefe of all, mee thinkes I see
Her vertues deutie daie by daie,
Homblie kneeling one her knee,
As her desire was still to praie.

Mee thinkes I cold from morow to night
Do no thing ells with verie good will,
But spend the time to speake and writte
The praise of my good ladies still ;
Though reason faith, now she is dead,
Go seeke and farue as good as shee ;
It will not sinke so in my head,
That euer the like in courte will bee.

But sure I am, ther liueth yet
In court a dearer frinde to mee,
Whome I to farue am so vnfit,
I am sure the like will neuer bee ;
For I with all that I can dooe,
Vnworthie most maie seeme to bee,
To undoo the lachet of her shooe,
Yet will I come to courte and see.

Then haue amongste ye once againe,
 Faint harts faire ladies neuer win;
 I trust ye will consider my payne,
 When any good venison cometh in;
 And, gentill ladies, I you praie,
 If my absentinge breede to blame,
 In my behalfe that ye will saie,
 In court is remedie for the same.

¶ Finis, q^d W. ELDERTON.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fletestreat
 beneath the Conduit, at the signe
 of S. John Euangelist, by
 Thomas Colwell.



The Prisoners' Petition.

To the worshipful our good benefactor.

IN all lamentable manner, most humbly
 beseecheth your good Worship, wee,
 the miserable multitude of very poore
 distressed prisoners, in the hole of
 Wood-street Counter, in nomber fiftie poore men
 or thereabouts, lying vpon the bare boordes,
 still languishing in great neede, colde and
 miserie, who, by reason of this daungerous and
 troublesome time, be almost famished and hunger-
 starued to death; others very sore sicke, and
 diseased for want of reliefe and sustenance, by

reason of the great number, which dayly increaseth, dooth in all humblenes most humbly beseech your good worship, euen for Gods sake, to pitie our poore lamentable and distressed cases; and nowe helpe to relieue and comfort us with your Christian and Godly charitie against this holie and blessed time of Easter. And wee, according to our bounden duties, do and will dayly pray vnto Almighty God for your long life and happy prosperitie.

We humbly pray, your Christian and Godly charitie to be sent vnto vs by some of your seruants.



A most pleasant Ballad of patient Grissell,

To the tune of the Brides Good-morrow.



NOBLE Marques as he did ride on
hunting,

Hard by a forrest side;

A proper mayden, as she did sit a
spinning,

His gentle eye espide.

Most faire, and louely, and of curteous grace was
she,

Although in simple attire;

She sung full sweet with pleasant voyce melod-
iously,

Which set the lords hart on fire.

The more he looked the more he might,
Beautie bred his hartes delight,
And to this dainty damfell then he went ;—
God speede, quoth he, thou famous flower,
Faire mistres of this homely bower,
Where loue and vertue liues with sweete content.

With comely iesture and curteous milde behauour,
She bad him welcome then ;
She entertain'd him in faithful friendly maner,
And all his gentlemen.
The noble marques in his hart felt such a flame,
Which set his fences at strife ;
Quoth he, faire maiden, shew me soone what is
thy name ?

I meane to make thee my wife.
Griffell is my name, quoth she,
Farre vnfit for your degree,
A filly mayden and of parents poore.
Nay, Griffell, thou art rich, he sayd,
A vertuous, faire and comely mayd ;
Graunt me thy loue, and I wil aske no more.

At length she consented, and being both contented,
They married were with speed ;
Her contrey russet was changd to silk and veluet,
As to her state agreed.
And when she was trimly tyred in the same,
Her beauty shined most bright,
Far staining euery other braue and comly dame,
That did appeare in her sight.
Many enuied her therefore,
Because she was of parents poore,
And twixt her lord and she great strife did raise.

Some sayd this and some sayd that,
Some did call her beggers brat,
And to her lord they would her soone dispraise.

O noble Marques, quoth they, why doe you
wrong vs,
Thus bacely for to wed,
That might haue gotten an honorable lady,
Into your princely bed?
Who will not now your noble issue still deride,
Which shall hereafter be borne?
That are of blood so base by their mothers side,
The which will bring them in scorne;
Put her therefore quite away,
Take to you a lady gay,
Whereby your lineage may renowned be;
Thus euery day they seemde to prate,
That malist Griffelles good estate,
Who tooke all this most milde and patiently.

When that the marques did see that they were
bent thus
Against his faithfull wife,
Whom he most deerely, tenderly and entirely,
Beloued as his life;
Minding in secret for to proue her patient hart,
Therby her foes to disgrace;
Thinking to play a hard vncurteous part,
That men might pittie her case.
Great with childe this lady was,
And at length it came to passe,
Two goodly children at one birth she had;
A sonne and daughter God had sent,
Which did their father well content,
And which did make their mothers hart full glad.

Great royall feasting was at these childrens
christnings,
And princely triumph made ;
Sixe weeks together, al nobles that came thither
Were entertaind and staid ;
And when that al those pleasant sportings quite
were done,
The Marques a messenger sent
For his yong daughter, and his pretty smiling son,
Declaring his full intent,—
How that the babes must mured be,
For so the Marques did decree,—
Come, let me haue the children, then he sayd.
With that faire Grissell wept full fore,
She wrung her hands and sayd no more,—
My gracious lord must haue his will obaid.

She tooke the babies, euen from their nurfing
ladies,
Betweene her tender armes ;
She often wishes, with many sorrowful kisses,
That she might helpe their harmes.
Farewel, farewel, a thousand times, my children
deere,
Neuer shall I see you againe ;
Tis long of me, your sad and woful mother
heere,
For whose sake both must be slaine.
Had I been borne of royall race,
You might haue liu'd in happy case,
But you must die for my vnworthines ;
Come, messenger of death, said shee,
Take my despised babes to thee,
And to their father my complaints expres.

He tooke the children, and to his noble maister
He brings them both with speed ;
Who secret sent them vnto a noble lady,
To be nurst vp indeed ;
Then to faire Griffel with a heauy hart he goes,
Where she fate mildly alone ;
A pleasant iecture and a louely looke she shoves,
As if this grieve she neuer had knowen.
Quoth he, my children now are flaine !
What thinkes faire Griffell of the same ?
Sweet Griffell, now declare thy mind to mee.
Sith you, my lord, are pleas'd in it,
Poore Griffell thinkes the action fit ;
Both I and mine at your command will be.

My nobles murmur, faire Griffell, at thy honor,
And I no ioy can haue,
Til thou be banisht both from my court and pre-
fence,
As they vnjustly craue ;
Thou must be stript out of thy costly garments
all,
And as thou camest to me,
In homely gray, instead of bisse and purest pall,
Now all thy cloathing must be ;
My lady thou shalt be no more,
Nor I thy lord, which grieues me fore ;
The poorest life must now content thy minde ;
A groat to thee I must not giue,
To maintaine thee while I doe liue,
Against my Griffel such great foes I finde.

When gentle Griffell did heare these wofull
tidings,
The teares stood in her eyes.

She nothing answered, no words of discontent
Did from her lips arise;
Her veluet gown most patiently she slipped off,
Her kirtles of filke with the same;
Her russet gown was broght again with many a
scoffe,

To beare them all herselfe she did frame.
When she was drest in this array,
And ready was to part away,
God send long life vnto my lord, quoth shee;
Let no offence be found in this,
To giue my lord a parting kisse.—

With watry eyes, Farewel, my deere, quoth he.

From stately pallace vnto her fathers cottage,
Poore Griffell now is gone;
Full fixeene winters she liued there contented,
No wrong she thought vpon;
And at that time through all the land the speaches
went,

The Marques should married be
Vnto a lady of high and great discent;
To the same all parties did agree.
The Marques sent for Griffell faire,
The brides bedchamber to prepare,
That nothing therein should be found awrye;
The bride was with her brother come,
Which was great ioy to all and some;
And Griffell tooke all this most patiently.

And, in the morning, when they should to the
wedding,

Her patience now was tride;
Griffel was charged herself in princely maner
For to attire the bride.

Most willingly she gaue consent to do the same ;
The bride in her brauery was drest,
And presently the noble Marques thither came,
With all his lords, as he request :
O Griffel, I would aske, quoth he,
If she would to this match agree ;
Me thinkes her lookes are waxen wondrous coy ;
With that they all began to smile,
And Griffell she replide the while,
God send Lord Marques many yeres of joy !

The Marques was moued to see his best beloued,
Thus patient in distresse ;
He stept vnto her, and by the hand he tooke her,—
These wordes he did expresse ;—
Thou art my bride and all the brides I meane to
haue ;
These two thine owne children be !
The youthfull lady on her knees did blessing
craue,
Her brother as willing as she ;—
And you that enuied her estate,
Whom I haue made my louing mate,
Now blush for shame, and honor vertuous life ;
The chronicles of lasting fame,
Shall euer more extoll the name,
Of patient Griffell, my most constant wife.

FINIS.



*A Newe Ballade of a Louer extollinge
his Ladye.*

To the tune of Damon and Pithias.



LAS, my harte doth boyle,
And burne within my breste,
To shoue to thee, myne onely deere,
My sute and my request.

My loue no tounge can tell,
Ne pen can well descrye;
Extend thy loue for loue againe,
Or els for loue I dye.

¶ My loue is set so fuer,
And fixed on thee so,
That by no meanes I can abstaine,
My faythfull loue to shoue;
My wounded harte, theirfore,
To thee for helpe doth crye;
Extend thy loue for loue againe,
Or els for loue I dye.

¶ Although the gods were bent,
With greedie mynde to slaye
My corpes with cruell panges of death,
And lyfe to take awaye.
Yet should my faythfull harte
At no tyme from thee flye;
Show loue therfore for loue againe,
Or els for loue I dye.

¶ Although the fun were bent
To burne me with his beames ;
And that mine eyes, throw greous pangs,
Should fend forth bloudy streames ;
Yet would I not forsake,
But styll to thee woulde crye,
To shoue me loue for loue again,
Or els for loue I dye.

¶ Ye though ech sterre were tournd
Untyll a fiery darte,
And were all ready bent with payne,
To perce throwe-out my harte ;
Yet coulde I not forsake
To loue thee faythfullye ;
Extend thy loue for loue againe,
Or els for loue I dye.

¶ Ye though eche foule were formde,
A serpent fell to be,
My corps to flay with bloudy wounds,
And to deuower me ;
Yet would I be thine owne,
To loue full hartelye ;
Extend thy loue for loue againe,
Or els for loue I dye.

¶ Ye though the lyon were,
With gapinge gredye jawe,
Ready with rygorus raggye teeth,
My fleshe to teare and gnawe ;
Yet woulde I be thine owne,
To serue most earnestlye ;
Extend thy loue for loue againe,
Or els for loue I dye.

¶ Ye though the fishes all,
That fwymes in furginge feafe,
Should fwallowe me with gredy mouth,
Yet could thee not apeafe.
My earnest harte to thee,
To loue entyerlye ;
Extend thy loue for loue againe,
Or els for loue I dye.

¶ Ye though the earth would gape,
And fwallowe me there-in,
And that I should tormentyd be
In hell, with euery syn ;
Yet would I be thy owne,
To faue or els to spyll ;
Show me therfore lyke loue againe,
Or els thou dost me kyll.

Finis, q M. Oſb.

Imprinted at London, in Fletſtrete, at the
ſigne of the Faucon, by Wylliam
Gryffith, 1568.



The true reporte of the forme and shape of a monstrous Childe borne at Muche Horkesleye, a village three myles from Colchester, in the Countye of Essex, the xxi daye of Apryll in this yeare 1562.

O prayse ye God, and bleffe his name;
His mightye hande hath wrought the same.



HIS monstrous world that monsters
bred as rife,
As men tofore it bred by native
kinde,

By birthes that shewe corrupted natures strife,
Declares what finnes beset the secrete minde.
I meane not this, as though deformed shape
Were alwayes linkd with fraughted minde with
vice,
But that in nature God such draughtes doth shape,
Resemblyng finnes that so bin had in price.
So grossest faultes braut out in bodyes forme,
And monster caused of want or to much store
Of matter, shewes the sea of finne, whose storme
Oreflowes and whelmes vertues barren shore;
Faultye alike in ebbe and eke in flowd,
Like distaunt both from meane, both like ex-
treames;
Yet greatst excesse the want of meane doth
shrowde,

And want of meanes exceſſe from vertues
meanes.

So contraryeſt extreames conſent in finne,
Which to bewray to blindeſt eyes by ſyght,—
Beholde a calfe hath clapt about his chinne
His chauderne, reſt whence nature placed it
right,
And ruſſd, driues doubtfull ſeers to proue by ſpeache
Themſelues not calues, and makes the faſhion
ſtale.

In him behold by exceſſe from meane our breache,
And midds exceſſe yet want of natures ſhape.
To ſhowe our miſſe beholde a guiltleſſe babe
Reſt of his limmes,—for ſuch is vertues want—
Himſelfe and parentes both infamous made
With ſinful byrth ; and yet a worldlyng ſcant.
Feares midwyfes route, bewrayeing his parentes
fault

In want of honeſtye and exceſſe of finne ;
Made lawfull by all lawes of men, yet halt
Of limmes by God, ſcapd not the ſhamefull
marke

Of baſtard ſonne in baſtard ſhape deſcryed.
Better, fare better, vngyuen were his lyfe,
Than geuen ſo. For nature iuſt enuyed
Her gyft to hym, and cropd wyth mayming
knyfe

His limmes, to wreake her ſpyte on parentes
finne ;

Which, if ſhe ſpare vnwares ſo many ſcapes
As wycked world to breede wil neuer linne,
Theyr liues declare theyr maims ſaued from
their ſhapes,

Scorchd in theyr mindes. O cruel priuye mayme,
That feſtreth ſtyll ! O vnrecured fore !

Where thothers quiting wyth theyr bodyes shame
Theyr parentes guilt, oft linger not their lyues
In lothed shapes, but naked flye to skyes.—

As this may do, whose forme tofore thine eyes
Through want thou seest, a monstrous vglye shape,
Whom frendly world to sinne doth terme a scape.

On Tuyfday being the xxi day of Apryll, in
this yeare of our Lorde God a thousand fyue
hundred thre score and two, there was borne a
man-childe of this maymed forme at Muche
Horkefley in Essex, a village about thre myles
from Colchester, betwene a naturall father and a
naturall mother, hauing neyther hande, foote,
legge, nor arme, but on the left fyde it hath a
stumpe growynge out of the shoulder, and the
ende thereof is rounde, and not so long as it should
go to the elbowe; and on the ryghte fyde no men-
cion of any thing where any arme should be, but
a litel stumpe of one ynche in length; also on the
left buttocke there is a stumpe comming out of
the length of the thygh almost to the knee, and
round at the ende, and groweth something ouer-
thwart towardses the place where the ryght legge
should be, and where the ryghte legge should be,
there is no mencion of anye legge or stumpe.
Also it hath a codde and stones, but no yearde,
but a lytell hole for the water to issue out.
Finallye, it hath by estimation no tounge, by
reason whereof it sucketh not, but is succoured
wyth liquide substaunce put into the mouth by
droppes, and nowe begynneth to feede wyth
pappe, beyng very well faouored, and of good
and cheareful face.

¶ The aforefayde Anthony Smyth of Much Horkefley, husbandman, and his wyfe, were both maryed to others before, and haue had dyuers chyl dren, but this deformed childe is the fyrft that the fayd Anthony and his wyfe had betwene them two; it is a man chylde. This chylde was begot out of matrimony, but borne in matrimonye; and at the makynge hereof was liuing, and like to continue.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleteftrete nere to S. Dunftons Church, by Thomas Marfhe.



A newe Ballade.



DERE Lady Elyfabeth, which art
our right and vertous Quene,
God hath endued the w^t mercy and
fayth, as by thy workes it may
be fene,
Wherefore, good Quene, I counfayle thee, Lady,
Lady,
For to beware of the fpiritualtie, moft dere
Lady.

Haue you not rede of your progenitours, which
was before you many a yere,
How they endured many fharpe fhowers, as
by the cronicles it doth appere,

And many of them came to euell hap, Lady, Lady,
And all was through the forked cap, moſt dere
Lady?

¶ Haue you nat rede of Wyllyam Rufus the
ſecond kyng hereof that name,
How he was ſlayne moſte maruelous, all through
the curſſed ſeede of Caine?

Tyrell kyllede hym with an arrowe, Lady, Lady,
Yet ſome men ſayed he ſhot at a ſparow, moſte
dere Lady.

¶ Haue you not rede of good kyng John, how
by them he was vndone?

The Biſhop of Canterbury, y^e wicked man, ac-
cuſed him to the court of Rome;

They enterdyted his lande as the cronicle ſayeth,
Lady, Lady,

A monke poyſoned him to his death, moſte
dere Lady.

¶ Haue you not rede of the ſecond Richard,
who was the black princes ſonne,

How they handled him full hard, and famiſhed
him till lyfe was donne?

In Powles they made him a funerall, Lady, Lady,
To blinde the peoples eyes withall, moſte dere
Lady.

¶ Haue you not rede of the ſixt Henry, which
was a good and a ſimple man?

The Cardinall of Wyncheſter truly made him
loſe that hys father wanne,

The good Protector his vncle dere, Lady, Lady,
The prieſtes kept war with him a longe yere,
moſte dere Lady.

¶ Then came your father, King Henry y^e. viii.
 which was a prince of victory,
 And he depofed them all ftraight, when he had
 fpyed their idolatry ;
 If this be trewe, as trewe it was, Lady, Lady,
 God graunt your grace may do no leffe, moft
 dere Lady.

¶ Then came your brother King Edward, which
 was a good and vertuous child,
 And to God's word he had regarde, but the
 wicked prieftes hath hym begilde,
 And rayfed vp trentalles in euery place, Lady,
 Lady,
 And fome of them preached agaynft his Grace,
 moft dere Lady.

¶ Then came your fyfter Quene Mary, and for
 fwe yeres that fhe did rayne,
 All that was done (by) Edward and Hary her
 wicked prieftes made it but vaine ;
 They brought in agayne the Romyfhe lore, Lady,
 Lady,
 Whiche was banifhed longe before, moft dere
 Lady.

¶ Then God fent vs your noble Grace, as in dede
 it was highe tyme,
 Whiche dothe all Popery cleane deface, and
 fet vs forth God's trewe deuine,—
 For whome we are all bound to praye, Lady,
 Lady,
 Longe life to raigne bothe night and day, moft
 dere Ladye.

Finis.

quod R. M.

*The Pope in his fury doth answer returne
To a letter y^e which to Rome is late come.*



DOE esteeme your kyndnes much
For sendyng worde so sone,
Your diligence it hath ben such,
It is ariued at Rome :

But when I had pervsd your byl,
In that you set thereto your wyl,
And eke your mynd applyed vntyl
The writyng of the fame,
I did beleue it to be true ;
But surely I must say to you,
It greued mee those lines to vew
Were written in your name.

¶ And sure it is no maruell, loe !
For daylye I doe heare,
The matter semeth to be so,
As amply doth appeare :
For euery man doth tell for true
The fame that late was sent of you,
But, out alas ! your tidynges new
Doth much appall my spirite,
And makes me sweare and makes me teare,
To pull and hale, and rend my heare,
And brynges me dayly in dispaire
To thinke on this despite.

¶ But fith there is no remedye
That mine obedient chylde

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Whiche dothe all Popery cleane deface, and
fet vs forth God's trewe deuine,—
For whome we are all bound to praye, Lady,
Lady,
Longe life to raigne bothe night and day, moſte
dere Ladye.

Finis.

quod R. M.

*The Pope in his fury doth answer retorne
To a letter y^e which to Rome is late come.*



DOE esteeme your kyndnes much
For sendyng worde so sone,
Your diligence it hath ben such,
It is ariued at Rome :

But when I had pervsd your byl,
In that you set thereto your wyl,
And eke your mynd applyed vntyl
The writyng of the fame,
I did beleue it to be true ;
But surely I must say to you,
It greued mee those lines to vew
Were written in your name.

¶ And sure it is no maruell, loe !
For daylye I doe heare,
The matter semeth to be so,
As amply doth appeare :
For euery man doth tell for true
The fame that late was sent of you,
But, out alas ! your tidynges new
Doth much appall my spirite,
And makes me sweare and makes me teare,
To pull and hale, and rend my heare,
And brynges me dayly in dispaire
To thinke on this despite.

¶ But sith there is no remedye
That mine obedient chylde

Is hanged vp vpon a tree,
 And to-to much reuyld :
 What shoulde I doe but curse and ban,
 And hurte them toe the worst I can,
 For hanging vp so good a man
 That bare mee such good wyll ?
 But yf I had him here at Rome,
 His body shoulde be shryued soone,
 And masse at mornynge and at noone,
 With chantyng of each bell,

¶ For euer shoulde be sayd and sounge
 The deuyls to controvle,
 And prayers all aboute his tombe
 With fenceyng for his soule :
 That neuer a deuyll so deepe in hell
 Shoulde once presume with him to mell,
 For once approach his body tyll
 To vexe him any way,
 And I wolde kepe his body so,
 That it from hence shoulde neuer go,
 And dyuers of my fryers mo
 For him shoulde dayly pray.

¶ And gladly wolde I be reuengd
 On England, yf I might,
 Because they haue toe much abusd
 My Bull with great despight :
 And make thereat a laughing game,
 And set but little by my name,
 And much my holynes defame,
 And dayly me dispyse.
 Their queene hath chaste the rebels all
 That loued to bow their knees to Ball,
 And hanged their quarters on the wall
 As meat for crowes and pyes.

¶ But I wyll walke and dayly feke
My purgatorie thorow,
And cause all the deuyls at my becke
To me their knees to bow :
And whereas I may any fynde
That to their prince haue ben vnkynde,
Be sure, with mee they shall be shrynde
As they deserued haue.
And cheefly now John Felton hee
Shall euer be beloued of mee,
Because that he so louinglye
My Bull did seeme to faue.

¶ But yf that I coulde haue at once
The paryng of his toe,
His head, his quarters, or his bones,
That with the wynde doe bloe :
Then shoulde they be layd vp by mee
As reliques of great dignitie,
For euery man that comes to see
Those jewels of such grace.
The Nortons' bones should be so shrynd
That now hanges wauering in the wynd,
Yf that I coulde deuyse or fynd
To bryng them to this place.

¶ And I wyll curse and ban them all
That speake against my powre,
And seekes to make my kyngdome fall,
My curse shall them deuowre :
And yf that here I might you see,
For wrytyng lately vnto mee,
Be sure, ye should rewarded bee
As best I coulde bethynke.
And as for Wylliam Elderton
That lately sent me worde to Rome,

Be fure that he ſhould haue lyke dome
To bye him pen and ynke.

¶ Take this as written from our grace
That vnto you we fend,
Because we want both time and place
To recompence you, frend :
As for the boyes that frump and ſcoff,
And at my holynes doe laugh,
I mynd to drefſe them wel enough,
Yf caſe I had them here.
And for my ſeruants that abyde,
And long haue had their paciencce tryde,
From Romaine faith that wyl not flyde,
I wyſh them all good chere.

¶ Finis.

S. P.

¶ Imprinted by Alexander Lacie for Henrie
Kyrkham, dwelling at the ſigne of the Blacke
Boy at the middle North dore of Paules
Church.

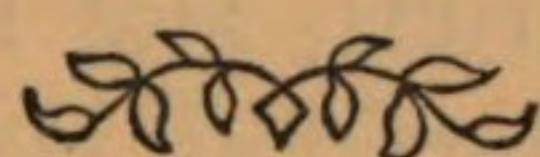


*Lines underneath a Portrait of Queen
Elizabeth.*



LOE here the pearle,
Whom God and man doth loue :
Loe here on earth
The onely ſtarre of light :
Loe here the queene,
Whom no miſhap can moue

To chaunge her mynde
 From vertues chief delight !
 Loe here the heart
 That so hath honord God,
 That, for her loue,
 We feele not of his rod :
 Pray for her health,
 Such as good subiectes bee :
 Oh Princely Dame,
 There is none like to thee !



*Ane new Ballet set out be ane fugitiue Scottif-
 man that fled out of Paris at this
 lait Murther.*



OW Katherine de Medicis hes maid
 sic a gyis,
 To tary in Paris the papistes ar
 tykit,
 At Bastianes brydell howbeit scho denyis,
 Giue Mary slew Hary, it was not vnlykit ;
 zit a man is nane respectand this number,
 I dar not say wemen hes wyte of this cummer.

zone mask the Quene Mother hes maid thame in
 France,

Was maikles and faikles, and schamfully flane,
 Bot Mary conuoyit and come with ane dance,
 Quhill princes in fences was fyrit with ane trane ;
 Baith tressonabill murtheris the ane and the vther,
 I go not in masking mair with the Quene Mother.

¶ Italianes ar tyranis, and tressonabill tratoris ;
 For gyfours, deuyfours, the Guyfianis ar gude ;
 Bot Frenche men ar trew men, and not of thair
 natouris ;

Than, Charlie, I farlie thow drank thy awin
 blude,
 I wyte bot thy mother wit, wemen ar vane,
 In greis neir to Ganzelon, nor grit Charlie Mane.

¶ Thy style was Treschristien, maist Cristen
 King,

Baith hiest and friest, and neist the impyre ;
 Bot now Prouest Marschell in playing this spring,
 And reffoun for tressoun prouokis God to ire ;
 Beleuis thow this trumprie fall stablische thy
 style ?

Our God is not deed, zit be doand ane quhyle.

¶ Suppois that the Papistes deuyfit this at Trent,
 To ding vs and bring vs with mony lowd
 lauchter,

With sic cruell murther is Christ sa content,
 To take the and make the ane Sanct for our
 slauchter ?

Albeit he correct vs, and scourge vs in ire,
 Be war with the wand fyne he wapis in the fyre.

¶ For better is pure men nor princes periurit,
 Baith schameles and fameles, we find thame sa
 fals ;

With fangis lyke the feryne our lyfis thow
 allurit ;

Ouirfylit vs, begylit vs, with baitis in our hals ;
 Or as the fals fowler, his fang for to get,
 Deuoiris the pure volatill he wylis to the net.

¶ In Ilis nor in Orknay, in Ireland Oneill,
Thay dar not, thay gar not thair lieges be
stickit :

Solyman, Tamerlan, nor yit the mekle Deill,
Proud Pharao, nor Nero, was neuer sa wickit ;
Nouthur Turk nor Infidell vvis sic thing,
As be their awin burreo, being ane king.

¶ Baith auld men and wemen, with babis on thair
breist,
Not lukiing nor hukiing, to hurll thame in
Sane,

All beand murtherit downe, quhat do ze neist ?
Proceffioun, confession, and vp Mes agane ;
Proud King Antiochus was sum tyme als haly,
And yet our God guschit out the guttis of his
belly.

Thy fyfter thou maryit, thy faces was four,
Sic cuikrie for luikrie was euill interprisit ;
ze maid vs the Reid Freiris, and rais in an hour,
Abhorring na gorring that micht be deuifit ;
Thou playit the fals hypocreit fenzeing the fray,
But inwart ane rageing wolf waitand thy pray.

That France was confidderat with Scotland I grant,
Baith actit, contractit and keipit in deid ;
The kyndnes of cutthrottis we cure not to want,
Denyisthame, defyisthame, and al thair fals feid ;
It was bot with honest men we maid the band,
And thou hes left leifand bot few in that land.

Our faith is not warldly, we feir not thy braulis,
Thocht hangmen ouirgang men, for gaddaring
our geir ;

¶ Italianes ar tyranis, and tressonabill tratoris ;
 For gyfours, deuyfours, the Guyfianis ar gude ;
 Bot Frenche men ar trew men, and not of thair
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 King,
 Baith hieft and frieft, and neist the impyre ;
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 And resoun for tressoun prouokis God to ire ;
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Proud King Antiochus was sum tyme als haly,
And yet our God guschit out the guttis of his
belly.

Thy syfter thou maryit, thy faces was four,
Sic cuikrie for luikrie was euill interprifit ;
ze maid vs the Reid Freiris, and rais in an hour,
Abhorring na gorring that nicht be deuifit ;
Thou playit the fals hypocreit fenzeing the fray,
But inwart ane rageing wolf waitand thy pray.

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Baith actit, contractit and keipit in deid ;
The kyndnes of cutthrottis we cure not to want,
Denyisthame, defyisthame, and al thair fals feid ;
It was bot with honest men we maid the band,
And thou hes left leifand bot few in that land.

Our faith is not warldly, we feir not thy braulis,
Thocht hangmen ouirgang men, for gaddaring
our geir ;

3e kill bot the carcase, 3e get not our faulis,
 Not douting our shouting is hard in Goddis eir;
 The same God from Pharo defendit his pepill,
 And not 3one round Robene that standis in 3our
 stepill.

¶ Now, wyfe Quene Elizabeth, luik to yourself,
 Dispite them, and wryte thame ane bill of de-
 fyance;
 The Papistis and Spanzards hes partit 3our pelf,
 As newly and trewly was tald me thir tythance;
 Beleue thay to land heir, and get vs for nocht,
 Will 3e do as we do, it sal be deir bocht.

Giue pleis God we gre sa, and hald vs togidder,
 Baith surely and sturely, and stoutly gainstand
 thame;
 They culd not weill conquais vs, culd 3e confidder,
 For our men are dour men, and likis weill to
 land thame;
 Quhen Cesar himself was chaist, haue 3e for3et,
 And baith the realmes be aggreit, tak that thay
 get.

¶ For better it is to fecht it, defendant our lyfis,
 With speir men and weir men, and ventour our
 fellis,
 Nor for to se Frenchemen deflorand our wyfis,
 Displace vs, and chace vs, as thay haue done ellis;
 I meane quhen the Inglismen helpit at Leith,
 And gart thame gang hame agane spyte of thair
 teith.

¶ I cannot trow firmly that Frenchmen ar cummen,
 Persayfand thame haifand thameselfis into
 parrell;

The Lord faue Elizabeth, thair ane gude woman,
That cauldly and bauldly debait will our
quarrell

With men and with money, baith armour and graith,
As scho hes befor tyme defendit this Faith.

Thocht France for thair falsset be drownit in
dangeris,

For caufis and paufis thay plait into Pareis,
3it we ar in war estait, waitand on strangeris,
Not gyding, deuyding our awin men from
Mareis ;

So weid the calf from the corn, calk me thair dures,
And flay or 3e be flane, gif sic thing occures.

Bot how can 3e traist thame that trumpit 3ow ellis,
Decoir thame, do for thame, or foster thair seid ;
And thay may anis se thair time, tent to 3our-
-fellis,

Baith haitfull, diffaitfull, 3e deill with in deid ;
Anis wod and ay the war, wit quhat 3e do,
And mak thame fast in the ruit gif thay cum to.

☞ God blis 3ow, my brether, and biddis 3ow gud
nicht,

Obey God, go say God, with prayer and fasting,
Christ keip this pure ile of ouris in the auld richt,
Defend vs and fend vs the life euerlasting ;

The Lord fend vs quyetnes, and keip our 3oung
king,

The Quene of Inglands Maiestie, and lang mot
thai ring.

☞ Finis, quod Simpell.

☞ Imprintit at Sanctandrois, be Robert
Lekpriuik. Anno Do. 1572.

A proper New Balad of the Bryber Gehezie.

*Taken out of the fourth booke of Kinges, the v.
chapter ; to the tune of Kynge Salomon.*



AS not the bryber Gehezie
Rewarded iustly of the Lord,
Which for example verelie,
The Holie Scripture doth recorde
If this be true, as true it was,
Of his rewarde,
Why should not Christan men, alas,
Than haue regarde ?

When that the prophet Elizae
Had clenfed from the leprofie
Naaman of Affiria,
Thorow the workes of God on hye,
Then Naaman wolde him constraine
To take rewarde ;
But Elizae from that refrainde,
And had regarde.

But Gehezie of falsehed minde,
When Naaman did passe awaie,
Did hie him faste that was behinde,
And unto Naaman did saie,—
Beholde, my master hath me sente
For a rewarde ;
To prophetes children he is bente
To haue regarde.

With right good will, said Naaman,
Him to rewarde and did proceede ;
And Gehezie conuaide it then
So preuile in verie deede,
Forgetting that the prophete tho
Of his rewarde
Could, by the sprite of God, it knowe,
And haue regarde.

Alas, how was thou, Gehezie,
Rauished in worldly gaine !
How was thou brought to mizerie,
Of God appointed for thy paine,
And all thy ofspringe after thee,
For thy rewarde !
The Lorde that hateth briberie
Hath his regarde.

Then Gehezie deceitfulie,
To-fore the prophet tooke his waie,
Who said to hime, O Gehezie,
Went not my harte with thee, I saie,
When Naaman from charret came
Thee to rewarde,
And thou hast falselie hid the same,
Without regarde ?

Gehezie, is it now a time
Thy bribes (he said) for to receaue ?
Beholde, for this thy wicked crime
That leproseie to thee shall cleaue,
The which was vpon Naaman,
For thy rewarde,
And to thy seede thee after than,
To haue regarde.

Incontinent then Gehezie
Departed from his presence so,
As the Texte doth veresie,
A leper white as is the snowe;
Example to such bribers all,
To haue regarde;
With Gehezie at lengthe they shall
Haue their rewarde.

If they doe not their faultes confesse,
Detesting of their bryberie,
Else God will spie ther wickednesse,
Though they it cloke with Gehezie;
And can them paie accordinglie
The like rewarde,
As he hath done to Gehezie;
O haue regarde!

The Lord he is that same God still
That he was than vndoubtedlie;
Such Gehezies he punish will,
That bribes receiue so wickedlie,
Though they so preuile do hide
Their false rewarde;
Yet of the Lorde it will be spide,
Who hath regarde.

O Lorde, vs guide in all our waies,
That we may leade our liues aright;
To deale with trueth at all affaies,
Giue vnto us thy Holie Sprite;
And that our Queene and her Councell
Maie haue regarde,
In this lande bribers to expell
That take rewarde.

¶ Finis, quod George Mell.

Imprinted at London, in Flete Streate,
beneath the Conduit, at the signe
of S. John Evangelist, by
Thomas Colwell.



¶ *The shape of ii monsters, M D lxii.*



HIS present yere of oure Lord God a thousande five hundred thre score and two, one Marke Finkle, a joiner, dwelling beside Charing Crosse by Westminster, had a sow that brought forth one pigge onely, vpon the seuenth of Maye, beinge Ascension daye, the whiche pigge had a head muche lyke vnto a dolphines head, with the left eare standing vp forked, and the right eare being like as it were halfe a litle leafe, being deuided in the middes, sharpe toward thend, lying downward flat to the head, without any holes into the headward. The two fore feet, like vnto handes, eche hande hauinge thre long fingers and a thumbe, bothe the thumbes growinge on the outsides of the handes, the hinder legges growing very much backwarde otherwise then the common natural forme hath ben seen, beeing of no good shape, but smaller from the body to the middle joint then they be from the same joint toward the foot. And the

taile growing an inche neare vnto the back then it doth of any that is of right shape.

These straunge fights the Almighty God sendeth vnto vs, that we should not be forgetfull of his mighty power, nor vnthankful for his so greate mercies ; the which hee sheweth specially by geuing vnto vs his holy word, wherby our liues ought to be guided, and also his wonderful tokens wherby we are most gentilly warned.

But if we will not be warned, neither by his word, nor yet by his wonderful workes, then let vs be assured that these straunge monstrous fightes doe premonstrate vnto vs that his heauy indignation wyl shortly come vpon vs for our monstrous lyuinge. Wherefore let vs earnestly pray vnto God that he wyl geue vs grace earnestly to repent our wickednes, faithfully to beleue his word, and sincerely to frame our liues after the doctrine of the same.

¶ *An Admonition vnto the Reader.*



LET vs knowe by these vgly fights,
And eke consider well,
That our God is the Lord of mightes,
Who rules both heauen and hell.

By whose strong hand these monsters here
Were formed as ye see,
That it mighte to the world appere,
Almightie him to bee.

Who might also vs men haue formde
After a straunge deuise,
As by the childe of late deformde,
Appeareth in plaine wife.

What might these monstres to vs teache,
Which now are sent so rife,
But that we haue Goddes wurd well preacht,
And will not mend our life?

At which straunge fightes we meruel muche,
When that we doe them see;
Yet can there not be found one fuche,
That so will warned bee.

And loke what great deformitie
In bodies ye beholde;
Much more is in our mindes truly,
An hundreth thousand folde.

So that we haue great cause in deede,
Our finnes for to confesse,
And eke to call to God with speede,
The same for to redresse.

Which if we wyl not fayle to doo,
And purely to repent,
He wyl, no doubt, vs comfort so,
As shal our soules contente.

Now sith our God so louing is,
And ready to forgeue,
Why doe we not abhorre all vice,
And only to him cleaue?

Sith he also his hande can shake,
 And sone destroy vs all,
 Why doe we not then feare and quake,
 And downe before him fall?

Why doe we not amend, I faye,
 Either for loue or feare?
 Why driue we of from day to daye,
 And sinning not forbear?

Good lawes of late renewde wee see,
 Much finne for to suppress;
 God graunt that they fulfild maye bee,
 To ouerthrow excess.

O Lord, graunt vs also thy grace,
 That, by repentance pure,
 In heauen to haue a dwelling place,
 For euer to endure.

Amen, quod W. F.

¶ Imprinted at London, at the Long Shop
 in the Pultry, by John Alde.



Ane Complaint vpon Fortoun.

INCONSTANT warld, fragill and
 friuolus,
 With feinzzeit Fortoun, quha con-
 fides in the
 Sall find his lyfe cairfull and cruellus,
 Led in this vale of wofull miserie;
 Quhat potent princes in prosperitie,
 Hes sho depold from their imperiall places!
 Hir craft quotidian we may cleirly se,
 As men in mirrouris may behauld their faces.

The worthie Bocas, in his morall buke,
 The Fall of Princes plainly dois compyle;
 Amangs them all quha euer lykes to luke,
 Sall finde Dame Fortounis fauour for a quhyle;
 For with the one eye sho can lauch and smyle,
 And with the vther lurke and play the loun;
 Sum to promotioun, and some to plaine exile,
 Lyke draw-well bukkets dowkand vp and doun.

¶ That variable witch makis all the warld ado!
 Quhat kingis and countreis hes sho brocht to end!
 Assyrians, Persians, Grekes, and Romaines to,
 The monarches foure micht not hir forced defend.
 Bulworkis nor battellis bydis her nocht a bend;
 Quha may withstand her straik, quhan sho list
 stryke?

This nicht aneuch, the morne nathing to spend!
 Imago in Luna, and sho lukis baith alyke.

To pen the specialis it passis mony a hunder,
 And makis the tyme ouer tidious to declare ;
 Sum sho promouis and sum sho puttis to vnder,
 And sum rewardes with wandring heir and thair ;
 And sum incastrat captiues in the snair,
 And sum for flatricie dois hir freindship find ;
 To all estates vntruethfull, quhat sould mair,
 Turnand her volt lyke woddercok in wind ?

To paint her out it passis mine ingyne,
 How wonderfully she wirkes in all thir thingis !
 Sum fra thair birth brocht vp with doggis and
 swine,
 Tane fra the pleuch and placit in fait of kingis.
 The brutell beist ane barbour wolfe vpbringis
 The first borne Romain callit Romulus,
 Quhais blude as zit into that regioun ringis,
 By expectatioun of auld Amelius.

Cyrus siclyke was be ane bitche vpbrocht,
 Cround as a king ane cruell man of weir.
 Pareis in Troy that all the toun forthocht,
 Preferuit from slauchter be fouking of a beir.
 And swa was Thylaphus with ane hinde, I heir,
 Medas with imates and maid ane michtie prince ;
 Plato with beis quha did sic prudence leir,
 That all men meruelled of his eloquence.

Without respect to blude royall or clan,
 Pureanis promouit that na man wald presume ;
 Torquinius Priscus, a baneist marchant man,
 Chaist out of Corinth and cround a king in
 Rome.

Siclyke was Seruius from ane shipherd grome,
 And Tullus Hostilius fand her fauour neist ;
 Is, was, and falbe quhill the day of dome,
 Sic doubill dealing in Dame Fortounis breist !

Quha findis hir freindship of fauour hes aneuch,
To warldly glore sho gydes them all the gait;
Tuke sho not Gordias from the spaid and pleuch,
And quickly placit him in a princes fait?
How far may Darius bragge of her debait,
Tane fra the stabil ouer Persia to ring;
Pure Agathocles from a law estait,
Ane potteris boy to be ane potent King?

Of Justine the fuinehird sho maid ane empriour,
Ouer Constantinople ane king and cround him
thair;
Gyges the gait-hird ane michtie conquerour,
To Lydia land she maid him lord and aire;
And Wallancianus from his landwart fair,
Tane fra the pleuch to place imperiall;
Cambyfes, Nero, be the contrair clair,
Was thair awin burgeois to thair buriall.

Sa Fortoun mountit neuer man sa hie,
Fostered with folie, suppose she make them faine;
Bot with ane tit sho turnis the quheill, ze fie,
Doun gois their heid, vp gois their heillis againe!
Of Alexander to write I war bot vaine,
Ouer fifty landis he lord was at the leist;
3it threttie dayis lay efter he was flaine,
Unbureit in Babell lyke a brutell beist.

Xerxes, quhose armeis maid the riueris dry,
And schippis subumbragit all the seysis on breid,
Did sho not wait him with sic foule inuy,
Pray to Pericles, that put him to his speid?
Of Julius Cesar gif thow lykes to reid,
In his triumphant toun victorious,
Slaine be his Senatis, schamefully in deid,
By his awin kinsmen Brutus and Cassus

Sum auld examples heir I man induce,
 To bring my purpose to more speciall;
 Quha was mair worthie git I wald make ruse,
 More stout, more trew, nor hardy Hanniball?
 Dauter of Romaines, to Carthage ane castell
 wall,

The onely thing quhairin he maist reioysit;
 Do quhar he docht in deidis marciall,
 By his awin pepill petiously deposed.

Siclyke was Sipio, faiklesly schot furth,
 That vinqueist Hanniball lyke a warriour wicht,
 His vailiant workes was weyit bot litils worth,
 Quhen he was baneist with a bair gude nicht;
 Not lyke a captaine, nor a kindly knicht,
 Bot lyke ane beggar baneist in exile;
 Sa Fortoun montit neuer man on hicht,
 Bot sho can law him within a litill quhyle.

Alchebead of Athenis was Duke,
 Of princely parents and ane royall race,
 To keip his toun sic trauell undertuke,
 He maid his fo-men fle befoir his face;
 To his rewarde he gat nane vther grace,
 Ingraitly baneist to their awin grit skaith:
 And Tymistocles in that famin place,
 By their awin burgeffis thay wer baneist baith.

Experience teiches me not to flyte with Fortoun,
 With auld examples that dois na thing belang vs;
 Marke James of Dowglas present Erle of Morton,
 Ane of the best that euer was borne amang vs;
 Danter of theuis that dayly dois ouer-gang vs,
 Key of this countre that kepit vs from skaith;
 I speik na farther in feir thay sould gar hang vs,
 Preichouris and poiettis are put to silence baith.

Few things wer done bot Mortoun interprifit them,
 Dumbar and Brichane and mony vthair bloke ;
 Speik quhat thay pleis, he wrocht them and deuifit
 them ;

He and his freindis ay formeft in the flocke ;
 He faucht 3our querrell as kein as ony cok,
 Reuengit 3our murthers ma nor twa or thrie ;
 Ane nobillman and of ane ancient floke,
 His valiant deidis demereitis not to die.

☞ Ane of the fpeciallis did mentene 3our croun,
 3our ferme protectour in 3our tender 3eiris ;
 He maid 3ow vp and all 3our fo-men down,
 His marciall manheid did mentein 3our weiris ;
 Gif he did wrang, rewarde him as effeiris,
 Gif he did gud, God wald he fould be tret ;
 Bot as the prouerbe fpeikis, it plaine appeiris,
 Auld men will die and barnes will fone for3et.

Was he not rewler ouer 3our realme and
 rigioun,
 Quhill all was pacifeit be his prudent wit ?
 Stude he not ftoutly be the true religioun,
 Ane of the firft that maid the freiris to flit ?
 Franke on the feildis, and formeft at the bit,
 Without refpect to baggis or bodie to ;
 3our faithfull fubieft, and fua he fal be 3it,
 To do gude feruice, as I haue feene him do.

Than at Carbarrie hill he held a day,
 With litill bludeshed Bothwell was put a-bake,
 Quha flew 3our father and fibilly fled away,
 Syne focht 3ourfelfe to bring this realme to fake.
 How mony clawbackes than fuppose thay crak,
 Conuenit with Mortoun quhan Bothwel tuk the
 chafe ?

Try or ze tine him and trow not all thay fpak,
Lat workes beir witnes, vaine wordis fould haue
na place.

Sone efter that the Counfell cround 3ourfell,
Quhan godly Murray as a regent rang,
3it thair was some that bauldly did rebell,
That to 3our lawis wald nouthar ryde nor
gang.

Quha thair conuenit for to reuenge 3our wrang,
Albeit 3our action was thocht innocent?
It was the Dowglassis douchtaly them dang,
And pleit 3our proces in that parliament.

Quha could declare our langsum lyfe in Leith,
Fechtand all day and fyne lay in our clais?
Gif Lindefay lykes, that lord can tell 3ow eith,
Quha was 3our friendis or quha 3our mortall fais,
Or quha gaid formeft breiftand vp the braies.
I dar not pen the speciallis, I do plaine 3ow;
Bot weill I wait, howeuer the warld now gais,
Thai find maist freindship was fardest than again
3ou.

Syne at Langfyde feild 3our grace may ken,
Mortoun was thair ane man amang the rest;
In Striuling toun, out of his dowie den,
Maist lyke a fox thay fyrit him in his nest.
In Edinburgh Castell quhair thay war posselt,
He them deplaced that purposit to undo 3ow.
Quhan ze grow auld, I wait ze will confest,
Mortoun hes bene ane faithfull faruand to 3ow.

Quhan Regentis deit and all the lytes inlaikit,
The Counfell did conuene and fet ane day;

Thay cheifit him Regentin that rowme that waikit,
With fad adwife, for few or nane said nay ;
Bot zit I think thay playit 3our grace foule play,
Gif he was knawin than of thir crymes conuict,
Gif he be faikles, surely I dar say,
Thay haue defamit him with ane fulich trick.

To dant the theuis had he nocht mekill ado,
Abandoned the borders that na man durst rebell?
The Armeistrangis, Eluottis and the Johnestons to,
With twentie vther clans I can not tell,—
During his dayis thai durst not ryde ane ell ;
The hirdis and hinde men in their labeis lay ;
Bot thair estait, as now 3e sie 3oursell,
All nicht to walke and fane to wirk all day.

Aganis grit lordis committing small offence,
With iniust challenge thay aucht na man to
cheffoun ;
Mortoun hes ay bene vpricht with his prince,
But spot of cryme or ony point of tressoun.
Albeit gude faruice be not tane in seasoun,
His workes may witnes he neuer sparit for
perrell ;
Laitly accusit but outhier ryme or reffoun,
As findrie schawis me for a faikles querrell.

Daft fulis defyis him because thay finde him sage,
And cowartis contrarious for his hardiment ;
Young men for glaikrie can not agrie with age,
And waisteris inuyis him for his gouernement.
And sacreit counsell can not be content
To suffer lorshippis in equalitie ;
zit I beseik 3our grace of gude intent,
To play the prince but parcialitie.

Adwise 3ow weill, sen he hes not offendit ;
 To keip sic senattis it fall decore 3our land ;
 Of rasche detreitis cums rew and may not
 mend it,
 As Scottismens wifdome dois behinde the hand.
 Wyse lordis are ill ta make I vnderstand,
 And trewly in kingis is to abhorre ;
 This sempill counfall, fyr, is na command,
 Bot wald to God that na man louit 3ow war.

FINIS, quod Sempill.

Imprintit at Edinburgh, be Robert Lekprewicke,
 dwelling at the Netherbow.



The Plagues of Northumberland.

To the tune of Appelles.



HEN that the Moone, in Northom-
 berland,
 After the chaynge, in age well conne,
 Did rise with force, then to withstande
 The lyght and bright beames of the Sonne,
 The sorowfull dolers soone began,
 Through Percies pryde, to many a man.

But then anone, the Westmere Bull
 Behelde the ryfinge of this Moone ;
 Thinking that shee had byn at full,
 He hastyd then anone full soone,
 With horse and armes, and all his might,
 From perfect daye to vncertaine lyght.

When they in one consent were pyght,
With them was many an ignorant man ;
The Romyſhe lawes they wold redyght,
Through counsell of ſome blind Syr John,
Who neuer knewe Godes veryte,
But to rebellion then dyd agree.

For if they would of Gods word knowen,
Longe xxx yeres they haue had tyme,
Rebellion then had not byn ſowen,
To brynge ther countre in ſuch cryme ;
Their poyſon now, all men may ſee,
That vnder fuger longe did lie.

What myſchyfe mouid the Perfies hart,
This enterpryſe to take in hand,
This for to playe a Rebelles parte,
In raiſinge vp Northomberland ?
But looke, what ſeede by hym is ſowen,
With ſharp ſythes downe it was ſoone mowen.

¶ That countre is in full fore plyght
That doth agaynſt their prynce contend,
Seeking their owne dreames to redyght,
The Popes precepts for to defend,
Lyke brutyſhe, peruerſt, ignorant men,
That ſeekes before a lawe to ren.

¶ This venym longe a-breedinge was,
Which in the Perfies breſte did growe ;
The Bull in bellinge did not ceaſſe,
Till that the poyſon oute did flowe ;
So farr abroad the ſtreames did ronne,
That backe agayne cold not retourne.

¶ This hatefull poyson longe was hyde,
Under the cloake of amytie ;
The outward treasone was not spyde,
But couerid with all courtesie ;
Their close vnlawfull conspiracion
Hath brought them to great dyfolacion.

¶ The hope vnfare was tranfytorye,
The which was in that cloudy Moone ;
Her false eclypes with all the glorye,
Her ioye vnstable was endid foone ;
Her fudden chaynge now tells vs all
That fugar fweet was blent with gall.

¶ What ftate now maye hymfelfe affure
Longe here to lyue in quyetnes ?
What worldely ioye maye here indure,
In thofe where is no ftablenes ?
Wher lords and yerles in welth doth floue,
From their hye ftate muft fall downe lowe.

¶ Now by their fall learne to be wyfe,
Both hye and lowe in eche degree ;
Let no false lyght deceaue your eyes,
As it hath done of late, you fee.
The false beames of the glyftringe Moone,
Now many a man it hath vndoone.

¶ For in the north ſhe did ſhine longe,
But now eclypfyd is her lyght ;
The Weſtmere Bull that held ſo ſtronge,
Hee is depreuyd of his myght ;
For many tongs of them will tell,
How theſe to yerles false did rebell.

And many a man more, as I heare,
That with these rebelles did take part,
Which can not thinke themfelues now cleare,
That in brest beares a doble hart ;
But as you haue begonne to brewe,
So are you found rebelles vntrue !

¶ The countre cleane you haue vndone ;
The Lord graunt ther some better staye,
Or els will many a mothers sonne
For this curfle you another daye !
You leaue your wyues and childrene deare,
Lamentinge in most wofull cheare.

¶ Now let vs praye, as we are bound,
All for our Queenes hyghe maieste,
That shee her enemies may confound,
And all that to rebelles agre ;
And plant true men vp in their place ;
The Lord from heauen now gyue her grace !

Finis, quod John Barker.

¶ Imprinted at London, in Fleete Streate, beneath
the Conduyt, at the signe of Saint John
Euangelist, by Thomas Colwell.



*A merry new Song how a Bruer meant to
make a Cooper cuckold, and how deere the Bruer
paid for the bargaine.*

To the tune of, In Somer time.



IF that you list, now merry be,
Lend listning eares a while to me,
To heare a song of a Bruer bold,
That meant a Cooper to cuckold.

The Cooper walked downe the streete,
And with the Bruer chanc'd to meete:
He called,—Worke for a Cooper, dame;
The Bruer was glad to heare the same.

Cooper, quoth the Bruer, come hether to me,
Perchance I haue some worke for thee:
If that thy doings I doe well like,
Thou shalt haue worke for all this weeke.

The Cooper with cap and curtesie low,
Said, ready I am my tunning to shew;
To doe your worke, fir, euery deale.
I doe not doubt to doe it well.

Then, quoth this lustie Bruer tho,
If thou my worke doest meane to doe,
Come to me to morrow before it be day,
To hoope vp these olde tubs out of the way.

And so to make vp my merry rime,
The Cooper the next day rose betime ;
To the Bruers gate he tooke his race,
And knocked there a great pace.

The Bruer leapt from his bed to the flore,
And to the Cooper he opned the dore ;
He shewed him his worke without delay ;
To the Coopers wife then he tooke the way.

The Cooper he called at mind at last,
His hatchet he had left at home for haft :
And home for his hatchet he must goe,
Before he could worke ; the cause it was so.

But when he came his house fomewhat nere,
His wife by fortune did him heare :
Alas ! said she, what shift shall we make ?
My husband is come,—you will be take !

O Lord ! sayd the Bruer, what shall I doe ?
How shall I hide me ? where shall I goe ?
Said shee,—if you will not be espide,
Creepe vnder this fat yourselfe to hide.

The Bruer he crept vnder the fame,
And blundering in the Cooper came :
About the shop his tubs he cast,
To finde out his hatchet all in haft.

Then his curst wife began to prate,—
If thou let out my pig, ile breake thy pate !
A pig, said the Cooper, I knew of none ;
If thou hadst not spoke, the pig had bin gone.

If it be a sow-pig, said the Cooper,
Let me haue him roasted for my supper :
It is a bore-pig, man, said she,
For my owne dyet, and not for thee.

It is hard if a woman cannot haue a bit,
But straightway her husband must know of it.
A bore-pig, said the Cooper, so me thinks ;
He is so ramish,—fie, how he stinkes !

Well, said the Cooper, so I might thriue,
I would he were in thy belly aliue.
I thanke you for your wish, good man ;
It may chance it shall be there anon.

The Bruer that vnder the fat did lye,
Like a pig did assay to grunt and crie :
But, alas ! his voice was nothing small ;
He cryed so big that he mard all.

Wife, said the Cooper, this is no pig,
But an old hog, he grunteth so big !
He lift vp the fat then by and by ;
There lay the Bruer like a bore in a stie.

Wife, said the Cooper, thou wilt lie like a dog !
This is no pig, but a very old hog :
I sweare, quoth the Cooper, I doe not like him ;
Ile knock him on the head ere ile keepe him.

O Lord ! said the Bruer, ferue me not so ;
Hold thy hand, Cooper, and let me goe,
And I will giue thee both ale and beere,
To find thy house this fixe or seauen yeare.

I will none of thy ale nor yet of thy beere,
 For feare I be poisoned within seauen yeere!
 Why, sayd the Bruer, if thou mistrust,
 Hold here the keyes of my best cheft;

And there is gold and siluer store,
 Will serue thee so long and somewhat more:
 If there be store, quoth the Cooper, I say,
 I will not come emptie-handed away.

The Cooper went and filled his hat;
 The Bruer shall pay for vsing my fat!
 The hooping of twentie tubs euery day,
 And not gaine me so much as I doe this way.

When he came againe his house within,—
 Packe away, quod he, Bruer, with your broken shin;
 And vnder my fat creepe you no more,
 Except you make wiser bargaines before.



*The true description of a monstrous Chylde,
 borne in the Ile of Wight, in this present yeare
 of oure Lord God MDlxiiij. the month of
 October, after this forme, with a cluster of longe
 beare about the nauell: the Fathers name is
 James Johnsun, in the parys of Freswater.*



FOR mercy, Lorde, with one accorde,
 To the we call and crye,
 That so doth show, in earth below,
 Thy wonderous workes daylye.

Within the rafe of fyue yeres fpace
Moche monfterous fights hath byn,
Of fundry kynde ; man, bare in mynde,
And fone turne from thy fyn.

Repent and pray, amende, I fay,
Leue of thy wicked wayes ;
The tyme drawes on, thou muft be gone,
Beholde this later dayes.

Of infans yonge, agone not longe,
With calues and pigges which were,
The tokens, loo, mishappen foo,
Whiche cryeth to vs great feare.

Now this late fyght in Ile of Wight,
Straungely it is to tell,
Two children borne,—neuer before
Suche wonders there befell.

The one I fynde, of woman kynde,
Hauyng her fhape all right ;
The other is tranfposed this,
As pleafeth the Lorde of myght.

Where natures art doth not her part,
In workyng of her fhylle,
To fhape aright, eche lyuely wight ;
Beholde, it is Gods wyll !

Loo, here you fee, before your eye,
A man-childe to beholde ;
A babe gyltles, deformyd this,
Moſte wonderous to be tolde.

No caruer can, nor paynter then,
The shape more ugly make,
As itfelfe dothe declare the truthe;
A fyghte to make vs quake!

Let vs all feare, and in mynde beare,
This forme fo monfterous:
That no hurt wraught, nor euill hath thaught,
What fhall become of vs.

That doth ftill fyn, and neuer lyn,
As men heapyng vp treasure,
Agyanft the day of wrath, for aye,
Of Gods heauy difpleafure.

Nowe praye wee all, bothe great and fmall,
Unto the Lorde of might,
To gyue vs grace in heauen a place
There to attayne his fight!

All ye that dothe beholde and fee this monftrous
fight fo ftraunge,
Let it to you a preachyng be, from fynfull lyfe
to chaunge:
For in this latter dayes trulye, the Lord ftraunge
fyghts doth shoue,
By tokens in the heauens hye, and on the yearth
belowe.
This dothe demonftrate to vs, the lyfe whiche we
lyue in;
A monfter, oughly to beholde, conceyued was in fyn:
In shape vnparfett here to vewe, that nature hathe
not drest,
A chylde now borne, by porte moſte true, this
from the mothers brest:

For he that doth this shape beholde, and his owne
 state will knowe,
 Will make the proude pecocke so bolde, beare
 downe his tayll full lowe :
 Nowe, Lorde, sende downe thy Holy Spryte, the
 confortor of joye,
 For to direct owr wayes aright, to dwell with
 thee for aye ;
 And graunt we maye amende our lyfe, accordyng
 to thy worde,
 In euery age, bothe manne and wyfe,—nowe
 graunt vs this, good Lorde !

Finis, quod John Barkar.

¶ Imprynted at London, in Flete Strete, at the
 sygne of the Faucon, by Wylliam Gryffith, and
 are to be solde at his shop in Saint Dunstons
 churchyarde, in the west of London, the viij.
 daye of Nouember.



*The first part of the Marchants Daughter
 of Bristow.*

To the tune of The Maydens Joy.



BEHOLD the touchstone of true loue,
 Maudlin the Marchants daughter
 of Bristow towne,
 Whose firme affection nothing could
 moue,—

Such fauour beares the louely browne.

- ¶ A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many yeeres had borne this mayden
great good will ;
She loued him as faythfully,
But all her friendes withstood it still.
- ¶ The young man now, perceiuing well,
He could not get nor win the fauour of her
friendes,
The force of forrowes to expell,
To view strange countries he intendes.
- ¶ And now to take his last farewell
Of his true loue, his faire and constant Maudlin,
With musicke sweete that did excell
He playes under her window fine.
- ¶ Farewell, quoth he, my owne true loue !
Farewell, my deare and cheefest treasure of my
hart !
Through fortunes spight, that false did proue,
I am inforc't from thee to part.
- ¶ Into the land of Italy
There will I waste and wearie out my dayes in
woe ;
Seeing my true loue is kept from me,
I hold my life a mortall foe.
- ¶ Faire Bristow towne, therefore, adue,—
For Padua must be my habitation now,—
Although my loue doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my hart I vow.
- ¶ With trickling teares thus did he sing,
With sighes and sobs descending from his hart
ful fore ;

He fayth, when he his hands did wring,—
Farewell, sweete loue, for euermore!

¶ Faire Maudlin, from a window hie,
Beholdes her true loue with his musicke where
he stood,
But not a word she durst reply,
Fearing her parents angry mood.

¶ In teares she spendes the dolefull night,
Wishing herselfe (though naked) with her
faithful friend ;
She blames her friendes and fortunes spight,
That wrought their loues such luckles end.

¶ And in her hart she makes a vow
Cleane to forsake her countrey and her kinsfolke
all,
And for to follow her true loue now,
To bide all chaunces that might fall.

¶ The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early doth she arise ;
She gets her downe to the lower roome,
Where fundry seamen she espies.

¶ A gallant maister among them all—
The maister of a faire and goodly ship was he—
Which there stood waighting in the hall,
To speake with her father, if it might be.

¶ She kindly takes him by the hand,—
Good fir, she sayd, and would you speake with
any heere :
Quoth he, faire mayde, therefore I stand.
Then, gentle fir, I pray you come neere.

¶ Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she bringes this seaman all
alone,
Sighing to him most pitteously,—
She thus to him did make her mone.

¶ She falles upon her tender knee,—
Good sir, she sayd, now pittie you a maydens
woe,
And proue a faythfull friend to me,
That I to you my grieve may shew.

¶ Sith you repose such trust, he sayd,
To me that am unknowne, and eke a stranger
heere,
Be you assured, proper mayde,
Most faythfull still I will appeare.

¶ I haue a brother, sir, quoth she,
Whom as my lyfe I loue and fauour tenderly;
In Padua, alas! is he,
Full sicke, God wot, and like to die.

¶ And faine I would my brother see,
But that my father will not yeeld to let me go;
Wherefore, good sir, be good to me,
And vnto me this fauour shew.

¶ Some ship-boyes garments bring to me,
That I disguisd may get away from hence un-
knowne,
And vnto sea Ile goe with thee,
If thus much friendship may be showne.

¶ Faire mayde, quoth he, take here my hand,
I will fulfill each thing that now you desire:

And set you safe in that same land,
And in the place where you require.

¶ Then giues she him a tender kisse,
And sayth, your seruant, gallant maister, I will
be,
And proue your faythfull friend for this,—
Sweete maister, then forget not me.

¶ This done, as they had both decreed,
Soone after, early, euen before the breake of
day,
He bringes her garments then with speed,
Wherein she doth herselfe array.

¶ And ere her father did arise,
She meetes her maister as he walked in the hall ;
She did attend on him likewise,
Euen till her father did him call.

¶ But ere the marchant made an end
Of all those matters to the maister he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, our daughter is gone away.

¶ The marchant, much amazed in minde,
Yonder vilde wretch entic't away my child,
quoth he ;
But well I wot I shall him find
At Padua in Italie.

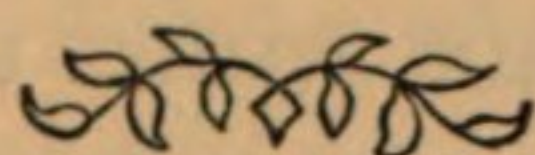
¶ With that bespake the maister braue :
Worshipfull marchant, thither goes this pretty
youth,
And any thing that you would haue
He will performe it, and write the trueth.

¶ Sweete youth, quoth he, if it be so,
 Beare me a letter to the English marchants there,
 And gold on thee I will bestow,—
 My daughters welfare I do feare.

¶ Her mother takes her by the hand,—
 Faire youth, quoth she, if there thou dost my
 daughter see,
 Let me thereof soone vnderstand,
 And there is twenty crownes for thee.

¶ Thus through the daughters strange disguise,
 The mother knew not when she spake vnto her
 child:
 And after her maister straight she hies,
 Taking her leaue with countenance milde.

¶ Thus to the sea faire Maudlin is gone,
 With her gentle maister,—God send them a
 merry wind!—
 Where we a while must leaue them alone,
 Till you the second part do finde. FINIS.



*The second part of the Marchants Daughter
 of Bristow.*

To the tune of The Maidens Joy.



WELCOME, sweet Maudlin, from the sea,
 Where bitter storms and cruel tem-
 pests did arise:
 The pleasant banks of Italy
 We may behold with ioyfull eies.

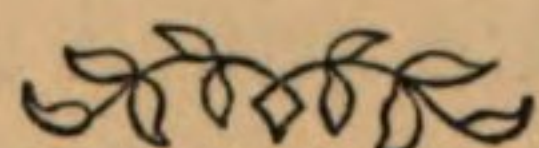
- And fet you safe in that same land,
And in the place where you require.
- ¶ Then giues she him a tender kisse,
And sayth, your seruant, gallant maister, I will
be,
And proue your faythfull friend for this,—
Sweete maister, then forget not me.
- ¶ This done, as they had both decreed,
Soone after, early, euen before the breake of
day,
He bringes her garments then with speed,
Wherein she doth herselfe array.
- ¶ And ere her father did arise,
She meetes her maister as he walked in the hall ;
She did attend on him likewise,
Euen till her father did him call.
- ¶ But ere the marchant made an end
Of all those matters to the maister he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, our daughter is gone away.
- ¶ The marchant, much amazed in minde,
Yonder vilde wretch entic't away my child,
quoth he ;
But well I wot I shall him find
At Padua in Italie.
- ¶ With that bespake the maister braue :
Worshipfull marchant, thither goes this pretty
youth,
And any thing that you would haue
He will performe it, and write the trueth.

¶ Sweete youth, quoth he, if it be so,
 Beare me a letter to the English marchants there,
 And gold on thee I will bestow,—
 My daughters welfare I do feare.

¶ Her mother takes her by the hand,—
 Faire youth, quoth she, if there thou dost my
 daughter see,
 Let me thereof soone vnderstand,
 And there is twenty crownes for thee.

¶ Thus through the daughters strange disguise,
 The mother knew not when she spake vnto her
 child:
 And after her maister straight she hies,
 Taking her leaue with countenance milde.

¶ Thus to the sea faire Maudlin is gone,
 With her gentle maister,—God send them a
 merry wind!—
 Where we a while must leaue them alone,
 Till you the second part do finde. FINIS.



*The second part of the Marchants Daughter
 of Bristow.*

To the tune of The Maidens Joy.



WELCOME, sweet Maudlin, from the sea,
 Where bitter storms and cruel tem-
 pests did arise:
 The pleasant banks of Italy
 We may behold with ioyfull eies.

If it be a sow-pig, said the Cooper,
Let me haue him roasted for my supper :
It is a bore-pig, man, said she,
For my owne dyet, and not for thee.

It is hard if a woman cannot haue a bit,
But straightway her husband must know of it.
A bore-pig, said the Cooper, so me thinks ;
He is so ramish,—fie, how he stinkes !

Well, said the Cooper, so I might thriue,
I would he were in thy belly aliue.
I thanke you for your wish, good man ;
It may chance it shall be there anon.

The Bruer that vnder the fat did lye,
Like a pig did assay to grunt and crie :
But, alas ! his voice was nothing small ;
He cryed so big that he mard all.

Wife, said the Cooper, this is no pig,
But an old hog, he grunteth so big !
He lift vp the fat then by and by ;
There lay the Bruer like a bore in a stie.

Wife, said the Cooper, thou wilt lie like a dog !
This is no pig, but a very old hog :
I sweare, quoth the Cooper, I doe not like him ;
Ile knock him on the head ere ile keepe him.

O Lord ! said the Bruer, ferue me not so ;
Hold thy hand, Cooper, and let me goe,
And I will giue thee both ale and beere,
To find thy house this fixe or seauen yeare.

I will none of thy ale nor yet of thy beere,
 For feare I be poisoned within seauen yeere!
 Why, sayd the Bruer, if thou mistrust,
 Hold here the keyes of my best chest;

And there is gold and siluer store,
 Will serue thee so long and somewhat more:
 If there be store, quoth the Cooper, I say,
 I will not come emptie-handed away.

The Cooper went and filled his hat;
 The Bruer shall pay for vsing my fat!
 The hooping of twentie tubs euery day,
 And not gaine me so much as I doe this way.

When he came againe his house within,—
 Packeaway, quod he, Bruer, with your broken shin;
 And vnder my fat creepe you no more,
 Except you make wiser bargaines before.



*The true description of a monstrous Chylde,
 borne in the Ile of Wight, in this present yeare
 of oure Lord God MDlxiiij. the month of
 October, after this forme, with a cluster of longe
 beare about the nauell: the Fathers name is
 James Johnsun, in the parys of Freswater.*



FOR mercy, Lorde, with one accorde,
 To the we call and crye,
 That so doth show, in earth below,
 Thy wonderous workes daylye.

Within the rafe of fyue yeres fpace
Moche monfterous fights hath byn,
Of fundry kynde ; man, bare in mynde,
And fone turne from thy fyn.

Repent and pray, amende, I fay,
Leue of thy wicked wayes ;
The tyme drawes on, thou muft be gone,
Beholde this later dayes.

Of infans yonge, agone not longe,
With calues and pigges which were,
The tokens, loo, mishappen foo,
Whiche cryeth to vs great feare.

Now this late fyght in Ile of Wight,
Straungely it is to tell,
Two children borne,—neuer before
Suche wonders there befell.

The one I fynde, of woman kynde,
Hauyng her fhape all right ;
The other is tranfpofed this,
As pleafeth the Lorde of myght.

Where natures art doth not her part,
In workyng of her fhylle,
To fhape aright, eche lyuely wight ;
Beholde, it is Gods wyll !

Loo, here you fee, before your eye,
A man-childe to beholde ;
A babe gyltles, deformyd this,
Moſte wonderous to be tolde.

No caruer can, nor paynter then,
The shape more ugly make,
As it selfe dothe declare the truthe;
A fyghte to make vs quake!

Let vs all feare, and in mynde beare,
This forme so monstrous:
That no hurt wraught, nor euill hath thaught,
What shall become of vs.

That doth still syn, and neuer lyn,
As men heapyng vp treasure,
Agyanſt the day of wrath, for aye,
Of Gods heauy displeasure.

Nowe praye wee all, bothe great and ſmall,
Unto the Lorde of might,
To gyue vs grace in heauen a place
There to attayne his fight!

All ye that dothe beholde and ſee this monſtrous
fight ſo ſtraunge,
Let it to you a preachyng be, from ſynfull lyfe
to chaunge:

For in this latter dayes trulye, the Lord ſtraunge
fyghts doth ſhowe,
By tokens in the heauens hye, and on the yearth
belowe.

This dothe demonſtrate to vs, the lyfe whiche we
lyue in;

A monſter, oughly to beholde, conceyued was in ſyn:
In ſhape vnparfett here to vewe, that nature hathe
not dreſt,

A chylde now borne, by porte moſte true, this
from the mothers breſt:

For he that doth this shape beholde, and his owne
 state will knowe,
 Will make the proude pecocke so bolde, beare
 downe his tayll full lowe :
 Nowe, Lorde, sende downe thy Holy Spryte, the
 confortor of joye,
 For to direct owr wayes aright, to dwell with
 thee for aye ;
 And graunt we maye amende our lyfe, accordyng
 to thy worde,
 In euery age, bothe manne and wyfe,—nowe
 graunt vs this, good Lorde !

Finis, quod John Barkar.

¶ Imprynted at London, in Flete Strete, at the
 fygne of the Faucon, by Wylliam Gryffith, and
 are to be solde at his shop in Saint Dunstons
 churchyarde, in the west of London, the viij.
 daye of Nouember.



*The first part of the Marchants Daughter
 of Bristow.*

To the tune of The Maydens Joy.



BEHOLD the touchstone of true loue,
 Maudlin the Marchants daughter
 of Bristow towne,
 Whose firme affection nothing could
 moue,—
 Such fauour beares the louely browne.

- ☞ A gallant youth was dwelling by,
Which many yeeres had borne this mayden
great good will ;
She loued him as faythfully,
But all her friendes withstood it still.
- ☞ The young man now, perceiuing well,
He could not get nor win the fauour of her
friendes,
The force of sorrowes to expell,
To view strange countries he intendes.
- ☞ And now to take his last farewell
Of his true loue, his faire and constant Maudlin,
With musicke sweete that did excell
He playes under her window fine.
- ☞ Farewell, quoth he, my owne true loue !
Farewell, my deare and cheefest treasure of my
hart !
Through fortunes spight, that false did proue,
I am inforc't from thee to part.
- ☞ Into the land of Italy
There will I waste and wearie out my dayes in
woe ;
Seeing my true loue is kept from me,
I hold my life a mortall foe.
- ☞ Faire Bristow towne, therefore, adue,—
For Padua must be my habitation now,—
Although my loue doth lodge in thee,
To whom alone my hart I vow.
- ☞ With trickling teares thus did he sing,
With sighes and sobs descending from his hart
ful fore ;

He fayth, when he his hands did wring,—
Farewell, sweete loue, for euermore!

¶ Faire Maudlin, from a window hie,
Beholdes her true loue with his musicke where
he stood,
But not a word she durst reply,
Fearing her parents angry mood.

¶ In teares she spendes the dolefull night,
Wishing herselfe (though naked) with her
faithful friend;
She blames her friendes and fortunes spight,
That wrought their loues such luckles end.

¶ And in her hart she makes a vow
Cleave to forsake her countrey and her kinsfolke
all,
And for to follow her true loue now,
To bide all chaunces that might fall.

¶ The night is gone, and the day is come,
And in the morning very early doth she arise;
She gets her downe to the lower roome,
Where fundry seamen she espies.

¶ A gallant maister among them all—
The maister of a faire and goodly ship was he—
Which there stood waighting in the hall,
To speake with her father, if it might be.

¶ She kindly takes him by the hand,—
Good sir, she sayd, and would you speake with
any heere:
Quoth he, faire mayde, therefore I stand.
Then, gentle sir, I pray you come neere.

¶ Into a pleasant parlour by,
With hand in hand she bringes this seaman all
alone,
Sighing to him most pitteously,—
She thus to him did make her mone.

¶ She falles upon her tender knee,—
Good sir, she sayd, now pittie you a maydens
woe,
And proue a faythfull friend to me,
That I to you my grieve may shew.

¶ Sith you repose such trust, he sayd,
To me that am unknowne, and eke a stranger
heere,
Be you assured, proper mayde,
Most faythfull still I will appeare.

¶ I haue a brother, sir, quoth she,
Whom as my lyfe I loue and fauour tenderly ;
In Padua, alas ! is he,
Full sicke, God wot, and like to die.

¶ And faine I would my brother see,
But that my father will not yeeld to let me go ;
Wherefore, good sir, be good to me,
And vnto me this fauour show.

¶ Some ship-boyes garments bring to me,
That I disguisd may get away from hence un-
knowne,
And vnto sea Ile goe with thee,
If thus much friendship may be showne.

¶ Faire mayde, quoth he, take here my hand,
I will fulfill each thing that now you desire :

And fet you safe in that same land,
And in the place where you require.

¶ Then giues she him a tender kisse,
And sayth, your seruant, gallant maister, I will
be,
And proue your faythfull friend for this,—
Sweete maister, then forget not me.

¶ This done, as they had both decreed,
Soone after, early, euen before the breake of
day,
He bringes her garments then with speed,
Wherein she doth herselfe array.

¶ And ere her father did arise,
She meetes her maister as he walked in the hall ;
She did attend on him likewise,
Euen till her father did him call.

¶ But ere the marchant made an end
Of all those matters to the maister he could say,
His wife came weeping in with speed,
Saying, our daughter is gone away.

¶ The marchant, much amazed in minde,
Yonder vilde wretch entic't away my child,
quoth he ;
But well I wot I shall him find
At Padua in Italie.

¶ With that bespake the maister braue :
Worshipfull marchant, thither goes this pretty
youth,
And any thing that you would haue
He will performe it, and write the trueth.

☞ Sweete youth, quoth he, if it be so,
 Beare me a letter to the English marchants there,
 And gold on thee I will bestow,—
 My daughters welfare I do feare.

☞ Her mother takes her by the hand,—
 Faire youth, quoth she, if there thou dost my
 daughter see,
 Let me thereof soone vnderstand,
 And there is twenty crownes for thee.

☞ Thus through the daughters strange disguise,
 The mother knew not when she spake vnto her
 child :
 And after her maister straight she hies,
 Taking her leaue with countenance milde.

☞ Thus to the sea faire Maudlin is gone,
 With her gentle maister,—God send them a
 merry wind!—
 Where we a while must leaue them alone,
 Till you the second part do finde. FINIS.



*The second part of the Marchants Daughter
 of Bristow.*

To the tune of The Maidens Joy.



WELCOME, sweet Maudlin, from the sea,
 Where bitter storms and cruel tem-
 pests did arise :
 The pleasant banks of Italy
 We may behold with ioyfull eies.

Thankes, gentle maister, then quoth she,—
A faithful friend in al my sorows thou hast
beene;—

If fortune once doth smile on me,
My thankfull heart shall well be seene.

Blest be the land that feedes my loue,
Blest be that place whereas he doth abide;
No trauell will I sticke to proue,
Whereby my good will may be tride.

Now will I walke, with ioyfull heart,
To view the town wheras my darling doth re-
maine,
And seek him out in euery part,
Untill I do his sight attaine.

And I, quoth he, will not forsake
Sweete M. in al her iorneyes vp and downe;
In wealth and woe thy part Ile take,
And bring thee safe to Padua towne.

And, after many weary steps,
In Padua they safe ariued at the last;
For verie ioy her heart it leapes,—
She thinkes not on her perills past.

But now, alas, behold the lucke!
Her own true loue in woful prison doth she find,
Which did her heart in peeces plucke,
And greeude her gentle mind.

Condemnd he was to die, alas,
Except he would his faith and his religion turne:
But rather then he would go to masse,
In fiery flames he vowed to burne.

Now doth faire Maudlin weepe and waile,
Her ioy is changd to weeping, sorow, greefe
and care ;

But nothing can her plaints preuaile,
For death alone must be his share.

She walkes vnder the prison walles,
Where her true loue doth ly and languish in
distresse ;—

Most wofully for foode he calls,
When hunger did his heart oppresse.

He sighes, and sobs, and makes great mone ;
Farwel, said he, sweet England, now for euer ;
And al my friends that haue me known
In Bristow towne with wealth and store !

But most of al, farewell, quoth he,
My owne true loue, sweete M., whom I left
behind !

For neuer more I shal thee see ;
Woe to thy father most unkind !

How wel were I, if thou wast here
With thy fair hands to close vp both these
wretched eyes ;

My torments easie would appeere,
My soule with ioy should scale the skies.

When M. heard her louers mone,
Her eies with tears, her hart with sorow filled was ;
To speak with him no means was known,
Such grieuous . . . on him did passe.

Then cast she off her ladies attire,
A maidens weede upon her back she seemly set ;

To the iudges house she did enquire,
And there she did a seruice get.

She did her dutie there so wel,
And eke so prudently herself she did behaue,—
With her in loue her maister fell,—
His seruants fauour he doth craue.

Maudlin, quoth he, my hearts delight!
To whom my hart in firme affections tide,
Breede not my death through thy dispight,—
A faythful friend I will be tride.

Graunt me thy loue, faire maide, quoth he,
And at my hands desire what thou canst deuise,
And I wil grant it vnto thee,
Whereby thy credite may arise.

O fir, she said, how blest am I,
With such a kind and gentle maister for to meete!
I will not your request denie,
So you will grant what I do seeke.

I haue a brother, fir, she said,
For his religion is now condemnde to die;
In loathsome prision he is laide,
Opprest with care and miserie.

Graunt me my brothers life, she said,
And to you my loue and liking I wil giue:
That may not be, quoth he, faire maide,—
Except he turne, he may not liue.

An English friar there is, she said,
Of learning great, and of a passing pure life;

Let him be to my brother sent,
And he will finish soone the strife.

Her maister granted this request.
The mariner in friars weed she doth array,
And to her loue, that lay distrest,
She doth a letter straightway conuay.

When he had read her gentle lines,
His heauy hart was rauished with inward ioy ;
Where now she was ful wel he finds,
The friar likewise was not coy,

But did declare to him at large
The enterprife his loue for him had taken in
hand :

The yong man did the friar charge,
His loue should straight depart the land.

Here is no place for her, he said,
But woful death and danger of her harmles life ;
Professing truth I was betraid,
And feareful flames must end our strife.

For ere I wil my faith denie,
And sweare myself to follow damnde antichrist,
Ile yeeld my bodie for to die,
To liue in heauen with the highest.

O fir, the gentle friar said,
For your sweete loue recant and saue your
wished life :

A wofull match, quoth he, is made,
Where Christ is lost, to winne a wife.

When she had wrought al means she might
To saue her friend, and that she saw it wold not
be,
Then of the iudge she claimd her right
To die the death as well as he.

For looke what faith he doth professe,
In that same faith be sure that I will liue and dy ;—
Then ease vs both in our distresse,
Let vs not liue in miserie.

When no perswasion would preuaile,
Nor change her mind in anything that she had
said,
She was with him condemnd to die,
And for them both one fire made.

And arme in arme, most ioyfully,
These louers twain vnto the fire then did go,—
The mariners, most faithfully,
Were likewise partners of their woe.

But when the iudges vnderstood
The faithful frindship in them al that did re-
maine,
They saude their liues, and afterward
To England sent them home againe.

Now was their sorrowes turnde to ioy,
And faithful louers had now their harts desire ;
Their paines so wel they did imploy,
God granted what they did require.

And when they were in England come,
And to mery Bristow arriued at the last,

Great ioy there was of al and some,
That heard the dangers they had past.

Her father he was dead, God wot,
And eke her mother was ioyful of her fight;
Their wishes she denied not,
But wedded them with hearts delight.

Her gentle maister she desirde
To be her father, and at church to giue her then;
It was fulfild as she requirde,
Unto the ioy of all good men!

Finis.

Printed at London for William Blackwall.



A brieft sonet declaring the lamentation of Beckles, a Market Towne in Suffolke, which was in the great winde vpon S. Andrewes eue pitifully burned with fire, to the value by estimation of tweentie thousande pounds, and to the number of fourescore dwelling houses, besides a great number of other houses, 1586.

To the tune of Labandalashotte.



Y louing good neighbours, that comes
to beholde
Me, fillie poore Beckles, in cares many-
folde ;

In sorrow all drowned, which floated of late,
With teares all bedewed, at my wofull state :
With fire so consumed, most wofull to vewe,
Whose spoyle my poore people for euer may rue ;
When well you have vewed my dolefull decay,
And pittie haue pierced your heartes as it may,
Say thus, my good neighbours, that God in his ire
For sinne hath consumed me, Beckles, with fire.

For one onely parish myselfe mought vaunt,
To match with the brauest for who but will graunt ;
The sea and the countrey me fitting so nye,
The fresh-water river so sweete running by,
My medowes and commonsuch prospect of health,
My fayers in somer so garnisht with wealth,
My market so serued with corne, flesh, and fish,
And all kinde of victuals that poore men would
wish ;

That who but knewe Beckles, with fighting may
 faye,
 Would God of his mercie had sparde my decaye !

But, O my destruction ! O most dismall day !
 My temple is spoyled, and brought in decay,
 My marketsted burned, my beautie defaced,
 My wealth ouerwhelmed, my people displaced !
 My musicke is wayling, my mirth it is moone,
 My ioyes are departed, my comfort is gone ;
 My people, poore creatures, are mourning in woe,
 Still wandring, not wotting which waye for to goe,
 Like fillie poore Troians, whom Sinon betrayde ;
 But, God, of thy mercy releue them with ayde !

A rude felowe,
 by fiering his
 chimney, pro-
 cured their ca-
 lamitie.

O daye most vnluckie ! the winde lowde in skie,
 The water harde frosen, the houses so drye ;
 To see such a burning, such flaming of fire,
 Such wayling, such crying, through scourge of
 Gods ire,

Such running, such working, such taking of payne,
 Such whirling, such haling, such reauing in vaine ;
 Such robbing, such stealing, from more to the lesse,
 Such dishonest dealing, in time of distresse ;
 That who so hard-hearted, and worne out of grace,
 But pittie may pierce him to thinke of my case.

But, O my good neighbours, that see mine estate,
 Be all one as Christians, not liue in debate ;
 With wrapping and trapping each other in thrall,
 With watching and pryeng at each others fall,
 With houing, and shouing, and striuing in lawe,
 Of God nor his Gospell once standing in awe ;
 Lyue not in heart-burning, at God neuer wrest,
 To Christ ance be turning, not vse him in iest,

Liue louely together, and not in discorde ;
 Let me be your mirrour to liue in the Lorde !

But, though God haue pleased, for sinne to
 plague me,
 Let none thinke there liuing is cause they scape
 free ;

But let them remember how Christ once did tell,
 Their sinnes were not greater on whom the wall
 fell :

But least you repent ye, thus much he doth say,
 Be fure and certaine ye also decaye.
 Let none, then, perswade them so free from all
 thrall,

But that their ill-liuing deserueth a fall ;
 Thus, farewell ! Forget not my wofull annoye ;
 God send you good new yeare and bleesse me with
 ioye !

Finis quod D. Sterrie.

Fœlix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.

Ech stately towre with mightie walles vp prope,
 Ech loftie roofe which golden wealth hath raised,
 All flickering wealth which flies in firmeſt hope,
 All glittering hew, ſo haught and highly praiſde,—
 I ſee, by ſodaine ruine of Beckles towne,
 Is but a blaſt if mightie Ioue doe frowne.

At London :

Imprinted by Robert Robinſon, for Nicholas
 Colman of Norwich, dwelling in S.
 Andrewes Church Yarde.

A proper newe sonet declaring the lamentation of Beckles [a market towne in] Suffolke, which was in the great winde vpon S. Andrewes eue last past most pittifully burned with fire, to the losse by estimation of twentie thousande pound and vwarde, and to the number of foure score dwelling houses, 1586.

To Wilson's Tune.



WITH fobbing fighes, and trickling teares,
 My state I doe lament,
 Perceiuing how God's heavie wrath
 Against my finnes is bent ;
 Let all men viewe my woefull fall,
 And rue my woefull case,
 And learne hereby in speedy fort
 Repentaunce to embrace.

For late in Suffocke was I seen
 To be a stately towne,
 Replenished with riches store,
 And had in great renowne ;
 Yea, planted on a pleasant soyle,
 So faire as heart could wish,
 And had my markets, once a weeke,
 Well storde with flesh and fish.

A faire fresh riuer running by,
 To profite me withall,
 Who with a cristall cleered streame
 About my bankes did fall ;

My fayres in somer welthely
For to increafe my ftore ;
My medowes greene and commons great,—
What could I wifh for more ?

But now beholde my great decay,
Which on a fodaine came ;
My fumptuous buildings burned be
By force of fires flame :
A carelefse wretch, moft rude in life,
His chymney fet on fire,
The inftrument, I muft confefse,
Of God's moft heauie ire.

The flame whereof increafing ftill
The bluftering windes did blowe,
And into diuers buildings by
Disperft it to and fro ;
So, kindling in moft grievous fort,
It waxed huge and hie ;
The riuer then was frozen, fo
No water they could come by.

Great was the crye that then was made
Among both great and fmall ;
The wemen wept, and wrong their handes,
Whofe goods confumed all ;
No helpe was found to flacke the fyre,
Theyr paines was fpent in vaine ;
To beare theyr goods into the fieldes
For fafegarde they were fayne.

And yet, amid this great diftreffe,
A number fet theyr minde
To filch, and fteale, and beare away
So much as they could finde ;

Theyr neighbors wealth, which waſted lay
About the ſtreetes that time,
They ſecretly conuayde away,—
O moſt accuſed crime !

Thus, from the morning nyne a clocke
Till four aclocke at night,
Fourefcore houſes in Beckle's towne
Was burnd to aſhes quite ;
And that which moſt laments my heart,
The houſe of God, I ſay,
The church and temple by this fyre
Is cleane conſumde away.

The market-place and houſes fayre,
That ſtood about the ſame,
Hath felt the force and violence
Of this moſt fearefull flame ;
So that there is no Chriſtian man
But in his heart would grieue,
To ſee the ſmart I did ſuſtaine
Vpon ſaint Andrewes eue.

Wherefore, good Chriſtian people, now
Take warning by my fall,—
Liue not in ſtrife and enuious hate
To breed each other thrall ;
Seeke not your neighbors laſting ſpoyle
By greedy ſute in lawe ;
Liue not in diſcord and debate,
Which doth deſtruction draw.

And flatter not yourſelues in finne,
Holde not Gods worde in ſcorne,
Repine not at his miniſters,
Nor be not falſe forſworne ;

For, where such vices doth remaine,
 Gods grace will neuer be ;
 And, in your health and happie state,
 Haue yet some minde on me,—

Whose songes is changd to sorrowes fore,
 My ioyes to wayling woe,
 My mirth to mourning sighes and grones,
 The which from grieffe doth growe ;
 My wealth to want and scarfetie,
 My pleasure into payne,
 All for the sinne and wickednesse
 Which did in me remaine.

If then you wish prosperitie,
 Be louing, meeke and kinde,—
 Lay rage and rancour cleane aside,
 Set malice from your minde ;
 And liue in loue and charitie,
 All hatefull pride detest,
 And so you shall with happie dayes
 For euermore be blest.

And thus I ende my wofull song,
 Befeeching God I may
 Remaine a mirrour to all such
 That doe in pleasure stay ;
 And that amongst their greatest mirth
 And chiefest ioye of all,
 They yet may haue a heart to thinke
 Of Beckles sodaine fall.

Finis, T. D.

At London :

Imprinted by Robert Robinson, for Nicholas
 Colma[n], of Norwich, dwelling in S.
 Andrewes church yard.

*Franklins Farewell to the World.**With his Christian Contrition in Prison, before
his Death.*

FARWELL, vaine world, whose com-
 forts all are cares,
 Whose gaines are losse, whose liberty
 are snares,
 Whose gold is drosse, whose wisedome is meere
 folly,
 Whose wealth is woe, whose seruice is vnholly,
 Whose life is death, whose ioy is griefe and
 sadnes,
 And all that's in thee is a map of madnes.
 Who so (like me) long in the world hath beene,
 And hath so many alterations seene,—
 How some from greatnes fall, some rise from little,
 How mans foundation slip'ry is and brittle,
 How transitory things doe mount and fall
 At His great pleasure, that created all?
 Who so doth note, and beare these things in minde,
 Shall see how Fortunes breath, like wau'ring winde,
 Doth blow vp men like bladders with ambition,
 And cast them headlong downe to black perdition.
 That this is true the world may plainly see,
 And view a fearefull spectacle in mee;
 For I that had enough of fading pelfe,
 And need not want (except I would myselfe),—
 I that had sence, discretion, reason, wit,
 And could discerne things fitting and vnfit,

I whom my high Creator made a creature,
Adorning me with gifts of art and nature ;—
Yet of all this I made no further use,
But Gods, kings, countryes, and my soules abuse.
From crime to crime still plunging further in,
With my continuall adding sinne to sinne,
Till sinne on sinne at last brought shame on shame,
And shame on shame paid the desert of blame.
My thoughts surmis'd th' Almightyes eyes were hid,
And that he saw not what I secret did,
But He (whose light eclipseth moone and sun)
Hath brought to light the deeds in darknes done ;
He, in his iustice, iustly hath reueal'd
My hainous faults, which I had long conceal'd ;
He hath laid open my notorious crimes
To bee a warning to ensuing times ;
That they shall neuer dare to doe the like,
Least (like to me) his vengeance them doe strike.
Then let a dying friend good counsell giue
To all estates and sexes how they liue :
Oh, let my ending of my loathed breath
Make all men care to shun eternall death !
And though my life hath bin polluted foule,
Yet iudge with charity my sinfull foule ;
For were the finnes of all the world in me,
Yet (with the eye of faith) I cleerely see
That Gods great mercy, like a boundles flood,
Through my blest Sauour and Redeemers blood,
Hath freely pardon'd all that I haue done,
(By th' intercession of his onely Sonne,)
So that my stedfast faith doth me perswade
My peace for euer with my God is made.
Hee that rais'd Lazarus from out his graue,
He that vpon the Crosse the theife did saue,
'Tis he alone, and onely none but hee,

Hath raisd me vp from death, and faued me.
Yea, though I all my life-time haue liu'd euill,
A seruant and a slaue vnto the deuill,
Yet heer's the ioy that makes my courage bolde,—
My Sauour Christ hath tooke me to his folde;
Hee true repentance vnto me hath giu'n,
And for me (through his merits) purchas'd Heau'n.
Then world, flesh, Sathan, and grim death, au aunt!
Doe all your worst, my faith you cannot daunt:
He, that for me hath conquer'd death and hell,
Hath granted me that I with him shall dwell;
And though my life eternall fire did merit,
Yet God in mercy hath receiu'd my spirit.
Farwell, my countrey, by whose iustice I
For mine vniust and bloody action dye!
Farewell, most sacred and renowned king,
Whose equall iudgement through the world doth
ring,
Whose zeale to right, and whose impartiall hand
Are the maine prop on which this state doth stand!
Long may he, raigne in his maiestick seate,
And, as on earth, bee made in Heau'n more great.
Let his posterity and royall race
Be all inspir'd with the supernall grace,
And of his seed let vs haue alwaies one
To sway the scepter of Great Britaines throne!
Defend them, Lord, from soule and body harmes,
From home-bred traytors, and from foreigne
armes,
That in thy fauour they may liue and dye,
And dye to liue with thee immortally!

FINIS.

Printed at London, for Henry Goffon.

¶ *The xxv. orders of Fooles.*



TAY a while with pacience, my freends,
I you pray,
Of the orders of fooles somewhat I
wyll say :

Fiue and twentie iust a quarterne is, ye know,—
Euery foole in his foolishnes wyll I show.

And, as the prouerbe doth show very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ Many fooles the carte of sin now-a-dayes doth
draw,

Nowrishyng their sinne against all right and law ;
Though that the way to hell be very playne,
Yet lyke a foole I aduise thee to returne agayne.

If thou in foolishnes styll doest dwell,
Thou shalt haue a bable and a bell.

¶ He is a foole that his finnes can not hate,—
Naught young, worse olde, such is his estate :
This olde foole is glad of that name,
Desiryng all men to take parte of the same.

This foole must haue in hand, without fayle,
A bable, a bell, or els a fox-tayle.

¶ Of fooles yet I fynd another forte,
Which are causers of lying and yll reporte ;
And he is a foole, both euen and morrow,
That nothyng wyll lend, but all thynges borrow ;

And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ Of fooles yet another sorte doth come,
Which neuer seketh for to haue wisedome;
Many such fooles wisedome disdayne,
Yet for their foolishnes they shall suffer payne;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ He is a foole which to others doth preach and
tell,
And yet this foole is ready himself to go vnto hell:
Liue thou vprightly, be cause of no blame,
If thou doo not, the more is thy shame;
And, as the prouerbe doth say very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ He is a foole, and euer be shall,
That others iudgeth, and himself worst of all:
This foole is blynd, frantike, and wood,
Without all reason iudgeth bad thinges good;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ He is a foole that wisedome doth eschue,
For no good counsell can bring him to vertue:
This foole, which scorneth his neighbour fast,
Shall be scorned iustly himself at the last;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ Another foole yet I doe here fynd,
Which can not kepe close the secrets of his mynd :
This is a naturall foole, and vndiscrete,
Which can not hyde his owne counsell and secrete;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ He is a foole that in youth wyll not prouyde,—
In age must he sterue, or in pouertie abyde :
This is a foole, and of the number one,
Which in the sommer can make no prouision ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ He is a foole that getteth his goods wrongfullye,
For his heires after him wyll spend it vnthrifelye :
This fooles golde is his God, wrongfullye got,—
Why, thou foole ! thy golde is muk and clay,
knowest thou not ?
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ He is a foole, whether he be man or wyfe,
Whiche styll deliteth in discorde and stryfe :
Such fooles their owne flesh to the bones may gnaw,
That contendeth in matters scant worth a straw ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ He is a foole that on message is sent,
And, when he is on his way, forget whether he went :

This foole is worthy of the bable and the bell,
For of all other fooles he doth excell ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ Yet of fooles a whole dozen I haue espyed,
And lead in a stryng, together they are tyed :
These fooles you may know by their fauour,
For, lyke the aspen leafe, with euery wynd they
wauer ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for these fooles, to kepe them from
the rayne.

¶ He is a foole that thinketh it great wonder,
When God stryketh by lightnyng and thunder :
Alas ! we dayly, without all dread, commit
Much cursed vice, for lacke of godly wit ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ All youth I doo lyken vnto fooles blynd,
That vnto their parents are rebels vnkynd ;
Thow vnkynd chylde, and foole disobedient,
Remember what goods thy freends on thee spent ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for these fooles, to kepe them from
the rayne.

¶ He is a foole that greatly doth flatter and boast,
When he thinks least, he shall tast of the rost !
This foole at last is cast out of fauour,
For flatteryng pleaseth no wise man of honour ;

And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ He is a foole, and voyd of all prudence,
Which to vayne tales doth geue all his credence :
Therefore remember this, both low and hye,
That flatterers speake fayre when they doo lye ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ He is a naturall foole, and a very daw,
That from doing good his neighbour doth with-
draw :
Such froward fooles, all goodnes they defile,
If their neighbours doe good, then they reuile ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ He is a foole, and greatly vnprouable,
That in all his doings he is vnfortunable,
But in his misfortune he is so blynd,
He neuer considereth no remedy in mynd ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ He is a foole, that himself doth applye
Behynd his neighbours backe to sclander with
enuye :
Such beastly fooles commonly are well apayd,
Which thinke all is well, that falsely is wayd ;

And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for this foole, to kepe him from the
rayne.

¶ Yet more fooles there be, which be vncom-
mendable,
That vseth yll manners alway at the table :
Of pleasant nurtour they haue no heede,
But beastly entend as swyne alway to feede ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for these fooles, to kepe them from
the rayne.

¶ Many fooles there be, in these our dayes,
Which seeme to be wyse, yet folow foolish wayes ;
Therefore I haue tolde vnto you very playne,
What foolishnes in these dayes in many doth re-
mayne ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for these fooles, to kepe them from
the rayne.

¶ He is a foole, that wyll styll desyre
His owne death, to runne into the fyre :
And he is a foole, that hath no mynd deuoute,
But in the temple styll walketh aboute ;
And, as the prouerbe doth shew very playne,
A hood for these fooles, to kepe them from
the rayne.

¶ God grant that all fooles wisedome may learne,
And that they may good from yll alway discerne ;
Then no more fooles we may them call,
But wyse men, and wisedome shew they shall.

God grant that on all partes we may now begin
To repent of our follye, and flye from our sin !

FINIS quod T. Gr.

¶ Imprinted at London by Alexander Lacie, for
Henrie Kyrkham, dwellyng at the signe of the
Blacke Boye, at the middle North dore of
Paules church.



The wonders of England.

1559.



WHEN date of (1553) was expirde ful,
And Gods wrath rypt, ready to fall,
His sworde from sheath did ferce out
pul,
And to the heauens beganne to call,
Saying :—on England now I shall
Plage prince, prophet, and people all,
For contemptes fake !
Go, Death, inclose their kyng in clay,
And, Sunne, withdraw the light of day,
And darkenes make.

No sooner sayd, but straight was done,—
The English kyng Edward God tooke ;—
Light of soule from England gone,
Darkenes made them blyndely looke ;

Truth and fayth of people forfooke,
Their prophetes taken from the booke,
And pryfoners made ;
The bats and owles from holes out came,
Wolues and beares, and cruel Caim
Did England inuade.

When darknes thus echwhere was fen,
And nightly vermin rulde the roft,
No birds might fyng in that late euen,
By land, by sea, or by the coast,
But straight were brought to firy post,
Or els to Lolers tower toft,
And kept in cage,—
From meate and frend fomtimes fo bard,
That lomy wales they fed on hard,
Hunger to fwage.

Thys darkenes fo extremely bode,
That none from other scarce were known ;
On noble, sage, learned and good,
These wormes of darknes spared none,
And pourde their poison abrod fo flowne
On prophet, people, and prince their own,
Whych is by name
Elizabeth,—by God nowe Quene,
To Englands ioy ryght wel is fene,—
They fought to shame.

The fun thus quentch, and day made dark,
And cockes in coopes from croing kept,
Then straight these owles began to wark,
And to the churches fearcely lept,
And with new broumes them clene out swept,
From God, from king and Scripture fet

Vpon the wall,
And in their stede set ydols long,
And made people, with prayse and song,
On them to call.

Thus vermin darke the mastery had
Of realme, of prince, of noble and all:
And yet not herewith fully glad,
Away they sought to saue theyr fall,
And counsayle gaue a forayne, to call
To match our quene and crowne royal,—
All for their pope
To haue their kingdome raygne alway,
And they themselues to beare the sway,
And blindly grope.

Al this not yet their mindes fyllyng,
For no regarde to natiue land,
Fearing again Gods light should spring,
Brought mershial law forthwith in hand
Against al such as would withstand
Their wicked raygne and cruell band,
And Gods part take;
Or els in priuye places founde,
Praying to God prostrate on ground,
His wrath to flake.

Thus, rulyng all in darkenes blynde,
Came miseries with heape on heape;
No lore was taught to fyl the mynde,
Godly to lyue, and good fruite reape,
But al for Church they cride and threape,—
Restore, restore, euen as good cheape,
As ye dyd take!
And be ye sure ye shall attayne
To heauens blyffe wythout more payne,
And so mendes make.

Loffes of townes and holdes came on,
 Ruine of people beganne eche-where ;
 Rich men made beggers, and captains bond,
 Armour for warre our enmyes toke clere ;
 When al thys was fene in this realme here,
 Yet, sayd these owles, we nede not feare,
 For all was well.

No losse haue we by heritikes gone,
 Ne for Calis for whych ye mone
 Whych here do dwell.

Yet God as God, styll alwaies one,
 Though angry, yet began to stay,
 Plaging the realme and people eche one,—
 At last with teares beganne to saye :
 Oh England! England! fore doest thou stray ;—
 My martirs bloud shed out thys day,
 In wofull plyght!

The infantes yong that fatherles be,
 Wyth wydowes poore crying to me,
 Wythdrawes my spyte.

With that the skies their hue did change,
 And light out-shone in darkenes steede ;
 Up, said this God with voice not strange,
 Elizabeth, thys realme nowe guyde !
 My wyll in thee doo not thou hyde,
 And vermine darke let not abyde
 In thys thy land!

Straightway the people out dyd cry,—
 Prayfed be God and God faue thee,
 Quene of England!

Finis, quod I. A.

¶ Imprinted at London by Iohn Awdeley.

H

A Ballad without title, having a large cut representing five figures, that of Death with his dart pursuing them, with legends underneath each, as follows:—

The Priest. “ I praye for yov fower.”

The King. “ I defende yov fower.”

The Harlot. “ I vanquesh yov fower.”

The Lawyer. “ I helpe yov iiij to yovr right.”

The Clown. “ I feede yov fower.”

Death. “ I kill yov all.”

In the background in a bower are seated the soldier, the harlot, the lawyer, and priest. A festive board furnished with viands is supported on the back of the clown, who rests on his hands and knees. Death approaching with his dart clutches at something on the table. Birds of prey are hovering in the air.



MARK well the effect purtreied here
in all :

The prelate with his dignities renowne,
The king that rules, the lawyer in the
hall,

The harlot and the countrey toyling clowne,
Howe and which way together they agree,
And what their talke and conference might be.
Ech to their cause, for gard of their degree,
And yet death is the conquerour, you see.

The bishop vaunts to pray for thother fower,
As who wold say, he holds the palme and prise,
And that in him and his most holy power
It doth depend their causes to suffise ;—
I pray, faith he, that Christs continual grace
May them conduct and guide in euery place.

The puissant king, he claimeth to defend,
The bishop and the other three like case,
In all conflictes or broyles vnto the end,
Who but his power their enemies doth deface;
He musters men, and sends them forth afarre
In their behalf to maintaine deadly warre.

The smiling queane, the harlot cald by name,
Stands stiffe vpon the blase of beauty braue;
To vanquish all she makes her prized clame,
And that she ought the golden spurs to haue,
For by her flights she can bewitch the best,
The strong, the lawyer, and the rest.

The lawyer he, in title of his clame,
Presumeth next, by law and iustice true,
Somewhat the more to eleuate his name;
For law, saith he, all discord doth subdue,—
It endeth strife, it giues to ech his right,
And wholly doth contention vanquish quight.

The contry clowne, full loth to lose his right,
Puts in his foot and pleads to be the chiefe;
What can they do, saith he, by power or might,
If that by me they haue not their reliefe?
For want of food they should all perish than;
What say you now to me, the countrey man?

For want of me they should both liue and lacke,
For want of me they could not till the earth,
And thats the cause I cary on my backe
This table here of plenty not of dearth;
I feast them all, their hunger I appease,
For by my toyle they feede euen at their ease.

Death that aloofe in stealing wise doth stand,
 Hearing the vaunts that they begin to make,
 Straight steppeth forth, with piercing dart in hand,
 And boldly seemes the quarell vp to take,—
 Are they, faith he, so proud in their degree?
 Lo, here by me soone conquered shall they bee!

And standing by to giue their later foode,
 He entreth straight, the conquest to attaine;
 Thers none of them, faith he, the chiefeſt bloud,
 That valiant death intendeth to refraine.
 Ile crop their crowne and garlands fresh and gay,
 And at the laſt Ile ſhrine them all in clay.

I pray for you all,	I vanquiſh you all,
I help you all to your right,	I feede you all,
I defend you all,	I will kill you all.

(* *) The authors apoſtrophe to the reader.

Here may you ſee what as the world might be,
 The rich, the poore, Earle, Ceſar, Duke and King,
 Death ſpareth not the chiefeſt high degree,—
 He triumphes ſtill on euery earthly thing;
 While then we liue, let vs endeuour ſtill
 That all our works agree with Gods good will.



¶ *A godly ballad declaring by the Scriptures
the plagues that haue insued whordome.*



REFRAIN of youth thy vain desire,
Subdue thy lusts inordinate;
Suppress the sparks, lest in the fire,
To quenche them it wilbe to late.

Thou knowste not what a poison strong,
Thou lettest breed within thy brest,
Whiche, if thou keep within thee long,
Wil cause thee care and much vnrest.

Though it seem sweet in thy conceit,
Beware thou neuer nourish it;
The fish is by a pleasant bait
Constrained to the deadly bit.

Like as the woorm, in Affrick bred,
Whose sting destroith with venem colde,
Is not so noisome to be fled,
As lust that reigneth vncontrolde.

If reason cannot rule thy wil,
But vice wil reign through appetite,
Then let the harmes, that happen stil
Through lusts, refrain thy fond delight.

Remember eke that in Noes dayes,
When vice through lust was risly growne,
The whole world by suche wicked waies,
By rage of rain was ouerthrowne.

The king of Egypt, Pharao,
Was he not plagued of God moſte iuſt?
Bothe he and all his houſe alſo,
Onely for he gaue place to luſt.

So read we of Abimelech,
The mighty king of Gerera,
That God gaue him a greuous check
For luſting after Saraa.

Luſt did deſtroy the Sodomites,
As is in Scripture manifeſt;
For luſt were ſlain the Sichamites,
When Sichem Dina had oppreſt.

Luſt did the wits ſo muche inchaunt
Of Putipher, thegipcians wife,
That Joſeph, for he would not graunt
Her ſute, ſhe brought nigh from his life.

Bethſaba, naked in bath,
Bewitched ſo king Dauids brain,
That giltles he procured hath
Her huſband Vry to be ſlain.

The cheef among the Iſraelites,
For noughty luſt and eke offence,
Wrought by the meanes of Moabites,
Were hanged vp by Gods ſentence.

For luſt Zimry the Iſraelite,
As witneſſeth Gods holy woord,
And Coſby eke the Madianite,
Periſhed bothe through Zimphas ſwoord.

The Israelites, through fleshly lust
Towards their enemies daughters, were
Alluerd by them false Gods to trust,
Whiche all their thraldomes caused clere.

Sampson the sonne of Monoa,
That mighty judge in Israel,
For lust he had to Dalila,
Himself to kil greef did compel.

Lo, him that none coulde foil in fight,
Whose puissant arme the lion flew,
Whose strength put thousands vnto flight,
By lust one woman ouerthrew.

Lust in the tribe of Benjamin
Cast twenty thousand down and fwe;
So that in all, for that one sin,
Were but six hundred left on liue.

If Ammons lust had not defilde
His sister Thamar with incest,
He had not of his life been spoild,
At Absolon his brothers feast.

If lust had not impaired the name
Of Salomon, that witty king,
He had not lost his roiall fame,
Nor fallen to idolls worshiping.

If Herod, in his sinful life,
Had not by lust been fore misled,
He had not kept his brothers wife,
Nor stricken of John Baptists head.

¶ Now what be these but tokens fure,
That God wil plague all those that vse
To lead their liues in lust vnpure,
And without fear themselues abuse?

But some doo think God dooth not see,
To eche mannes dooing in all things,
Because some seem ful safe to be,
And prosper stil in il liuings.

But if suche wil geue ear vnto
Gods woord, which dooth the truth vs tel,
Shal soon perceiue those that liue so
Shall fudently go down to hel.

Therefore to God now let vs pray
That he wil gide our harts aright,
To flee from filthy lusts alway,
And him to please with all our might.

And also for our gracious Queene,
That God long prosper her, and then
Good dayes among vs may be seene,
Whiche unto vs he graunt. Amen!

Finis, A. I.

¶ Imprinted at London, at the long shop adioin-
ing vnto Sainct Mildreds church in the Poul-
trie, by John Alde, Anno Domini 1566,
Nouembris 25.



*A merie newe Ballad intituled, the Pinnyng
of the Basket : and is to bee songe to the tune of
the doune right Squire.*



WAS my hap of late to heare
A pretie ieste,
The which by me, as may appeare,
Is here expreste,—
With tantara, tantara, tantara,—
For this belongs thereto;
With bitter broyles, and bickeryng blofe,
And strife, with muche adoe.

Marke then, for now this maruell strange
I will declare :
A joigner sent his man to change
Money for ware,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
Unto the toun he gofe,
And hasted to the chandlers shop,
His money to dispose.

But see the chaunce, the chandler drie
Was gone to drinke,
Or els, poore soule, to plaie thereby
At fice and fincke,—
Tantara, tara, tantara,—
Whereat his wife did chafe,
And out she went then, in a rage,
To seeke her good man, Rafe.

She ranged forth, and could not rest
Vpon the molde,
When she hym founde, the bedlam beaste
Beganne to scolde,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
Quoth she,—Vnthriftie knaue,
If thou be at the good ale tappe,
Thou hast that thou wouldest haue !

This quiet man acquainted was
With her rough talke,
And patiently doeth with her passe,
And homeward walke,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
At home she founde hym plaie,
Till he had serued his customer,—
And then beganne the fraie.

For hauyng doen,—Hold here, quoth he,
The basket, dame ;
Goe, gossip, giue it hym, and see,
You pinne the same,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
Now doeth the sporte beginne ;
Knowe thou, quoth she, fir knaue, that I
The basket will not pinne !

Her housebande, fore insenste, did sweare
By stockes and stones,
She should, or els he would prepare
To baste her bones,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
Quoth he, Ile tame your tongue,
And make you pinne the basket to,
Doubt not, ere it be long.

Then with a bastian that stoode by,
Whiche he did smell,
At her he freely did let flie,
And bumbde her well,—
Tantara, tara, tantara,—
Vnguentum Bakaline
Did make this houswife quickly pinne
The basket passyng fine.

This pastyme pleased well the page,
That all this while
Sat on his horse, and sawe this rage
And bitter broyle,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
The good wife doeth retire,
And swears she will no more deny
Her housebandes iust desire.

The basket pinde, the page departes,
When all is paied ;
He spurres his cutte, the jade startes,
He was so fraied,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
In haste he homewarde rides,
Yet when he comes, for taryng long,
His maister chafes and chides.

His mistres too, as one halfe madde,
Beganne to raue ;
Because too long he taried had,
She calde hym knaue,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
He spake his mistres faire,
And tolde her she should knowe the cause
Of his long taryng there.

Then boldly he began his tale,
And tolde them all,
Betwixt these two, how Beaudly Ale
Had bred a braull,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
Quoth he, the chandlers wife
Would not intreated be to pinne
The basket for her life,

Till he to beate her did beginne,
With bounsyng bloose,—
Then quickly she in poste to pinne
The basket goose,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
The joigner ioyes at this,
But fure his wife, to heare this tale,
Was quite bereft of blisse.

The joigners wife ame,
Whose gallant grace
Was chaunged, now beganne to frame
A frounyng face,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
Quoth she,—For all his bloose,
The knaue the basket should haue pinde
Hymself, spight of his nose !

Here then her housebande did beginne,—
Quoth he,—If I
Should bid you, wife, the basket pinne,
Would you deny ?—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
To hym she plainly tolde
That she the basket would not pinne,
Thereof he might be bolde !

Then thei hereof for to conferre
Doe haste to bedde,
And here you see a seconde iarre,
The basket bredde,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
The thirde doeth now beginne,—
The fillie page, to get some meate,
In haste doeth hye hym in.

No whit amazde, vnto the maide
He straight doeth goe,
The queane of hym no more afraide,
Beganne to crowe,—
Tantara, tara, tantara,—
Caulyng hym knaue and sot,
And vsed hym, that, in the ende,
A broken head he got.

Henceforthe take heede of makyng strife,
Thou knaue, quoth she,
Betwixt thy maister and his wife,
Where loue should be,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
With greef her wordes he heares ;
But yet it griued hym more to feele
The blood about his eares.

Yet vp he stept full stoutly then,
And bomde me Jone ;
That she lent he so paide againe,
He made her grone,—
Tantara, tara, tantara,—
And getts his supper too,
And made her fitte and eate with hym,
Although with mucche adoe.

His maister on the morowe nexte
Of this was glad ;
His mistres was herewith so vexte,
It made her mad,—
Tantara, tara, tantara ;—
This happe brynges ioye and care,
For now the joigners wife to pinne
The basket must prepare.

Her housebande by his mans good happe
Doeth hope to winne,
And makes her now, spite of her cappe,
The basket pinne,—
Tantara, tara, tantara,—
Againe he doeth replie ;
Will you the basket pinne or no ?
She stoutly doeth denie.

Then with a bedstaffe he to baste
Her doeth beginne :
Yet would she not, for all his haste,
The basket pinne ;—
Tantara, tara, tantara,—
This combate beyng doen,
Unto a Justice house hard by,
In haste this dame doeth runne.

And to this ioylly Justice wife
Discoueryng all,
Betwixt her spouse and her what strife
Did late befall,—
Tantara, tara, tantara,—
Whom she would faine haue bounde
Unto the peace, if by the happe
There might suche meanes be founde.

Of this her frende the francke consent
She sone had wone,
To doe for her incontinent
What might be doen,—
Tantara, tara, tantara,—
This Justice wife now gose,
Her goffipps fute in haste vnto
Her housebande to disclose.

Her housebande, hearyng by this tale
How all thynges stood,
In mynde he at this ieste so stale
Did laugh a-good;
Tantara, tara, tantara,—
A little more adoe,
This Justice would have taught his wife
To pinne the basket too.

Now all good wiues, beware by this
Your names to blot;
The basket pinne with quietnesse,
Denie it not,—
Tantara, tara, tantara,—
Be counfailed by your frende;
And of this baskettes pinnyng now
Enough, and so an ende.

Finis, quod T. Rider.

¶ Imprinted at London, for Henrie Kirkham,
and are to be sold at his shop, at the little North
doore of Paules, at the signe of the Blacke Boye.

¶ *The description of a monstrous pig, the which was farrowed at Hamsted besyde London, the xvi day of October, this present yeare of our Lord God, M.D. lxii.*



HIS present yeare of our Lord God, a thousand, fyue hundred, three score and two, one Robert Martin of Hamsted, in the countie of Mid. besyde London, had a sow, the which brought forth viii piggs, the xvi day of October, whereof vii were of right shape and fassion, but the eight was a wonderous monster, and more monstrous then any that hath bene seene before this time, as you may se by this picture. It hath a head contrary to all other of that kynd ; it hath a face without a nose or eyes, sauing a hole standing directly betwen the two eares, which eares be broad and long, lyke the eares of a bloude-hound, and a monstrous body, like vnto a thing that were flean, without heare. It hath feet very monstrous with the endes of them turning vpwards, lyke vnto forked endes. This monster lyued two houres, and the rest of them lyued about halfe a day.

¶ These straunge and monstrous thinges Almighty God sendeth amongest vs, that we shuld not be forgetfull of his almighty power, nor vnthankeful for his great mercies so plentifully powred vpon vs, and especially for geuyng vnto vs his most holy word, whereby our lyues ought to be guyded: and also his wonderful tokens, wherby we ought to be warned. But if

we will not be instructed by his worde nor warned by his wonderfull workes, then let vs be assured that these straunge monstrous fightes do foreshew vnto vs that his heauy indignation wyl shortly come vpon vs for our monstrous liuyng. Wherefore let vs earnestly pray vnto God that he wyl geue vs grace spedely to repent our wickednesses, faithfully to beleue his holy Gospel, and cencerely to frame our lyues after the doctrine of the same, to whome be all prayse, honour, and glory. Amen.

¶ Imprinted at London, by Alexander Lacy, for Garat Dewes, dwellyng in Poules church yarde, at the east end of the church.



¶ *A very proper Dittie :*

To the tune of Lightie Loue.

¶ Leaue lightie loue, Ladies, for feare of yll name,
And true loue embrace ye, to purchase your Fame.



Y force I am fixed my fancie to write,
Ingratitude willeth mee not to re-
fraine :

Then blame me not, Ladies, although
I indite

What lighty loue now amongst you doth raigne.
Your traces in places, with outward allurements,
Doth mooue my endeouour to be the more
playne :

Your nicyns and ticings, with fundrie procure-
mentes,
To publish your lightie loue doth mee con-
strayne.

☞ Deceite is not daintie, it coms at eche dish,
Fraude goes a fisshyng with frendly lookes ;
Throughe frendship is spoyled the feely poore fish,
That hooouer and shouer vpon your false hookes ;
With baight you lay waight, to catch here and
there,
Whiche causeth poore fishes their freedome to
lose :
Then loute ye and floute ye, wherby doth appere
Your lighty loue, Ladies, styll cloaked with
glose.

☞ With DIAN so chaste you seeme to compare,
When HELLENS you bee, and hang on her
trayne :
Mee thinkes faithfull Thisbies be now very rare,
Not one CLEOPATRA, I doubt, doth remayne ;
You wincke and you twincke, tyll Cupid haue
caught,
And forceth through flames your louers to sue :
Your lyghtie loue, Ladies, too deere they haue
bought,
When nothyng wyll mooue you their causes
to rue.

☞ I speake not for spite, ne do I disdayne
Your beautie, fayre ladies, in any respect :
But ones ingratitude doth mee constrayne,
As childe hurt with fire, the same to neglect ;
For proouing in louyng, I finde by good triall,
When beautie had brought mee vnto her becke,

She staying, not waying, but made a deniall,
And, shewyng her lightie loue, gaue mee the
checke.

¶ Thus fraude for frendship did lodge in her brest;
Suche are most women, that, when they espie
Their louers inflamed with sorowes opprest,
They stande then with Cupid against their replie;
They taunte, and they vaunte; they smile when
they vew

How Cupid had caught them vnder his trayne;
But warned, discerned the prooffe is most true
That lightie loue, Ladies, amongst you doth
reigne.

¶ It seemes, by your doynges, that Cressed doth
scoole ye,—

Penelopeys vertues are cleane out of thought:
Mee thinkes, by your constantnesse, Heleyne doth
rule ye,

Whiche both Greece and Troy to ruyne hath
brought.

No doubt, to tell out your manyfolde driftes,
Would shew you as constant as is the sea fande:
To truste so vniust, that all is but shiestes,
With lightie loue bearyng your louers in hande.

¶ If ARGVS were lyuyng, whose eyes were in
nomber

The peacockes plume painted, as writers replie,
Yet women by wiles full sore would him cumber,
For all his quicke eyes, their driftes to espie;
Suche feates, with disceates, they dayly frequent,
To conquere mennes mindes, their humours to
feede,

That bouldly I may geue arbittrement
Of this your lightie loue, ladies, indeede.

¶ Ye men that are subiect to Cupid his strooke,
 And therin seemeth to haue your delight,
 Thinke, when you see baight, theres hidden a
 hooke,

Whiche sure wyll bane you, if that you do bight :
 Suche wiles and fuche guiles by women are wrought,
 That halfe their mischefes men cannot preuent ;
 When they are most pleasant vnto your thought,
 Then nothyng but lightie loue is their intent.

¶ Consider that poyson doth lurke oftentyme
 In shape of sugre, to put some to payne,
 And fayre wordes paynted, as dames can define,
 The olde prouerbe faith, doth make some fooles
 faine !

Be wise and precise, take warning by mee ;
 Trust not the crocodile, least you do rue ;
 To womens faire wordes do neuer agree,
 For all is but lightie loue, this is most true.

¶ ANEXES so daintie example may bee,
 Whose lightie loue caused yong IPHIS his woe ;
 His true loue was tryed by death, as you see,
 Her lightie loue forced the knight therunto ;
 For shame then refrayne, you ladies, therefore,
 The cloudes they doo vanish, and light doth
 appeare ;

You cannot dissemble, nor hide it no more,
 Your loue is but lightie loue, this is most cleare.

¶ For Troylus tried the same ouer well,
 In louyng his ladie, as Fame doth reporte ;
 And likewise Menander, as stories doth tell,
 Who swam the salt seas to his loue to resorte,
 So true, that I rue such louers should lose
 Their labour in seekyng their ladies vnkinde,

Whose loue thei did prooue, as the prouerbe
 now goes,—
 Euen very lightie loue lodgde in their minde.

¶ I touche no fuche ladies as true loue imbrace,
 But fuche as to lightie loue dayly applie;
 And none wyll be griued, in this kinde of case,
 Saue fuche as are minded true loue to denie;
 Yet frendly and kindly I shew you my minde;
 Fayre ladies, I wish you to vse it no more;
 But say what you list, thus I haue definde,
 That lightie loue, ladies, you ought to abhore.

¶ To trust womens wordes in any respect
 The danger by mee right well it is seene,
 And loue and his lawes who would not neglect,
 The tryall wherof moſte peryllous beene?
 Pretendyng the endyng if I haue offended,
 I craue of you, ladies, an anſwere againe;
 Amende, and whats ſaid ſhall ſoone be amended,
 If caſe that your lightie loue no longer do rayne.

¶ FINIS. By Leonarde Gybfon.

¶ Imprinted at London, in the vpper end of
 Fleetlane, by Richard Jhones; and are to be
 ſolde at his ſhop, ioyning to the South-weſte
 Dore of Saint Paules church.



*Sapartons Alarum to all such as do beare
the name of true souldiers, in England or elf-
wheare.*



L Mars his men, drawe neere,
That warlike feates embrace,
Sit downe a while, and harken heere,
A seruinge souldiers case.

Laye downe the shiuered speare,
And eke the battered shielde;
From trumpets found withdraw thine eare,
And harke, in open field,

The true complaint of one,
Whose gaine by seruice got
Will scarfely yelde a hungry boone
To cast into the pot.

If euer warlike wighte
Hath serued his time in vaine,
In hope to haue bin well requighte,
And hath receiued disdaine,—

In faith, then, I am he,
Such one that for my parte
Haue ready bin full willingly,
With hand and eeke with harte,

To serue my prince in felde,
Whiles life had bearing breath,—
As one that minded not to yelde,
Nor forced life or death.

The fiery cannons thump
The cragged scull that riues,
Whose force by inwarde charge is wonte
To spoyle poore souldiers liues,

Could neuer force me yet
The enemies face to shonne,
If captaines courage semed fit
The conquest to haue wonne.

And for the time, perchaunce,
I was accepted then,
And promised to haue aduaunce
As soone as other men.

I speake as founde I haue ;—
What thoe ? I am contente,—
For Saparton now waxeth graue,
Some youthfull yeares are spente.

Tis not the curled head,
Nor yet the frised heare,
That courage giues in time of neede
To weld thunweldy speare.

Some youthfull imps I knowe,
That beares a passing grace,
If they to pitched felde should goe,
Durst scarcely shew their face.

But when that all is don,
Tis manhood makes the man ;—
Match not the candell with the funne,
No praise deserue you than.

If courage craues a fame,
Remaining in the breast,

Then manhood needes must make his claime
For to excell the reste.

Though Venus striue with Mars
To get the vpper ground,
At length yet shall the barded horse
Exceede both hauke and hounde.

And, lustie laddes, to you,
Let not your courage quell;
Good hap hereafter may ensue,
Though I good hap do fell.

¶ Coaste on apace, althoe
Light horseman trace the foyle;
Encounter sharpely with thy foe,
Make hauocke of the spoyle.

Esteeme not my yll hap,
Nor weye it ought at all;
The wight that scapes the cannons clap
Runnes yet to further thrall.

O Mars, bewaile thy man,
Because he hath suche wronge!
In dolefull tunes, O rustick Pan!
Now helpe to waile this songe.

So thus my leaue I take;—
O souldier, now farewell:
No more to do now will I make,
But God preferue Queene EL.

Finis. Iohn Saparton.

Imprinted at London, in Fleetestrete, by William
How, for Richard Johnes, and are to be solde
at his shoppe vnder the Lotterie house.

*A godly ditty or prayer to be song vnto God
for the preservation of his Church, our Queene
and Realme, against all Traytours, Rebels, and
papisticall enemies.*

Preferue thy seruauant, Lord,
Elizabeth, our Queene;
Be thou her shield and sword,—
Now let thy power be seene.
That this, our queene annoynted,
May vanquish al her foes;
And, as by thee appoynted,
Let her lay sword on those.

Geue, Lord, true faythful hartes
To vs, her subiectes al,
That we play not the partes
Of these traitours that fal
Both from their God and prince,
And from their lawful othes;—
All such, O Lord, conuince,
And geue them ouerthrowes.

Syng this after the tune of the cxxxvij Psalme, which begins,
When as we sat in Babilon;—or such lyke.



OUR liuyng God, to thee we cry,
Now tend vnto our playnt;
Behold thy church and family,
Which enmies seeke to faynt;
And though our fyns haue moued thee
Just plagues on vs to poure,
Yet let thy Christes death shortly
Thy wrath vp cleane deuour.

Correct vs, Lord, by thine own hand,
And leaue vs not to those
That do thee and thy truth withstand,
Like diuylsh deadly foes;
For better is it for vs, Lord,
Into thy handes to fall,
Then vnto them for to accord
Which in hell perish shall.

Behold, O Lord, thine enemies rage
Against thee and thy Christ;
Not our fyns they seeke to aswage,
But thy truth to resist.
And shall our fyns then be a let
For thee them to withstand,
Seing against thee they be fet?
No, Lord, fet to thy hand.

For thine the glory is, not ours,
Which they seeke to suppress;
Bend, therefore, Lord, thine host of powrs,
And this thy cause redres;
Resist these rebels and traytours,
With papistes euery one,
Which thy poore people so deuours
In euery nacion.

Let not the wicked thus preuayle,
To vex thy church and sayntes;
But stroy them from the head to tayle,
Let none bewayle their playntes!
Lord, heare the cry of fatherles
And wyddowes, which do mone,
The which these enemies do oppres
With mischiefes many one!

Defend, O God, our gracious queene
 From pope, rebel, and all;
 And as by her thy woorkes be seene,
 So let thy wrath now fall
 Upon all those that vexe thy truth,
 Our queene, our realme and state,
 And let their vicious pranks of ruth
 Light vpon their own pate!

So shall thy name be magnified;
 So shall thy power be knowne;
 So shall our Christ be sanctified
 By them that be his owne:
 Wherefore, O Lord, graunt our requestes,
 Which here to thee we make,
 And make vs loue and lyue thy hestes
 For thy Christ Jesus sake!

Finis, quoth Ioh. Awdely.

¶ Imprynted at London, by Iohn Awdely.



*The Groome-porters lawes at Mawe, to be
 obserued in fulfilling the due orders
 of the game.*

I.



If you chaunge hands, it is the losse of
 the set.

2. If you renounce, it is the losse of
 the set.

3. If you leade when your mate shoulde, it is
 the losse of that game and vied cardes.

4. If you lose dealing, it is the losse of fower cardes ; but if the loser of the dealing deale not againe, you acquite the fower, and no gaine to either of both parties.

5. If you looke either on the asked carde or the bottome carde, it is the losse of that game and vied cardes, in whom the fault is found.

6. If you roub (not hauing the ace) you lose fower and al the vied cards, although you lay downe the same carde which you tooke vp.

7. If you make out the carde when your mate rubbeth, it is the losse of fower, for the rouber must make out the carde himselfe.

8. If you turne vp the ace of hartes, you gaine fower thereby.

9. If you turne vp the ace of hartes, and thereby make either partie aboue xxvj, the contrary part must haue liuings ; but if the contrary parte bee xxv, by meanes whereof liuings sets them out, then is he who turned vp the ace of hartes to make for the set, so that he make not one game nor the first tricke, without the consent of both parties.

10. The partie that asketh a carde may not vie any carde before the first tricke be played.

11. You may not vie it after your card is led, but the contrary part may.

12. Three cardes crossed, no carde by any meanes giuen backe.

13. Neither partie may giue backe his owne vied card, though none be crossed.

14. You may not aske a carde to set the contrary parte or your selfe at liuings or out.

15. Prouided alwaies that, if the contrary parte bee xxij or aboue, by reason that fower sets the

other partie behinde the liuinges, it shalbe lawfull for the partie which is behinde to aske a carde, although the carde so asked put the other to liuinges.

16. Prouided also that, if you meane to lead a helpe, you may vie it vpon your owne asked carde, so as it be done before the helpe be out of your hand; the contrary part may pledge you a card after he seeth your helpe vpon the boord, so as it be done before his owne card be played.



¶ *Of the horrible and wofull destruction of
Sodome and Gomorra.*

To the tune of the Nine Muses.



THE Scripture playne doth shew and
tell
How Lot in Sodome towne did dwell,
Amongst the Sodomites vile;
He did rebuke their noughty liues,
Both yong and olde, both men and wiues,—
Why do you yourselues defile?
He often times, with watry eyes,
Their cause he did lament.
He wept in hart, in greeuous wise,
And bad them to repent,—
Desiring, and praying,
From sinne they should refrayne,
Least body and soule bee
In euerlastyng payne.

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Sodome and Gomorra.*

To the tune of the Nine Muses.



THE Scripture playne doth shew and
tell
How Lot in Sodome towne did dwell,
Amongst the Sodomites vile;
He did rebuke their noughty liues,
Both yong and olde, both men and wiues,—
Why do you yourselues defile?
He often times, with watry eyes,
Their cause he did lament.
He wept in hart, in greeuous wise,
And bad them to repent,—
Desiring, and praying,
From sinne they should refrayne,
Least body and soule bee
In euerlastyng payne.

¶ God doth abhorre that whorish bed,
Whiche thoufands now therin are led,
And therin ftyll doth dwell;
They yeld their foules for facrifice
To filthy finne in diuers wife,
Vnto the paynes of hell.

You rauenyng needy men, quoth he,
That riches haue in ftoare,
Geue to the poore, I fay to thee,
The whiche coms to thy doore;
To fatherlefse and wydowes, too,
To pyttie them take payne;
You fuffeters and dronkardes, now
From this your finne refrayne.

¶ Then all in vayne Lot preached ftyll,
They all did folow their felfe wyll,
For that was their defire;
For his counfell good they paffed fmall,
In filthy finne they wallowed all,
As filthy fwyne in myre;
Then did the Lorde commaund that Lot,
That he fhould foone depart
From amongft the Sodomites fo whot,
For they fhould feele great fmart;
The angell then to hym he faide,—
Come, Lot, and hafte awaye,
For tyll the tyme that thou be gone,
Nothyng be done there maye.

¶ The angell faid, Looke you not backe,
To fee that wofull fight and wracke,
Which on them now fhall light;
For you out of the towne are brought,
And are efaped from their wicked thoughts,
Wherin they do delyght;

Yet Lots wyfe ſhe turnde backe agayne,
As ſoone as ſhe was gone ;
For her offence ſhe turned was
Into a huge ſalt ſtone,
Where ſhe doth ſtande continually,
By Goddes decreed judgement,
Becaufe ſhe brake, and did forſake
Goddes good commaundement.

¶ The gates of Heauen God opened than,
So fyer and brymſtone from thence came,
And on Sodome downe did rayne :
Gomorrah towne they did excell,
As thicke as hayle the fyre it fell,
And deſtroyed was euery man ;
Both man and beaſt were burnd to mucke,
And babes in mothers lap,
And eke the chyldren that did ſucke
On mothers tender pap ;
With fier were they burned,—
O wofull, grieuous fight!—
They cryed and ſhryked,
To healpe no boote it might.

¶ The damſelles teare their coſtly guyſe,
Their yelow lockes downe to their eyes,
And their heare like ſiluer wyer ;
Their ſownde did reach vnto the clowdes,
With bitter teares they cryed alowde,
All burnynge in the fier !
Theſe townes like gold that ſhyned ſo bright,
With flamynge fier is conſumed ;
The mighty God hath deſtroyed quite,
And brought it to the grounde,
That nought is left, the trueth to ſay,
But ſtinkynge pooles and welles,

Whiche was a place of braue delyghtes,
And eke of pleasant smelles.

¶ Thus were these towns brought to decay,
Both all and som, the trouth to say,
Sauyng Lots householde then :
And Lot hymselfe was counted iust,
Tyll his doughters tempted hym to lust,
As the story sheweth playne ;
Loe, wanton girles whiche so doth burne
In Venus pleasant games,
If that they may content their turnes,
And eake their youthfull flames,
They do desire their fathers bed,
The cankred flesh to please :
Alas, that ye so wanton bee,
That you wyll neuer cease !

¶ Thou mightie God that fittest on hie,
O turne our hartes for thy mercie,
That now amend we may !
O Lorde, thou saydst, and it may so be,
The Sodomits shoud witnes be
Against vs at the latter day :
O heauy sayng ! yf that these men
Shall sooner mercy craue,
Then we which know Gods fainges, then
What iudgement shall we haue ?
O let vs bewayle vs,
Our finnes doth so abound,
For in shourt space, I feare, the Lorde
In wrath wyll vs confound !

¶ O England, thou like Sodome art,
In filthy finne doth play thy part,—

What finnes are found in thee!
 Thou dooest exceede Sodome in sinne,
 Thou carest not for Lots preaching;
 O, these heauy newes wyll be!
 Ye, be thou sure, and sure agayne,
 The stones that lieth in wall,
 Because we doo so fore offend,
 To God for plagues wyll call;
 Therefore let see, amends to be,
 And euery one amende:
 Good Lorde, I say, graunt this allway,
 And thus I make an end.

¶ FINIS.

¶ Imprinted at London, by Richard Johnes, for
 Henrie Kyrkham, dwellyng at the signe of the
 Blacke Boy, at the middle North dore of Paules
 church.

¶ * ¶



¶ *A mery balade, how a wife entreated her
 husband to haue her owne wyll.*



IN May, when floures swetely smel,
 The people romyng abroad ful ryfe,
 A mery tale I shal you tel,
 That then was herd, but no great
 strife;

In clofe a yong man and his wife
Sate reafonyng fore, but for none yl ;
She faid, I am wery of this lyfe,—
Good hufband, let me haue mine owne will.

¶ Wyfe, quoth he, then muft I nedes know
What is your wyll, then, for to haue :
At me you muft neither mocke nor mow,
Nor yet loute me, nor call me knaue ;
Nor VENVS game vpon me craue,
Nor yet your honeftye for to spill,
And make me neyther boy nor flauē,
But do good, and therin take your owne wyll.

¶ Tush, quoth ſhe, fir, as for that
I wyll be honeft, to dye therefore ;
But, hufband, hufband, wot ye what ?
I haue bene your wyfe this month and more,
And haue not gone but to the dore,—
Such keping in my heart doth ſpyll ;
By houſe-keepers neighbours ſet no ſtore,—
Good hufband, let me haue mine owne wyll !

¶ Wyfe, quoth he, be you content ;
You ſhall to church and to market go,
And to neighbours to, at time conuenient,
But not to goſſip, the truth is ſo ;—
Tauernes to haunt ? no wyfe, no, no !
Nor yet alehouſes, with Jacke nor Gyll ;
You know my mynd for friend or fo,—
Doe good, and therein take your owne wyll.

¶ Hufband, quoth ſhe, you be to blame
To kepe me in, and ſo playne withall ;
Me thinke I ſhuld be a fyne dame,
Whereby great prayſe to you might fall :

I being fayre, nice, and small,
Yf I had gay clothes my body to hyll,
Then gentlewomen for me wold call,—
Good husband, let me haue myne owne wyll.

¶ No, wyfe, quoth he, it wyll not be borne
For you to go fyne and gayly clad;
To go as I will haue you, thinke ye no scorne,
That is, comely and cleane, sober and fad;
Wherefore, be you neyther ficke nor yet mad,
Because ye may not your mynd fulfyll,
For your desyre is wicked and bad,—
Doe good, and therein take your owne wyll.

¶ Not mad, quoth she; alas, good man,
What woman culd your wordes abyde?
I entreatyng you as fayre as I can,
And yet my wordes you set asyde;
Though I be fayre, I loue no pryde,
For I serue your swyne with draffe and fwyl;
Unto my friendes I wold fayne ryde,—
Good husband, let me haue myne owne wyll.

¶ Wyfe, quoth he, what nedeth all this?
You craue a great deale more then neede;
Your friendes haue no need of vs, I wis,
Wherefore be stayed, good gentle Beede:
Now let vs plow and sow our feede,
Our wynter land is yet to tyll;
How to thryue let vs first take heede,
And do good, and therin take your owne wyl.

¶ Oh husband, quoth she, I am but yong,
Wherefore, I pray you, graunt me one thyng,
At libertie let me haue my tounge,
Eyther to chyde, or els to syng;

To daunce, to kyffe, not ouer-workyng,
 But once a weke to go to myll;
 My time is shourt, my death is cumming,—
 Good husband, let me haue mine owne wyll.

¶ No, wyfe, quoth he, I am your head,
 Wherefore, I pray you, my counsell take,
 And let such tricks in you be dead,
 Least that for it your bones doe ake;
 Therefore learne betime to brue and bake,
 And liue no longer in ydlenesse styll;
 Wherefore, for your owne ease sake,
 Doe good, and therein take your owne wyll.

¶ Alas, quoth she, what chaunce haue I,
 To couple myselfe with such a one,
 That had rather to see me dye,
 Then to decke me gay, as I wold haue gone,
 To chyde, nor syng, nor to daunce alone?
 I wold I had married John Goosequyll,
 Then nede I not to haue made this mone,
 For by him I might haue had all my wyll.

¶ No more of these twayne culd be hard,
 But home they went together playne;
 But let no wyues this wyfe regard,
 For her request was all in vayne.
 And yet with shrewes some men take payne,
 And abyde the iob of the deuylls byll,
 From the which, all good wyues, refrayne!
 God geue vs all grace to doe his wyll. Amen.

¶ Finis, quod T. W. T.

¶ Imprinted at London by Alexander Lacy.

*The Othe of euerie Freeman of the City
of London.*



YE shall sweare that yee shall bee good and true to our Souereigne ladie Queene Elizabeth, &c, and to the heires of our said souereigne ladie the Queene. Obeyfant and obedient ye shall be to the Mayor and Ministers of this citie. The franchises and customes thereof yee shall mainteine, and this citie keepe harmeles in that that in you is. Ye shall be contributorie to all manner of charges within this citie, as summons, watches, contributions, taskes, tallages, lot and scot, and all other charges, bearing your part as a freeman ought to doo. Yee shall colour no forreines goods, vnder or in your name, whereby the Queene or this citie might or may loose their customes or aduantages. Ye shall know no forreine to buy or sell anie marchandise with any other forreine within the citie or the franchise thereof, but yee shall warne the Chamberlaine thereof, or some minister of the chamber. Yee shall implead or sue no freeman out of this citie, whiles yee may haue right and law within the same citie. Yee shall take none apprentice, but if hee bee free borne (that is to say) no bond man's sonne, nor the childe of any alien, and for no lesse terme then for seuen yeeres; within the first yeere yee shall cause him to be enrolled, and at his termes end ye shall make him free of this citie, (if he haue well and truely serued you.) Ye shall also keepe the Queenes peace in your

owne persons; ye shall know no gatherings, conuenticles, nor conspiracies made against the Queenes peace, but ye shall warn the Mayor thereof, or let it to your power. All these points and articles yee shall well and truely keepe, according to the lawes and customes of this citie to your power. So God you help, and by the holie contentes of this Booke. God faue the Queene.

Printed at London, by Hugh Singleton.



*A Balade declaryng how neybourhed, loue,
and trew dealyng is gone.*



OW straunge it is to men of age,
The which they se before their
face,
This world to be in such outrage,
It was neuer sene in so bad case.
Neighbourhed nor loue is none,
Trew dealyng now is fled and gone.

Where shall one fynde a man to trust,
Alwaye to stande in tyme of neede?
The most parte now they are vniust,
Fayre in wordes, but false in deede.
Neybourhed nor loue is none,
True dealyng now is fled and gone.

Who can flatter now best shall speede ;
Who can deceyue is gaynes well won :
Of deceytfull tongues who can take hede ?
Many a man they haue undone.
Neighbourhed nor loue is none, &c.

The wickednesse that doth abounde,
More then I can with tongue expresse,
To see vnfaithfull men are founde ;
Of frendship there was neuer lesse.
Neiborhed nor loue is none, &c.

On couetousnesse most men desyre ;
Their neibours house some doth procure,
And ouer his hed they wyll it hyre,
Or bye a leace to make it sure.
Neiborhed nor loue is none, &c.

To pourchace and bye, for lucre and gaine,
Both leace and house, both wood and grounde,
Thei double the rent, to poore mens payne ;
Of landlordes nowe fewe good are founde.
Neiborhed nor loue is none, &c.

This is vsed now euery where,
And wyll be tyll we haue redresse ;
With them I thought the Lorde dyd fere,
Because his worde they doo professe.
Neiborhed nor loue is none, &c.

What neiborhed is this you call,
That one another doth backbite,
And daily wyll both skolde and brall
With flaunderous wordes in most despite ?
Neyborhed nor loue is none, &c.

For matters small some suffre wronge,
Upon displeasure in prision cast,
And there shall lye, without pitie, long,
Tyll that his goodes are spent and wast.
Neyborhed nor loue is none, &c.

Thungodly riche the poore oppresse,
On them few haue compassion;
Their cause is here remedileffe,
Without all consolacion.
Neyborhed nor loue is none, &c.

If any membre be hurte in man,
The whole body lamentes therfore;
The poore opprest, who cureth than
Or helps him for to salue his fore?
Neiborhed nor loue is none, &c.

The percialnesse that now doth raigne
With some that haue suche cause in hande,
The riche men doth the poore disdayne,
And fokes the meanes to make them band.
Neyborhed nor loue is none, &c.

Truly to deale one with another
In these dayes now ar very fewe;
The sifter wyll begyle the brother,
The brother agayne deceyte wyll shewe.
Neyborhed nor loue is none, &c.

The father wyll deceyue the chylde,
The chylde the father likewise agayne;
Thus one another dothe begylde,
By false deceyt that now doth raigne.
Neyborhed nor loue is none, &c.

To speake fomewhat of vsurye,
The whiche the Lorde doth daily curse ;
Yet some doo vse it priuely
To fyll their vncontented purse.
Neyborhed nor loue is none, &c.

To striue or speake it is no boote,
In couetousnesse there is no order ;
Of mischief it is the very roote,
All thinges it spoyles in euery border.
Neyborhed nor loue is none, &c.

Our preachers with Gods word doth cry
On couetousmen that wyll not cesse ;
Their wordes are herde with yeres so flye,
Their filthy gaynes they styll encrease.
Neybourhed nor loue is none, &c.

How many doth their rentes abate,
Or now a dayes their tenentes ease ?
They set their rentes at a new rate,
Both fines and leasses they daily rease.
Neybourhed nor loue is none, &c.

Couetousnesse hathe now the way,
Wronge and briberye dothe not refrayne ;
In euery cost pride bereth the fway,
Amonges the whole now it doth raygne.
Neybourhed nor loue is none, &c.

What is the cause neibourhed is gone,
Which here hath reigned many a daye ?
I heare the poore men make great mone,
And sayth hit is falne in decaye.
Neibourhed nor loue is none, &c.

True dealyng dare not once appeare,
 Deceit hath put him out of place;
 Euery where, both farre and nere,
 He raigneth now in most mens face.
 Neighbourhed nor loue is none, &c.

Graunt, oh God, for thy mercyes sake,
 That neighbourhed and dealyng trewe
 May once agayne our sprites awake,
 That we our lyues may chaunge a-new;
 That neybourhed and loue alone
 May come agayne to euery one.

quod Jhon Barker.

Imprinted at London, by Richard Lant.



*A proper newe Ballad sheweing that philoso-
 phers learnynge are full of good warnynge.
 And songe to the tune of my Lorde Marques
 Galyarde, or the firste traces of Que passa.*



PHILOSOPHERS learnings are ful of
 good warnings,
 In memorye yet left to scoole vs,
 So be ther contayned, in poietries
 fained,

Great documentes to rate and rule vs;
 As well for continuance of life, helth, and substance,
 Whose vanities the world requireth,
 As for the drection of life by correction
 From lyberties that lust desireth.

Menander being asked what life was, he answered,
 A miserie that neuer ceaseth,
 Tormenting minds worldly for goods gotten hardly,
 With contraries as time increaseth,—
 Wherin is no surance of hope nor induraunce,
 But jeoberdies as fortune sendyth;
 Now fickle, now helthie, now poorelie, now welthy,
 With casualties as life contendith.

Of Chilo thus reed we, whose counsel most need
 we,

No memorye ought more to moue vs,
 Then for to know throwly ourselues and our dewty,
 To notifie what doth behoue vs;
 And as we seeme faultie, reiecte folyes noughtie,
 With practefinge all waies to shone them;
 So may we, triumphing, geue praise to ech good
 thing,
 Recomfortinge that we haue done them.

Excesse that delighteth, as Plutarcke well writeth,
 In greedines that life requireth,
 In surfeitinge dishes, ill workinge, ill wishes,
 Suche filthines as fleshe desyrethe;
 Withdraw wyth their pleasurs dame natures dew
 measures,
 Whose gouernaunce is so defaced;
 What man can dispose them when lust ouerthrows
 them,
 To temperaunce that should be placed?

Periander of liuinge good counsell once geuinge,
 Said merilie, Looke well within thee;
 If confience accuse thee, ill rest will abuse thee,
 No libertie hath leaue to win thee.

Kepe concience then clearly, that life may liue
chearly,
As Socrates doth wifelie will thee ;
No corzye fhall greeue thee, found fleepes fhall
reliue thee,
Unquietnes can no waye spill thee.

If fortune difpleafe vs, whose wrackes may difeafe
vs,
Let Sophacles his doctrine fkoole vs,—
Who writes that no furetie on earth getteth victrye,
But pacience in paines to rule vs ;
In fuche pointes prefifely, good counfel moft wifely
Exuperate blinde fortunes fcourges,
As the marriner fteareth the fhipe when he feareth
The violence of falt fea fourges.

Ten thoufand and ten to of theafe and like men to,
Lyke documentes haue left behinde them ;
Methinks that thefe pagons may counfel good
Chriftians
With diligence to heare and mind them.
Sith life hath no fuertie, nor longe time of puertie,
For accedence that can preuaile vs,
Let wifdome now win vs to plant vertue in vs,
With penitence, eare life doth faile vs.

¶ Finis, qd W. Elderton.

¶ Imprinted at London, in Fleetefreet, beneath
the Conduit, at the Signe of Sainte John
Evangelift, by Thomas Colwell.

*A Balade of a Preist that losse his nose,
For sayinge of masse, as I suppose.*



HO so list, heare of a wonderous
chaunce!

Of late I mette with one did me tell,
The craftiest priest in England or
Fraunce,

Hath lost his nose, and how should he smell?
He went to his freinde his mynde to disclose,
And, as he came home, one cut of his nose.

It is a gentleman, a priest he tolde me,
To tell you his name I do not much passe;
It is olde syr John, the vycar of Lee,
Which rayles at Gods boke and reeles at his
masse.

His cankarde mynde he cannot kepe close,
Yet he ferued him shrewdly that cut of his nose.

His smeller is smitten cleane from his face,
Yet was there but one, as he did saye,
Which caught him and pluckt of his nose in that
place;

A hie man, a lowe man, a foxe or a graye?
Tenne shillinges, he saith, in his purse he did lose;
I thinke he lied therof, but not of his nose.

Great ferching was sence that smeller to seke;
Some for hast left their scabbert at home,
Some had gunnes, some halberts, some forked
pikes,
Some in shyrts of maile like a lusty mome;

There was neuer sene before, I suppose,
Such tossing and tombling for a priestes nose.

Som men that thought him no harme in ther life,
But because they feare God and do go about
To liue with pure conscience and be without strife,
Thei ar bound to the peas now for a priests
snout ;

But because he can kepe mens horedom so close,
Therefore they make such a worke for his nose.

Because his scollers did mock at his masse,
He said he wolde make bloud run by their heles,
But God hath turned the plague from their arse,
And he with his nose did bloody the stiles.
With bloud, I hard saye, as red as a rose ;
He dronke well, belike, before he lost his nose.

What maner of nose was it, sir, ye sought for ?
A black nose, a red nose, or one like my fist ?
To be without nose was the marke of an whore,
And now it is the marke of an whorishe priest.
And now you are ryd right well of the pose,
Why do you make suche a worke for your nose ?

Or was your nose somewhat wan or pale ?
A blewe nose, a bottle nose, or was it yellowe ?
Nos autem haue sene it sometime at the ale ;
Libera nos, salua nos, from the swap of the
swalowe.

But why did ye vse, fyr, to lye so and glose ?
Was it any meruayle though ye lost your nose ?

Some men are liuing to whom he did say,
Seing he knew the truth, if euer he sayd masse,

He wisht that some membre might be cut away ;
Now at his request it is come to passe.
Much work he doth make for the lomp he did
lose—

Well, what will ye geue, fyr, for a newe nose ?

But what shal we say, yf men do not lye ?
Who cut of the priestes nose it is harde to iudge,
But he himself, I think, did it of enuy,
And then to bewite it to them he did grudge,
That therby they might ther kingdom vp close,
As sometime Sopirus did snap of his nose.

For sometime he sayth it was but a mome,
And eftfone a talle man this he doth name ;
But styll he affyrmeth it was but one,
Which caught him and brought his nose oute
of frame.

Could one man so do it, as you suppose,
Except he were willing to haue of his nose ?

Remedie is none, but this thinge is true,
His snout is snapt of, howsoeuer it was ;
I thinke it were best to make him a new,
As sone he may do it as God at his masse ;
Yf he cannot make him a snout, I suppose,
He can not make God no more then his nose.

Seing the true God is gone from your towne,
And god Pean and Baccus doth rule in his stede,
With hoysty and soysty ouer shoulder and crowne,
Yet hath he no more life then a lompe of leade ;
Yf he haue, then charge him that man to disclose,
Which met you and caught you, and cut of your
nose.

But yf you do vse the true God to mocke,
And geue his honor to your god in the purse,
Loke whom ye blesse, and in blyndnesse rocke,—
The liuing God will you and your blessinges
curse;
And at length your falsched to all men disclose,
And then, no dout, your head wyl folow your
nose.

Take hede, I saye, you chaplyns of Balle,—
Though ye haue fed longe at Jesabels borde,
Not longe but Helias shall geue you a fall;
Repent and returne to the liuinge Lorde.
Though ye pricke till bloud runne by your toes,
Ther wil a worse chance com then lesing your
nose.

I wyll not pray for you,—let them do that liste,—
For feare God with me should be discontent,
Seyng of purpose the Holy Ghost you resiste;
And if ye haue cleane forgotten to repent,
When God shall the secretes of all men disclose,
Ye shal haue as much help as the preist of his nose.

But you haue a vauntage, fyr, if you mark all;
If a mous catch your god, when ye haue made it,
Then ye may catche the mouse fast by the walle,
For how can you hurt your nose except ye
had it?

The prouerbe is true in you, I suppose,—
He cannot tell where to turne his nose.

FINIS.

God saue the Quene.

*The true discription of this marueilous straunge
Fishe, whiche was taken on Thursday was sen-
night, the xvj. day of June, this present month,
in the yeare of our Lord God, M.D.lxix.*

1569

¶ A declaration of the taking of this straunge Fishe, with
the length and bredth, &c.

DOOING you to vnderstande that on
Thursdaye, the xvj. daye of this present
month of June, in the yeare of our
Lord God M.D.lxix. this straunge
fishe was taken betweene Callis and Douer, by
sertayne English fisher-men whych were a fysh-
ynge for mackrell. And this straunge and mer-
ueylous fysh, folowyng after the scooles of
mackrell, came rushinge in to the fisher-mens
netts, and brake and tore their nettes marueilousslie,
in such sorte, that at the fyrst they weare muche
amased therat, and marueiled what it should bee
that kept suche a sturr with their netts, for they
were verie much harmed by it with breking and
spoyling their netts.

And then they, seing and perceiuyng that the
netts wold not serue, by reason of the greatnes of
this straung fishe, then they with such instrue-
ments, ingins, and thinges that they had, made
such shift that they tooke this straung fishe. And
vppon Fridaye, the morowe after, brought it vpp
to Bilyngesgate in London, whyche was the xvij.
daye of June, and ther it was seene and vewid of
manie, which marueiled much at the straungnes of

it; for here hath neuer the lyke of it ben seene: and on Saterdaye, being the xvij. daye, fertayne fishe-mongers in New Fishstreat agreeid with them that caught it, for and in consideracion of the harme whych they receiued by spoylinge of ther netts, and for their paines, to haue this straunge fishe. And hauinge it, did open it and flaid of the skinn, and faued it hole. And, adiudging the meat of it to be good, broyled a peece and tasted of hit, and it looked whit like veale when it was broiled, and was good and fauerie (though sumwhat straung) in the eating, and then they sold of it that same Saterdaye to suche as would buy of the same, and they themselues did bake of it, and eate it for daintie; and for the more fertaintie and opening of the truth, the good men of the Castle and the Kinges Head in new Fishstreat did bui a great deale and bakte of it, and this is moſte true.

The straunge fishe is in length xvij. foote and iij. foote broad, and in compas about the bodie vj. foote; and is round ſnowted, ſhort headdid, hauing iij. ranckes of teeth on eyther iawe, maruaylous ſharpe and very ſhort, ij. eyes growing neare his ſnout, and as big as a horses eyes, and his hart as big as an oxes hart, and likewyſe his liuer and lightes bige as an oxes; but all the garbidge that was in hys bellie beſides would haue gone into a felt hat. Also ix. finns, and ij. of the formoſt bee iij. quarters of a yeard longe from the body, and a verie big one on the fore parte of his backe, blackiſh on the backe, and a litle whitiſhe on the belly, a ſlender tayle, and had but one bone, and that was a great rydge-bone, runninge a-longe his backe from the head vnto the

tayle, and had great force in his tayle when he was in the water. Also it hath v. gills of eache side of the head, shoing white. Ther is no proper name for it that I knowe, but that sertayne men of Captayne Haukinfes doth call it a sharke. And it is to bee seene in London, at the Red Lyon in Fletestreete.

Finis, quod C. R.

Imprynted at London, in Fleetstreete, beneathe the Conduit, at the signe of Saint John Euangelist, by Thomas Colwell.



¶ *The fantasies of a troubled mannes head.*

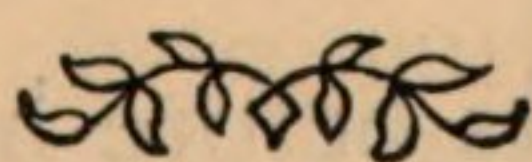


Y fortune, as I lay in bed, my fortune
was to fynd
Such fancies as my careful thought
hath brought into my mynd;
And when each one was gone to rest, all softe in
bed to lye,
I would haue slept, but that the watch did folow
styl mine eye.
And sodeinlie I saw a sea of wofull sorrowes prest,
Whose wicked wayes of sharpe repulse bred mine
vnquiet rest:
I saw this world, and how it went, ech state in his
degree,
And that from Wealth ygraunted is both lyfe and
libertie:

I saw eke how Envie did raigne, and bare the
 greatist price,
Yet greater poison is not found within the cock-
 atrice :
I saw also how fowle Disdaine oft times, to forge
 my woe,
Gave me the cup of bitter sweete, to pledge my
 mortal foe :
I saw also how that Desier to rest no place could
 fynd,
But styl constraind, in endles paine, to follow
 natures kynd :
I saw also (most straunge of all) how Nature did
 forsake
The bloud that in her womb was wrought, as doth
 the lothed snake :
I saw how fancie would retaine no longer then
 shee lust,
And as the wynd how shee doth chaunge, and is
 not for to trust :
I saw how steadfastnes did flye with wynges of
 often chaunge,—
A flyeng bird but seldome seen, her nature is so
 straunge :
I saw how pleasaunt times did passe, as flowers do
 in the mede,
To-day that riseth red as rose, to-morow falleth
 deade :
I saw my time how it did run, as sand out of a
 glasse,
Euen as each owre appointed is from time and
 tide to passe :
I saw the yeares that I had spent, and losse of all
 my payne,
And how the sporte of youthly plaies my follie
 did retayne :

I saw how that the little ants in somer styl doth
 rome,
 To seke their foode, wherby to liue in winter for
 to come.
 I saw eke Vertue how shee fate, the threede of
 life to spin,
 Which sheweth the end of euery worke before it
 doth begin;
 And when all these I thus behelde, with manie
 mo pardie,
 In me, me thought, each one had wrought a
 perfect propertie;
 And then I said vnto myselfe, a lesson this shall bee
 For other that shall after come, for to beware by
 mee.
 Thus all the night I did diuise which way I might
 constrayne
 To forme a plot that wit might worke thes
 braunches in my brayne.

¶ Finis. I. C.



Of euyl tounes.



EUYLL tounes, which clap at euerie
 wynd,
 Ye flea the quicke, and eke the dead
 defame;
 Those that liue well some fault in them ye fynd,

Ye take no thought in sclaundring their good
name.

Ye put iust men oft times to open shame ;
Ye ryng so lowde, ye found vnto the skyes,
And yet in prooffe ye sowe nothyng but lyes.

¶ Ye make great hatred where peace hath ben of
long,

You bring good order to ruine and eke decaye ;
Ye plucked downeright, ye doe enhaunce the wrong,
Ye tourne swete myrth to wo and wallawaye.

Of mischeifs all you are the ground, I saye,—
Happie is he that liueth on such a sorte,
That nedes not feare such touniges of false reporte.

¶ Finis, quod I. Canand.



¶ *Of Trust and Triall.*



HO trusts before he tries may soone
his trust repent,
Who tries before he trusts doth so his
care preuent ;
Thus trust may not be cause of triall, then, we see,
But triall must be cause of trust in ech degree.

¶ Finis. B. G.

A Strife betwene Appelles and Pigmalion.

WHEN that Appelles liued in Grece,
 Pigmalion also raigned than :
 These two did striue to frame a pece,
 Which should amaze the sight of
 man,

Whereby they might win such a name,
 As should deserue immortall fame.

¶ Appelles then strayed euerie where,
 To marke and viewe ech courtlie dame,
 And when he heard where any were
 Did well deserue the prayse and fame,
 He thither rode, with willyng harte,
 Of her to take the cumliest parte.

¶ And when he had, with trauaile great,
 A thousand wights knit vp in one,
 He found therewith to wurke his feat,
 A paterne such as earst was none ;
 And then with ioye retourned backe,
 For to those limmes but lyfe did lacke.

¶ Pigmalion eke, to shew his arte,
 Did then conclude in iuorie white
 To forme and frame in euerie parte
 A woman fayre to his delighte,
 Wherein was euerie limme so coucht,
 As not a vayne he lefte vntoucht.

¶ When their two cunnings ioyned were,
A worlde it was to see their wurke;
But yet it may greue euerie eare,
To heare the chaunce did therein lurke;
For through the pece they framed had,
For loue Pigmalion did run mad.

¶ Which seene, Appelles shut his booke,
And durst no longer viewe that fight;
For why? her comelie limmes and looke
In one did passe ech other wight;
And while Appelles wiped his eye,
The pece did mount vnto the skye.

¶ Whereas Dame Nature toke it straight,
And wrapt it vp in linnen folde,
Esteeming it more then the waight
Had ten times ben of gliftryng golde;
Shee lockt it vp fast in a chest,
To pleasure him that shee loued best.

¶ Appelles then, dismayed much,
Did throw his booke into the fire;
He feared lest the gods did grutch
That wurkemen should so high aspire;
Yet once agayne he trauailed Grece
With lesse effect, and made a pece,

¶ Which long time did hold great renowne,
For Venus all men did it call,—
Tyll in our dayes gan Nature frowne,
And gaue the workemannes worke a fall;
For from her chest, t'auoyde all stryfe,
Shee tooke the pece, and gaue it lyfe;

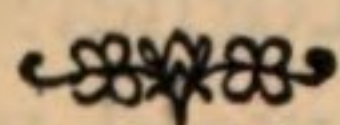
¶ And for a token gaue the same
 Vnto the highest man of state,
 And said, Since thou art crownd by Fame,
 Take to thee here this worthie mate,—
 The same which kyld the caruers strife,
 Before that Nature gaue it life.

¶ Lorde! yf Appelles now did know,
 Or yf Pigmalion once should heare,
 Of this their worke the worthie show,
 Since Nature gaue it life to beare;
 No doubt at all her worthie prayse
 Those felie Grekes from death wold rayse.

¶ Then those that daylie see her grace,
 Whose vertue passeth euerie wight,—
 Her comelie corps, her christall face,—
 They ought to pray, both day and night,
 That God may graunt most happie state
 Vnto that Princeesse and her mate.

¶ Finis. Ber. Gar.

¶ Imprinted at London without Aldersgate, in
 Little Britaine, by A. Lacy.



A new Ballad against Unthrifts.



WHEN raging louts, with feble braines,
 Moste wilfully wyl spend awaye,
 And eke consume more then their
 gaines,
 In riotyng al the longe day,
 And spend with him that wil spend moste,
 Yet of their gaine they need not boste.

When drunken drunkerds will not spare
The alehous daily for to plye,
But fit and tipple there full square,
And to their gaines will haue no eye,
Nor will not cease, I warrant ye,
So long as they haue one penny.

When ruffling roisters wil bestowe
Vpon their backs suche fine aray,
And be not wurth that whiche they owe,
Falling therby into decay;
Yet wil they set theron a face,
And bragge and crake it out a-pace.

When liuely lads wil plye the dice,
Consuming there away their good,
No man wil count them to be wice,
But rather to be mad or wood;
For when that all their money is gone,
Then are they dressed like a mome.

When lasie loiterers will not wurk,
And honestly their liuings get,
But had rather in corners lurk
Then that they wold with labor swet,
Therefore no welth they can attain,
But liue in trouble and in pain.

When doting doltes wil enterprise
To wurk suche feates as I haue tolde,
Not ceassing for to exercise
Worse deeds then those with courage bold,
Then some do lay their cotes to gage,
Til that they haue receiued their wage.

Then some the Counter oft doo kisse,
If that the money be not paid,
Or if that they their day doe misse,
For whiche to gage their cote was laid ;
Yet wil they not by this take heed,
But stil continew to proceed.

Then some therby their credit lose,
So that no wise man wil them trust,
Wherefore they can no lenger glose,
But rub and reuel not they must,
For wherfoeuer they be come,
They are not so wel trust as knowne.

Then some at length do beg their bread,
Who, if in time they had been wise,
Might wel haue had inough to fed
Themselues, their children, and their wiues ;
But when that all is gone and spent,
It is to late then to repent.

Then some to pilfer doo begin,
But assone as they be espied,
With whips they are laid on the skin,
At a carts ars being wel tied ;
But al this can not those amend,
That wil doo mischefe to the end.

Then some proceed to rob and kyl,
Counting al fish that comes to net ;
And yf that they might haue their wil,
For right or wrong they wuld not let,
Til at the last they fall in bands,
And can not escape out of hands.

Then some at Newgate doo take ship,
 Sailing ful fast vp Holborne Hil;
 And at Tiborn their anckers piche,
 Ful fore indeed against their wil;
 But then it is to late, I say,
 To cal againe the yesterday.

Wherfore al ye that vse this trade,
 Leaue of betimes, yf ye be wise,
 Lest that perchaunce this way ye wade
 Ful fore against your owne deuise;
 For heer ye see the end of fuche,
 As litle haue and wil spend muche.

¶ Finis, quoth W. F.

¶ Imprinted at London, at the long shop adjoining vnto Saint Mildreds Church, in the Poultry, by John Alde.



A newe Secte of Friars, called Capichini.



THESE newe freshe come Friars, being
 sprong vp of late,
 Doe nowe within Andwarpe keepe
 their abidinge,
 Seducinge muche people to their damned estate,
 By their newe false founde doctrine the Gospel
 deridinge;
 Sayinge and affirminge, which is no newe false
 tidinge,

That all fuche as doe the Popes doctrine
 dispise,
 As damned foules to hell muste be ridinge ;
 For they doe condemne them with their newe
 found lies.
 These be the children of the worlde counted wise,
 Whose wisdom is folly to God and his elect ;
 But let Sathan worke all that he can deuise,
 God it is alone which the Gospel doeth protect.



*The first part of the faire Widow of Watling
 street and her 3 daughters, and how her wicked
 sonne accused her to be a harlot, and his sisters
 bastards, only to deceiue them of their portions.*

To the tune of Bragandary.



O F the kind Widdow of Watling street
 I will the story tell,
 Who by her husband deere was left,
 In substance rich and well ;
 A prodigall sonne likewise had she,
 And faire yong daughters louely three ;—
 Great misery, sorrow and misery,
 Commeth for want of grace.

¶ For by his dayly practises,
 Which were both lewd and ill,
 His fathers hart from him was drawne,
 His loue and his good will ;
 But yet, what chance so ere befell,
 His mother loued him deerely well.

¶ When he in prifon lay full poore,
For debt which he did owe,
His father would not ftur out of doore,
For to releafe his woe ;
But when his mother his grieve did fee,
She found the meanes to fet him free.

¶ And when her husband fell full fick,
And went to make his will,—
O husband, remember your fonne, ſhe ſaid,
Although he hath beene ill ;
But yet no doubt he may returne,
Repenting the euill that he hath done.

¶ Remember, wife, what ſorrow and care
Through him I dayly found ;
Who, through his lewd vngratious deeds,
Hath ſpent me many a pound ;
And therefore, let him finke or ſwim,
I meane not for to deale with him.

¶ And therefore ſole executor here
I do thee onely make,
To pay the debts and legacies,—
The reſt vnto thee take.
Not ſo, my husband deare, quoth ſhe,
But let your fonne be ioynd with me ;

¶ For-why he is our child, ſhe ſaid,—
We can it not deny,—
The firſt that euer graced you
With fathers dignity ;—
O, if that euer you did me loue,
Graunt this request for his behoue.

¶ Thy loue, deere wife, was euermore
Most precious vnto me,
And therefore, for thy sweet loues sake,
I graunt thy suite to thee;
But, ere the yeare is fully spent,
I know thou wilt the same repent.

¶ Now was his sonne receiued home,
And with his mother deere
Was ioyn'd executor of the will,
Which did his courage cheare.
The old man dying, buryed was,—
But now behold what came to passe.

The funeral being ended quite,
It fel vpon a day
Some friends did fetch the widdow forth,
To driue conceits away.
While she was forth, and thought no ill,
Her wicked sonne doth worke his will.

Possession of the house he took
In most despitful wise,
Throwing his sisters out of dores,
With sad lamenting cryes.
When this they did his mother show,
She would not belecue he would do so.

But when she came vnto her house,
And found it true indeed,
She cald vnto her son, and said,—
Although her hart did bleed,—
Come down, my sonne, come downe, quod she,
Let in thy mother and sisters three.

¶ I will not let in my mother, he said,
Nor sisters any one;
The house is mine, I will it keepe,
Therefore, away! be gone!
O sonne, canst thou indure to see't,
Thy mother and sisters to lie in the streete?

¶ Did not thy father, by his will,
For terme of this my life,
Giue me this house for to enioy
Without al further strife;
And more, of all his goods, quoth she,
I am executor ioynd with thee.

¶ My father left you the house, he said,
But this was his intent,—
That you therefore, during your life,
Should pay me yearely rent;
A hundred pound a yeare, therefore,
You shall me giue, or giue it ore.

¶ And sith the citties custome is,
That you the thirds must haue
Of all my fathers moueables,
I graunt what law doth craue;
But not a peny more will I
Discharge of any legasie.

¶ O wicked sonne, quoth she, that seekes
Thy mother thus to fleece,—
Thy father to his daughters gaue
Three hundred pound a peece:
Tell me who shall their porcions pay,
Appointed at their marriage day.

¶ Then, with a scornefull smile, he said,
What talke you of so much?
Ten pound a peece I will them giue,—
My charitie is such.
Now fie vpon thee, beast, quoth she,
That thus doth deale with them and me!

¶ But ere that they and I will take
This iniury at thy hand,
The chiefeft peeres of England shall
The matter vnderstand.
Nay, if you go to that, quoth he,
Mark well what I shall tell to thee:—

Thou hast a secret harlot bin,
And this ile proue full plaine,
That in my fathers lifetime did
Lewd ruffians entertaine,
The which did then beget of thee,
In wicked sort, these bastards three.

¶ No daughters to my father then
Were they in any wise,
As he supposed them for to be,
Thou blinding so his eyes;
Therefore no right at all haue they
To any peny giuen this day.

¶ When she did heare her shameles sonne
For to defame her so,
She with her louely daughters three,
With griefe away did goe;
But how this matter forth did fall,
The second part shall shew you all.
Great misery, sorow, &c. Finis.

Imprinted at London for T. P.

*The second part of the Widdow of Watling-
streete and her three Daughters.*

To the tune of the Wanton Wife.



HE beautifull widdow of Watling
streete,
Being thus falsly accusde by her
sonne,
With her three daughters of fauor so sweet,
Whose beauty the loue of so many had wonne,
With her daughters three, for succour went she,
Vnto the kings counsaile of noble degree.
Now fie vpon falshood and forgerie fraile,
For great is the truth, and it shall preuaile !

¶ Her sonne by a writ now sommoned is
At the Star-chamber with speed to appeare,
To answere there the abuses of his ;—
The Lords of the Counsel the matter will heare.
The news was brought ; his wits he sought,
Which way his villanie best might be wrought.

¶ Then vp and downe the citty so faire
He seeketh companions to serue his turne,—
A sort of vacabonds, naked and bare,
The which to worke murders for money is won :
These wretches behold, for money and golde,
He hired for witneses his lyes to vphold, &c.

¶ My maisters, quoth he, my mother by name
To be a lewd strumpet accused I haue ;

And, hauing no witnesse to proue that fame,
Your ayde and assistance herein I do craue :
Therefore, without feare, before the Lords there,
Yet this thing is certaine, you fixe shall it sweare.

¶ The first two, quoth he, shal sweare on a booke,
That fixteene yeares past they plainly did see,
As they through the garden hedge sadly did looke,
That she in one houre was abused by three ;
And how it fell, as they markt it wel,
That iust nine moneths after she had hir first
 girle.

¶ The second couple shall sweare in this sort,
That at Bristow Faire, about xvij. yeares past,
She with her owne apprentife did fal in such sport,
That her second daughter was got at the last.
Now trust vs, quod they, weele sweare what you
 say,
Or anything else for money, this day, &c.

And thus the third couple their oath now shal
 take,
That as at the bath she staid on a day,
For ach in her bones, as the scuse she did make,
How she with a courtier the wanton did play ;
And how well you wot, in the pleasant plot,
Her dearest yong daughter for certaine was got.

But now, you masters, your names let me know,
That I may prouide you apparell with speed ;
Like fixe graue cittizens so must you go,
The better your speeches the Lords will heed ;
So shal I with scorne, ere Saturday morne,
Proue her a harlot, my sisters base borne, &c.

¶ My name is Make-shift, the first man did say ;
And Francis Light-finger, the second likewise ;
Cutbert Creepe-window, the third to display ;
And Rowland Rob-man, with foule staring
eyes ;

Jack Shameles comes then, with Hary Steale-hen.
You are, quod the widdow, some right honest
men !

¶ Before the lords most prudent and graue,
This wretch doth with his witnesse come :
The mother complains, and justice doth craue
Of all the offences that he hath her done.
My Lords, then quod he, I pray you heare me,—
The law for my deeds my warrant shall be.

I say, she is a harlot most vilde,
And those be her bastards that standeth in
place,
And that she hath often her body defilde
By very good witnes ile proue to her face.
This thing of thy mother thou oughtst for to
smother,—
'Tis shame for a child to speake [so] of his mother !

¶ But if this matter be proued vntrue,
And thou a false lyar be found to thy face,
Worse then an infidell, Pagon, or Jew,
Thou oughtst to be punisht and plagd in this
case ;

And therefore draw neere, and now let vs heare
What saies the witnes that here doth appeare.

¶ When the first couple did come for to sweare,
They quiuerd and quakt in most wondrous fort ;

The lords very countenance did put them in feare,
And now they knew not what to report ;
The second likewise stard so with his eyes,
They stamberd and knew not what to deuise.

¶ The lords, perceiuing the case how it went,
Did aske the last couple what they had to say,
Who fell on their knees incontinent,
Saying, they were hird for mony that day :
Quoth they, it is so, the truth for to show,
Against the good widow no harme we do know.

¶ Thus was the widow deliuered from blame,
With her three daughters of beauty most bright,
Her sonne reproached with sorrow and shame,
Hauing his iudgment appointed him right,—
To loose, at the least, the goods he possesst,
To loose both his eares, and banisht to rest.

When he heard this iudgment pronounced to be,
The teares full bitterly fell down from his face,—
To mother and sisters he kneeled on his knee,
Confessing that lucre had wrought his disgrace ;
That for my own gaine I sought to detaine
My sisters three portions, this lye I did faine !

Therefore, deare mother, forgiuenes I craue
Of you and my sisters, offended so sore ;
My body from perill if you will but saue,
I sweare I will grieue and offend you no more.
The lords then replide,—the law iustly tride,
The punishment now thou art like to abide :

¶ Therefore to prison now thou shalt go,
Where thou shalt the king's pleasure abide ;

From thence to be brought, with shame and with
wo,

To suffer the punishment due to thy pride:
Then out of hand, thou shalt vnderstand
That presently thou shalt be banisht the land.

¶ Now, while in prison this prisoner did rest,
Himselfe he hanged in desperate wise—
Such horror of conscience possessed his brest;
And being cast forth, the rauens pickt out his
eies.

All children, behold what here hath bin tolde,
Accuse no man falsly for lucre of golde!

Now fie vpon falsehood and forgerie fraile,
For great is the truth, and it will prevaile.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London for T. P.



¶ *Almightie God I pray his Holy Spirite to send,
The iust mannes hart stedfast to stay, and wicked
liues to mend.*



RUE tryall touchyng truth time
trimly here doth trye,

E xcept the scribes therfore we passe
in righteousnes, we dye.

M yndes many mooued bee all truth to establysh;
P apes popish, puffed in Plutoes pride, all popery
here doe wysh;—

Voyde from them all, good men, which godly
be in mynde,
Sith Sathan affaileth some so fore, and styl their
harts doth blynde.

Embrace and loue the truth; on Christs fyde
stifly stand;
Deny the Pope, Sathan, the Turke, reiect them
quite from hand.
And neuer wish in wyll with wicked men t'agree,
Xpe faith we can not their wayes hould, and
eke his seruants be.

Reiect and expell quite that which displease
God may;
Encline to Christ, the truth embrace, be sure
thereon to stay;
Reioyce, though rigour raunge, and run for to
obtayne;
Vpon thee persecution beare, great ioyes to haue
agayne;
Mise nothyng on these dayes, but wey the time
now frayle.

The tryed truth time vndertreades,—in time truth
wyl preuayle,
In time the wicked laugh, in time the iust lament:
Mise not, therefore, the iust to trie, the Lordes
wyl now is bent;
Employ thy wyll and mynd to the Scriptures
deuine.

Be not seduced in no wyse, from truth doe not
decline;
Refuse (yf faith thou hast) a Christian dumme to
bee;

Yelde out thy talent with encrease, and looke thy
faith be free.

No doubt, yf dumme thou lurke, clokyng thy
faith for feare,

God wyl thee plague, and to good men thy faint
faith wyl appeare ;

Enclyne thine eare hereto, and this well vnder-
stand ;—

Trie out the sence hereof by truth,—all wicked-
nesse withstand ;

Heauen with the Lorde of Lordes we shall not
inherit

Except our righteousnes far passe the scribe and
hipocrite.

All wicked men we see now glorie much in
mynd,

Lookyng for masse, an idoll which to them hath
ben full kynd.

Truely those naughtie men thinke now, within
short time,

Here, for Jesus Christes true worde, to plant
Sathans doctrine ;

Yea, styll they hope indeede, and styll looke for
a day,

No doubt, Christs gospel to exclude, and popes
lawes to beare sway.

God saue our noble queene, Lorde, graunt this,
we requyre ;

Emong vs here long shee may raigne, and cut
short papes desyre ;

Send out thy wrath, O Lorde, confound with
open shame

Those which in hart vnto her grace long lyfe
doe not proclaime !

Out pull those hatefull harts, which in spight
rage and boyle

Against thy truth, her grace, good men ; O Lorde,
thou canst them foyle.

Nothing but wickednesse, such in their hartes
embrace,

Among vs here although they say, and beare out
a smooth face.

Now, Lorde, thy flocke defend ; Lorde, blesse
thine heritage ;

Direct thy spirit ouer vs all, in this our time and
age ;

Encourage vs against rageyng Sathan alway.

Quicken our myndes, strength vs herein, O
Lorde, to thee we pray ;

Vouchsafe eke on those men thy heauenlie spirite
to send ;

O Lorde, enspire them with thy grace, their err-
yng liues t'amend ;

Destroy all errours here, illuminate their hart.

Call home all those which haue run wyde, to the
truth them conuart ;

Heale those which broken be, O Lorde, I say,
in mynd !

Reduce and bryng to thee in truth all wicked
Jewes vnkynd,

Infidels and eke Turkes, Paganes which know
thee not :

So shall we all be to thee one inheritaunce and
lot.

T read vnder and fuppreffe all vice, and eke
 expell
 O ur hollow-harted hipocrites, which loue not
 thy Gofpell;
 P ut in their harts fuch grace, O Lorde, that they
 may now
 H ope in thee, their eternall God, and to thee
 their hartes bow!
 E uer to watch and pray, as thou haft taught the
 fame,
 R eady to be with oyle in lampe, heauen with thee
 to attaine.

W ee, hopyng on thee thus, all vayne hope now
 confound,
 I n heauen with thee at length wyl we thy worthy
 praife forth found.
 L orde, graunt that we may raigne in ioyes ce-
 leftiall;
 S uch as wyl ftyl thy foes remaine, fhall to paynes
 infernall.
 O Lorde, graunt this request,—Lorde, let thy
 kyngdome cum:
 N ow watch and pray we wyll;—for whye? Tem-
 pus edax rerum.

¶ Finis, quod Christopher Wilfon.



A Song against the Mass.

SOME hope you see,—
 The more pitie,—
 Not in the Lorde of might ;
 Whose harts and mynd
 His wayes should fynd,
 To prayse him day and night.

¶ With hart and voyce
 They should reioyce
 Onely in Christ, I say ;
 And not to hope
 To see the pope,
 With his lawes to beare fway.

¶ Lament I doe,
 Here to see nowe,
 The ioyes that some be in,—
 Wyshyng for Masse,
 I say, alas !
 The cloke of filthy fin !

¶ I may here write,
 And truth endite,
 Affyrme plainely, and say :
 The worde of truth,—
 The more is ruth,—
 Is sowne in stonie way.

¶ For all teachyng
 And true preachyng,

Some harts be hard as steele ;
There is no way
Their harts to stay,
Or cause them truth to feele.

¶ But stoute they be
In all poperie,
As by this man doth seeme ;
Whose shamelesse face
Put forth this case,
And bad his neighbours deme :

¶ Where best should be,
To make, quod he,
An aulter for our Masse?
Let vs first be
Herein, quod he,
It wyll thus come to passe.

¶ This freend of popes
Offred ten grotes
This aulter there to make,
Where masse should be ;
Haue here, quod he,
This money mine here take.

¶ Lorde, our Queene saue,
We cry and craue,
In godlie state alway ;
Defend her grace
Long time and space
Emong vs here, we pray !

¶ Imprinted at London without Aldersgate, in
little Britaine, by Alex. Lacy. The 16 of
August, 1566.

*The Daunce and Song of Death.**At the four corners four engravings, with verses.*

1. Under a picture of the Miser (or rich man) counting his gold, with Death at his elbow, the following quatrain.

From your gold and filuer
 To graue ye must daunce ;
 Though you loue it so deare,
 And haue therein affiaunce.

2. Over a picture of a Prisoner fettered to an iron ring, with Death at his side.

Thy pryson and chaynes
 From graue cannot keepe ;
 But daunce, though in paynes,
 Thou shalt thereto creepe.

3. Engraving of a Judge upon the bench of justice, with Death beside him, these lines under :—

From trone of iust iudgement,
 Syr Judge, daunce with vs ;
 To graue come incontinent
 From state so glorious.

4. A Man careffing a Lady in a bower, a table spread with wine and fruit, Death seated behind them ; the following inscribed.

Ye dallying fyne louers,
 In mydst of your chere,
 To daunce here be partners,
 And to graue draw ye nere.

In the centre a figure playing the pipe and tabor upon a seat made of cross-bones, mattock, and shovel, across a yawning grave, with this placard, "Sycknes, Deathes minstrel."

Around him in a circle, joined hand in hand, are the following figures, Death leading the dance, the king, the begger, the old man, the childe, the wyse man, the foole, with these lines.

Come, daunce this trace, ye people all,
Both prince and begger, I say;
Yea, old, yong, wyse, and fooles I call,
To graue, come, take your way.
For sicknes pipes thereto,
By griefes and panges of wo.



A Ballad intituled, Prepare ye to the plowe.

To the tune of Pepper is blacke.

¶ The queene holdes the plow, to continew good feede;
Trustie subiectes, be readie to helpe, if she neede.



LOOKE vp, my Lordes, and marke my
wordes,
And heare what I shall sing ye:
And subiects all, both great and small,
Now marke what word I bring ye.
Parnaso Hill, not all the skill
Of Nymphs or Muses fayned,
Can bring about that I finde out,
By Christ himselfe ordayned.

Let wisdom be, as it is, I see,
A gift most worth the telling,
Which neuer was so brought to passe
Where Pagans haue ben dwelling,
Is now, in fine, by power deuine,
Among vs English planted;
Which many a day was kept away,
And many a one it wanted.

And by that wisdom haue we had
Such prooffe as yet was neuer,
To judge and deeme both good and bad,
To our great comfort euer.
Which fithes we haue, now let vs hold,
This tutchstone is the triall,
To beate the baggage from the gold,
And truth from false deniall.

And by this knowledge we do know
That euery thing is vaine
Beneath the sonn, which heare below
We couet to attaine.
Let not the spright geue vs delight
To labour and attend vs,
To seke to haue before our graue
The ioy that Christe may send vs.

In seking that, then, must we nat
Build on the sandy surges,
Nor sow our seede where euery weede
His grace and bounty vrges;
Nor put our hope in Preefte or Pope,
In masse or other matters,
Or, by our dole, to save our soule
With filling empty platters.

Or by a pardon to appease
The surfits of our finning,
Although our fathers had all thease
By wicked mens beginning.
Nor let vs make our stock and store
A burden to accuse vs ;
For, doing so, so much the more
We tempt God to refuse vs.

Neither let vs once presume so far,
Of mercy or of meekenes,
To counterfait, to make or mar
This image or this likenesse,
That our forefathers did beleue
Were Gods to giue and guide them :
Such follies did the Christians greeue,
And Pagans now deride them.

Remember once the latter law—
Left yet in Moyfes table,—
That neighbourly to liue in awe
It is most commendable :
Then shouldst thou not desire to craue
Thy neighbours losse or lacke ;
Neither excesse desire to haue,
That puts thy soule to wracke.

Neither vsery, nor vse at all
Of women, wealth, or wine ;
Neither of aboundance, great or small,
Ill gotten, should be thine :
Neither should contencion, craft, increase,
Nor swearing beare the sway,
Nor God vnserued—men as beasts
Would break the Sabbath day.

Then would the honour duly hit,
To parents, lord, or king ;
Then would ther be no doubt a whit
To haue store of euerything :
All this the new law, with the old,
Doth nip vs to remember,
Euen as the frost, that waxeth cold,
Doth nip vs in December.

And as, vpon a sodain heat,
We soone forget that freefing,
When God doth of his mercy great
Spare vs for lack of leefing,—
So let vs think, as Sommer shews
Grene grasfe to our deliting,
We se that all the grasfe that growes
Goth down with litle smiting ;

And when the mowyer coms to mowe,
'Tis sone both ripe and rotten :
This tale, I trust, of hye and low
Will neuer be forgotten.
On Gods good booke then let vs loke
For that which neuer faileth ;
Without which boke, by hooke or crooke,
No worldly wit preuaileth.

God faue her Grace that holds the plow,
To sowe this trusty treasure ;
Though many a one be stubborn now,
And harrow it but at leasure :
God graunt that he that harrowed Hell
In guardon still may haue her,

And fend you grace that thinke not well
Of God, that so doth saue hir.

W. Elderton.

¶ Imprinted at London, in Fleetestreete, by
William How for Richard Johnes : and are
to be solde at his Shop, ioyning to the
southwest doore of Paules Church.



*An Epitaph on the death of the vertuous Mat-
rone the Ladie Maioreffe, late wyfe to the right
Honorable Lorde (Alexander Auenet,) Lord Maior
of the Citie of London, who deceased the vij. daie
of July, 1570.*



HELPE nowe, ye Muses nyne, powre
out your noates of woe!
Aide me, with pitious piercing plaints,
the losse of her to shoe,
Whose virtues, maugre Death! shall lyue and
last for aye,
As fliying Fame in golden trump doth cherefully
display.
Ye ladyes, leave your sportes, your pastymes set
asyde;
To weepe this ladyes fatall fine, conduictes of
streames prouide:
Cast off your costly filkes, your juelles nowe for-
fake,

To decke yourselues in mournynge weedes, now
poastyngge haste do make.

Helpe now, ye faythfull wyues, to wayle this
faythfull wyfe,

Whose flowynge vertues were not hyd whyle she
enioyed lyfe ;—

Aswell to frende as foe her curtesie was knowne ;—

But now the goddes haue thought it good to
clayme agayne their owne.

LVCINA hath forgot her chardge, the fatall Fates
haue don ;

CLOTHO hath left the rocke of lyfe, and LACHAS
longe hath spon.

These werie of their wonted toyle, at mightie
IOVES decree—

To whom the heauens, the earth, and sea, and
all thynges subiect bee,—

The sifter dire, fearce ATROPOS, with schortchyng
cuttyngge knyfe,

Hath shred the threede that longe dyd holde this
godly ladies lyfe ;

Whose losse, deare dames, bewayle, and weepe
with many a teare,

For you shall misse a matrone graue in daunger
you to cheare,

Whose counsell in their neede her neighbours
could not want.

Her helpe vnto the comfortlesse could neuer yet
bee scant ;

Vnto the poore, opprest with sickenesse, grieve and
payne,

To minister and giue reliefe her hart was euer
fayne.

The poore haue lost a nurse to helpe their nedie
state,

The ritche shall want a perfecte frende, as they
can well relate.
Thus ritche and poore shall want her aide at
euerie neede ;
For both estates in daunger deepe she laboured to
feede,—
The ritche with counselles fwete to chearish styll
she thought,
The poore by almes and lyberall giftes to tender
longe she fought.
But who shall haue the greatest losse I knowe is
not vnknown,—
Her best beloued, the wight whom shee accompted
for her owne,
The Lorde MAIOR, whiche nowe doth rule in
LONDON, noble citie,
Shall want her sight,—the greater grieve to misse
a mate so wittie ;
A phenyx rare, a turtell true, so constant in her
loue,
That Nature nedes must shoue her force, her
husbandes teares to moue.
Who for the losse of suche a wyfe can sobbyng
fighes refrayne,
In whom so many vertues dyd continue and
remayne?
You damselles deare domesticall, whiche in her
house abyde,
Haue cause to wayle, for you haue lost a good and
godly guide,
Whose lenytie and gentell hart you all haue
knownen and felt,
For vnto you in courteous sorte her giftes she
euer dealt.
You officers, that dayly serue her lorde at euerie
neede,

Can testifie that you haue lost a ladie kynde in
deede,—
So gentell, graue, demure, and wise, as ye your-
selues expresse,
That needes ye must gush foorth your teares, and
weepe with bytternesse.
In fyne, both ritche and poore haue iust cause
giuen to wayle ;
The ritche in counsell lacke a frende, the poore
their comfort fayle.
The troupe of maryed dames, whiche shall her
vertues knowe,
Haue offered cause in bytter teares some tyme
for to bestowe.
But sith it is the goddes decree, to whom all flesh
must bende,
To take this ladie from the earth, and bringe her
dayes to ende,
Who can withholde that they wyll haue? who
dare their wyll withstande?
To vayne it were for mortall men the cause to take
in hande.
Her vertues were so great, that they haue thought
it meete
To take from hence vnto the heauens her christall
soule so sweete,
Which now inclosed is with aungelles rownde
about.
Suche hoape we haue, no other cause is giuen vs
for to doubt.
Her corps shall shrowde in claye, the earth her
right doth craue,
This ladie yeldes her parent too, her tombe, her
cell and graue ;
From whence no kynge nor keyfar can, nor ruler
bearynge swaye,

For all their force and puiſſaunce, once ſtarte or
go awaye.

All fleſhe ſhall haue an ende, as goddeſ do graunt
and wyll,

And reape rewarde as they deſerue, hap good, or
hap it yll.

But thoughe that death haue done his worſte, this
dame to take awaye,

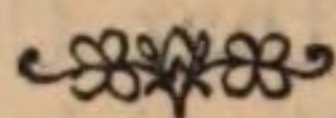
In ſpite of death her vertues ſhall endure and laſt
for aye.

¶ Farewell, O ladye deare! the heauens haue
choſen thee,—

Receyue this VALE; I haue done; thou getteſt no
more of mee.

Post funera viuit virtus, quoth John Phillip.

Imprinted at London by Richarde Johnes.



¶ *A famous dittie of the joyful receauing of
the Queens moſte excellent maiestie by the worthy
citizens of London, the xij. day of Nouember,
1584, at her graces comming to Saint James.*

To the tune of Wigmoreſ Galliard.



HE twelſe day of Nouember laſt,
Elizabeth, our noble queen,
To Londen-warde ſhe hied faſt,
Which in the cuntry long had been.
The citizens went then apace,
On ſtately ſteeds, to meet her grace,
In veluet coats and chaines of golde,
Moſte gorgiouſly for to beholce.

¶ Each company in his degree
Stood orderly in good aray,
To entertaine Her Maiefty,
As she did passe along the way.
And by each man did duly stand
A wayter with a torch in hand,—
Because it drue on toward night,—
Along the way her grace to light.

¶ The people flocked there amain,
The multitude was great to see ;
Their joyful harts were glad, and fain
To view her princely maiefty,
Who at the length came riding by,
Within her chariot openly ;
Euen with a noble princely train
Of lords and ladies of great fame.

¶ Her maiefty was glad to see
Her subiects in so good a case,
Which then fell humbly on their knee,
Desiring God to saue her grace.
And like a noble prince that day
For them in like sorte did she pray ;
And curteously she answered still,
I thank you all for your good will.

¶ And bowing down on euery side,
Moste louingly vnto them all,
A poor man at the length she spied,
Which down before her grace did fall.
And curteously she then did stay,
To heer what he had then to say ;
To whome he did present anon,
An humble supplication.

Then plesantly she passed on,
 Til she vnto Saint James came,
 And alwaies, as she went along,
 The people cri'd with might and main,—
 O Lord, preferue your noble grace,
 And all your secreet foes deface!
 God blesse and keep our noble queen,
 Whose like on earth was neuer seen!

What traitors hart can be so hard
 To hurt or harme that princely flower?
 What wretch from grace is so debard,
 That can against her seem to lower,
 Which is the onely star of light,
 That doth amaze all princes fight,—
 A moste renowned virgin queen,
 Whose like on earth was neuer seen?

The daughter of a noble king,
 Defending of a royall race,
 Whose fame through all the world doth ring,
 Whose vertues shines in euery place;—
 The diamond of delight and ioy,
 Which guides her cuntry from anoy;
 A moste renowned virgin queen,
 Whose like on earth was neuer seen.

¶ The peerles pearle of princes all,
 So ful of pittie, peace, and loue,
 Whose mercy is not proued small,
 When foule offenders doo her mooue.
 A phenix of moste noble minde,
 Vnto her subiects good and kinde;
 A moste renowned virgin queen,
 Whose like on earth was neuer seen.

¶ The seruant of the mighty God,
Which dooth preferue her day and night,
For whome we feel not of his rod,
Although the pope hath doon his spite.
The cheef maintainer of his Woord,
Wherein consists our heauenly food ;—
O Lord, preferue our noble queen,
Whose like on earth was neuer seen !

¶ And such as hollow-harted be,
Partakers of the Romish rout,
Which thinketh mischeef secretly,
The Lord wil fuerly finde them out,
And giue them their deseruings due,
Which to her grace is found vntrue ;
But, Lord, preferue our noble queen,
Whose like on earth was neuer seen !

¶ In many dangers hath she been,
But God was euermore her guide ;
He wil not see our gracious queen
To suffer harme through traitors pride ;
But euery one which sought her fall,
The Lord did stil confound them all,
And such as thought her life to spill
Themselues moſte desperately did kil.

¶ And euery traitor in this land,
Whose wicked thoughts are yet vnknown,
The Lord consume them out of hand,
Before they be more riper grown ;
Whose harts are ſet with one accord
Againſt th' annointed of the Lord ;
But, God, preferue our noble queen,
Whose like on earth was neuer seen !

¶ Lord, fend her long and happy daies,
 In England for to rule and raigne,
 Gods glory euermore to raife,
 True Justice alwaies to maintain,—
 Which now, theſe fix and twenty yeers,
 So royally with vs appeers;—
 O Lord, preferue our noble queen,
 Whoſe like on earth was neuer ſeen!

Finis. Richard Harrington.

¶ At London: printed by Edward Allde for
 Yarath James, and are to be ſolde in Newgate
 Market againſt Chriſt church gate. 1584.



A meruaylous ſtraunge deformed Swyne.



HERE, good reader, ſhalt thou beholde
 a ſtraunge and deformed ſwyne,
 farowed and brought foorth in Den-
 marke, and there bought and brought
 ouer by an Engliſhman, which hath it at this
 preſent; and is to be ſeen alieue, the proportion
 wherof is wonderous ſtraunge to beholde and
 vew; the forepart therof from the ſnoute beneath
 the foreſhoulders are in al pointes like vnto a
 ſwine, except the eares only, which reſemble the
 eares of a lion; the hinder parte (contrarie to
 kinde) is proportioned in all pointes like vnto a
 ram, hauing ſoſte wooll, both white and blacke,
 mixed monge the hard heare, and ſo groweth

from the shoulders downewarde, all the body ouer ; and it is a boare pyg, howbeit there doth nothing appeare outwarde, but onely the pyfell vnder his belly ; but if a man list to feele and gripe it in the grindes, there ye may feele his coddles within his belly ; and the most straungest thinge of all is the misshapen and deformed feete, wheron grow certayne tallents and very harde clawes, doubling vnder his feete, euery claw so byg as a mans fynger, and blacke of colour, and the length of euery of them are full x inches, very straunge and wonderfull to beholde. It feedeth and eateth diuers and fundrie thinges, as well haye and grasse as breade and apples, with such other thinges as sheepe and swyne do feede on.

¶ *An exhortacion or warnynge to all men, for
amendment of lyfe.*

COME neere, good Christians all,
Beholde a monster rare,
Whose monstrous shape, no doubt, fortels,
Gods wrath we should beware.
His wondrous works we ought not iudge,
As toyes and trifles vaine ;
Whither it be childe or brutish beast,
Forwarnings they are playne.
As now this mingled brutish beast
Gods creature is, we see,
Although as straunge of shape and forme
As possyblie may be ;
For if you do way well ech poynt,
His nature and his shape,

I feare, refembles fome of thofe
As on the fame do gape ;
For-why moft fwinifh are our liues,
And monftrous, that is fure.
Though we refemble fimple fheepe,
Or lambes that be moft pure,
But euery tree itfelfe will try,
At laft by his owne fruite ;
Though on our backs we cary woll,
Our confcience is pollute ;
Though fmilingly, with flattering face,
We feeme Gods word to loue,
Contrary wife fom hate the fame,
As well their deedes did prooue,
Who ment the ruine of our realme ;
As traytours to our queene,
Som white-fafte lambs, haue fought to do,
Nay, monftrous fwine, I weene.
I meane not here at large to fhowe
Offences as they bee,
In whom they raigne, in hie or low,
I name here no degree ;
But generally I fay to all,
Repent, amend your life ;
The greedy rich, the needy poore,
Yea, yong man, maide, and wife !
The proteftant, the papift eke,
What fecte fo that ye be,
Gripe your own confcience, learne to do
As God commaundeth ye ;
For all are finners, Daudid faith,—
Yea, do the beft we may,
Vnprofitable feruaunts ftill we be,—
We can it not deny.
Judge ye therfore how far amiffe
All thofe their liues do frame,

That outwardly professe Gods truth,
And inward hate the same.
Judge ye againe that hate your prince,
And seeke the realme to spoyle,
What monstrous swine you proue at length,
For all your couert coyle.
Experience late by Felton false,
And Nortons two, I weene;
Their treason known were wondred at,
As they had monsters been;
And surely I can iudge no lesse
But that they monsters were,
Quite changed from true subjects shape,
Their deedes did so appere.
Then let their deedes example be
To vs that subiects are,
For treason ends by shamfull death,—
Therefore by them beware.
I speake not here of monstrous pride
In man, in mayde, and wife;
Nor whoordom, which is daily vfe
In England ranke and rise.
Of couetousnesse what should I say,
Or vsery daily don?
It booteth not to speake therof,
So much therby is wonne.
But if they well do count their cardes,
How God they do offend,
I wis their sweete ill-gotten gaines
Hath sowre and bitter end.
From the which end deliuer vs, Lord,
And graunt both hie and low
To become thy seruants iust and true,
And then our end we know.
God grant our gracious fouerain queen
Long ouer vs may raigne;

And this life past, with Christ our Lord
Heauens ioyes she may attaine!

Finis, I. P.

Imprinted at London by William How, for
Richard Iohnes, and are to be solde at his
shop ioyning to the south west doore of Paules
Church.



Love deserveth Love.



YOONGE man that on VENVS sporte
doth raunge,
Taking delight his mistrefesse to
chaunge,
In lewe of LOVE doth hope to be regarded,
And with a gentle looke to be rewarded.
He proffers seruice, vowing all he maye,
That, were she deade, there neuer would be daie!
Saying then,—Phœbe, thow art more deuine,—
Shee borroweth Phœbus light, and Phœbus thine;
And one the top his estridge plumed helme
He beares her gloue, his foes to ouerwhelme;
And for reward he nothinge doth requier
But loues sweet-water to asswage luste' fier;
He seekes not for abundance out of measure,
But loue's reward is all his hop'te for treasure.

T. W.

A spell for Ione.

TELL me, sweete girle, how spellst thou
Ione;

Tell me but that, is all I craue,—
I shall not neede to lye alone,

When such a louely mate I haue.

That thou arte one who can denye,

O one whose praise no tonge can tell?

And all will graunt that I am I,—

O happy I, if right thou spell;—

If I am I, and thou art one,

Tell me, sweete wench, how spellst thou Ione?

IONE.

Ile tell you, sir, and tell you true,

For I am I and I am one,

So can I spell Ione without you,

And spelling so, can lye alone:

My I to one is consonant,

But as for yours, it is not so;

If then your I agreement want,

I to your I must aunswer no;

Wherfor leaue of your spelling plea,

And let your I be I per se.

RES.

Your aunswer makes me almost blind,

To put out one and leaue one I;

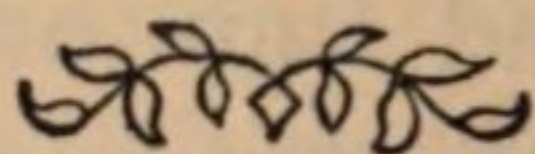
Unless herein some hope I find,

Therfor I must dispayre and dye;

But I am you, when you doe speake ;—
 O speak againe, and tell me so !
 My hart with sorrow canot break
 To heare so kinde a graunting, no ;
 For this is all for which I sue,
 That I may be turnd into you.

IONE.

Nay, if you turne and wind and preſs,
 And in the croſs-row haue ſuch ſkill,
 I am put down, I muſt confeſs ;
 It bootes me not to croſs your will.
 If you ſpeak tru, ſay I ſtand to it,
 For you and I are now but one ;
 And I will ly that you may doe it,—
 Now put together we ſpell Ione ;
 But how will Ione be ſpeld, I wonder,
 When you and I ſhall part aſunder ?



A Paradox.



WHAT lyfe is beſt to lead in citty or in
 towne ?
 In thone both witt and wealth, court
 getts vs great renown ;
 The country keepes in health, bringes quietnes of
 mind,
 Where whoſome ayre with exerſice and pretty
 ſportes we find.
 Wed, and thou haſt a bed of ſollace and of ioye ;
 Wed not, and haue a reſt without anoy ;

The fetled loue is safe, fwete is the loue at large ;
 Thy children are thy comforters, no childrun are
 no charge ;
 Youth lusty is and getts, age honnord is and wise ;
 Then not to dye or be vnborne is best, by my
 aduise.

* * * * *

These verses found I thus placed on a wall,
 For want of ink, twas written with a coale,
 By one who since hath chaungd his stat of lyf,
 For liuing single now hath gott a wife.
 So that, howere we men think straung to mary,
 It is our cheif desyr, though long we tary ;
 Witnes this party, who these lines hath penned,
 Which doutles then was of an other mind.
 But graunt this tru, that here is sayd of menn,
 Much more in maydes and widowes I thinke then ;
 Yett lest I should proue tedious with my rime,
 Here will I end, wishing you a good husband in
 time. I. G.



The Fickleness of Women.

Dust is lighter then a fether,
 And the wind more light then ether ;
 But a womans fickle minde
 More light then feather, dust or wind.

An Epitaph on Edmund Sandford, written in gould.



Y sand still rests, though lyfe doth passe
 Fleete as the ford, parting my name ;
 So parte remaines, though run my glafs,
 For what was sand is still the same.
 Thus death dicaies not all my trust,
 For sand I was, and now am dust.



¶ *The forme and shape of a monstrous Child,
 borne at Maydstone in Kent, the xxiiij. of
 October, 1568.*

As ye this shape abhorre
 In body for to haue,
 So flee such vices farre
 As might the soule deprauē.

In Gods power all flesh stands,
 As the clay in the potters hands,
 To fashion euen as he wyll,
 In good shape or in yll.



T Maydstone in Kent there was one
 Marget Mere, daughter to Richard
 Mere, of the sayd towne of Maydstone,
 who, being vnmaryed, played the
 naughty packe, and was gotten with childe, being
 deliuered of the same childe the xxiiij. daye of
 October last past, in the yeare of our Lord 1568,
 at vij. of the clocke in the afternoone of the same

day, being Sondag; which child, being a man-child, had first the mouth flitted on the right side, like a libardes mouth, terrible to beholde, the left arme lying vpon the brest, fast therto ioyned, hauing as it were stumps on the handes, the left leg growing vpward toward the head, and the ryght leg bending toward the left leg, the foote therof growing into the buttocke of the sayd left leg. In the middest of the backe there was a broade lump of flesh, in fashion lyke a rose, in the myddest whereof was a hole, which voyded like an issue. Thys sayd childe was borne alyue, and lyued xxiiij. houres, and then departed this lyfe,—which may be a terrour as well to all such workers of filthynes and iniquity, as to those vngodly liuers who (if in them any feare of God be) may mooue them to repentance and amendement of lyfe, which God for Christes sake graunt both to them and vs. Amen! Witneses hereof were these: William Plomer, John Squier, glasier, John Sadler, goldsmith, besides diuers other credible persons, both men and women.

A warnyng to England.

THIS monstrous shape to thee, England,
 Playn shewes thy monstrous vice,
 If thou ech part wylt vnderstand,
 And take thereby aduice.

For waying first the gaspyng mouth,
 It doth full well declare
 What rauine and oppression both
 Is vsed wyth greedy care.

For, for the backe and gorging paunch,
To lyue in wealth and ease
Such toyl men take, that none may staunch
Their greedy minde, nor please.

For in such fort their mouthes they infect
With lying othes and flaighes,
Blaspheming God, and prince reiect,
As they were brutish beastes.

Their filthy talke and poysoned speech
Disfigures so the mouth,
That som wold think ther stood the breech,
Such filth it breatheth forth.

The hands which haue no fingers right,
But stumps fit for no vse,
Doth well set forth the idle plight
Which we in these daies chuse.

For rich and poore, for age and youth,
Eche one would labour flye;
Few seeke to do the deedes of truth,
To helpe others thereby.

The leg so clyming to the head,
What meaneth it but this,
That some do seeke not to be lead,
But for to leade amis?

And as this makes it most monstrous
For foote to clyme to head,
So those subiects be most vicious
That refuse to be lead.

The hinder part doth shew vs playne
 Our close and hidden vice,
 Which doth behind vs run amayne
 In vyle and shameful wyfe.

Wherefore to ech in England now,
 Let this monster them teach
 To mend the monstrous life they show,
 Least endles death them reach.

¶ Imprinted at London by John Awdeley, dwell-
 yng in Little Britain streete without Aldersgate,
 the xxij. of December.



*A mournfull Dittie on the death of certaine
 Judges and Justices of the Peace, and diuers
 other Gentlemen, who died immediatly after
 the Assises holden at Lincolne last past.*

To the tune of Fortune.



RECOUNTING griefes and dolours long
 tyme done,
 Or blazyng forth the danger none
 can shon,
 Might seeme a study altogether vayne;
 Yet outwarde words oft easeth inward payne.

Then patiently my woefull tale attend,
 Where sorrowe doth each feuerall peryod end,
 And euery word a bitter sigh doth found,
 For those great plagues which we haue often found.

At Oxford first the iustest judge of all
Our earthly judges first to count dyd call,
And secondly at Excester againe;
And last of all did Lincolne witnes plaine

How fore for finne the Lord offended was,
How fore for finne his wrath from him did pas,
And how for finne the prudent of our land
Hath felt the force of his most heauie hand.

Come, Shute, I saie, make vp the number then,
Thou worthie judge among vnworthie men;
Thy godly zeale and wisedome plaine did show,
Thou wast too good for wretched men below.

Thy sodaine death at Lincolne Sifes wrought,
Remaines a terror to each feuerall thought;
Although with life thou didst from thence depart,
Yet there did sicknes slaie thy tender hart.

And like lament for Hollice may we make,
Whose life likewise most cruell death did take;
A vertuous man and iustice of the peace,
Whom Cressius wealth cannot from graue release.

Copartner with these breathles persons here,
Lies maister Tyrwhite, bound vpon the beere;
O fickle life, how brittle is thy state,
And how vncertaine is thy finall date!

And Littlebury, by birth a good esquier,
Whose seruice then the lawe did well requier,
The foreman of a iurie there was he,
Whom death arested with a deadly fee.

The skilfull clarke which to the peace pertaind,
That long in credit in the place remaind,
Welby, I saie, his name was called so,
Which at that place receiude a deadly blo.

Nor could graue Cauthron scape from cruel death,
Though likely long to harbor vitall breath;
His wit, his wisedome, and his sage aduice
With life was lost and turned to a trice.

Where should I finde meete wordes for to expresse
Our inward woe, our grieve and heauines,
For Butlers death, a man of good degree,
And for the losse of many more then hee.

Let this suffice, that our eternall God
In secret wisedome had prepard this rod
For our examples that remaine behind,
To cleere our eyes that Sathan so did blind.

Thrice in this sort our iudges haue bin flaine,
At three Affises, as is proued plaine,
And warning thrice herein our eies haue seene,
But more then thrice haue our offences beene.

Some iudge of this, and some doe iudge of that,
Some speak and prate, and saie they know not what;
Then learne of Christ this lesson tolde to thee,
Judge not at all, least that thou iudged be.

The cause hereof to God is onely knowen,
No cause at all by any man was shoven;
Yet without cause God neuer wrought the same,
As chieftest cause ourselues our sinnes may blame.

And like as men, by naturall descent
From Adams loines, to wicked finne is bent,
So may I saie, the lawyer is not cleere
From vile corruption, while he liueth heere.

Then they, as we must both with one accord,
Repent their finnes before the mightie Lord,
Least in his wrath a greater plague be sent
On flintie hearts that would not once relent.

Vprightly deale with euerie poore mans cause,
Against the truth wring not nor wreast the lawes,
And haue a conscience in your common fees,
For God, thou knowst, all inward motions fees.

Let not your hearts with bribes polute your hands,
And by oppression do not inlarge your lands;
For curfed gold sell not your foules away,
A practise found too common at this day.

Haue thou an eare vnto the wronged wight,
Despise not him that simple is in fight;
Do right and iustice vnto each degree,
Then in the end thou shalt most blessed bee.

And for our queene of most exceeding fame,
Let vs desire, in Jesus Christes name,
That God will still preferue her royall grace,
That she may runne a long and ioyfull race.

FINIS.

Imprinted at London by John Wolfe, for
William Wright. 1590.

¶ *A discription of a monstrous Chylde, borne at Chychester in Suffex, the xxiiii. daye of May. This being the very length, and bygnes of the same. MCCCCCLXII.*

[Here is an engraving of the child, $6\frac{5}{8}$ inches in height.]



WHEN God for synne to plage hath
ment,
Although he longe defarde,
He tokens truly straunge hath sent
To make hys foes afearde ;

That they thereby might take remorse
Of their yll lyfe mispent,
And, more of loue then feare or force,
Their formall faultes repent.

Before the earth was ouerflowen
With waters huge throughout,
He sent them Noe, that holy one,
Who dayly went about

To call them then to godly lyfe,
At whome they laughte and fumde ;
He was contemde of man and wyfe,
Tyll they were all confumde.

Loth did preache most earnestly,
But it did not preuayle ;
When fyre and brymstone verely
Upon them doune did hayle.

Pharaoes heart had no remorse,
Though wounders straunge he sawe,
But rather was therfore the worce,
Without all feare or awe;

Untyll bothe he and his therfore,
By iustice sent of God,
In raginge seas were all forlore,
And then he felt the rod.

Ten tymes truely were the Jewes
In captiue brought and led;
Before eche tyme, our God did vse
Hys tokens strange, we red.

The yeare before Vaspasian came,
The Jewes a heyfer drest,—
Whiche beyng flayne, did calue a lame,—
This fygne they sone did wrest,

As others doe, and styll haue done,
In making it as vayne;
Or els good lucke, they saye, shal come,
As please their foolish brayne.

The heathen could forese and saye
That when suche wounders were,
It did foreshew to them alwaye
That some yll hap drew nere.

The Scripture sayth, before the ende
Of all thinges shall appeare,
God will wounders straunge thinges sende,
As some is sene this yeare.

The felye infantes, voyde of shape,
The calues and pygges so straunge,
With other mo of fuche mishape,
Declareth this worldes chaunge.

But here, lo ! see, aboue the rest,
A monfter to beholde,
Procedinge from a Christian brest,
To monstrous to be tolde!

No caruer can, nor paynter maye,
The fame so ougly make,
As doeth itself shewe at this daye,
A sight to make the quake !

But here thou haste, by printing arte,
A signe therof to se;
Let eche man saye within his harte,—
It preacheth now to me,

That I shoulde seke to lyue hencefoorth
In godly lyfe alwaye,
For these be tokens now sent foorth
To preache the later daye.

Also it doeth demonstrate playne
The great abuse and vyce,
That here in Englande now doeth raygne,
That monstrous is the guyse.

By readinge stories we shall fynde,
In Scripture and elles-where,
That when fuche thinges came out of kynde,
Gods wrath it did declare.

But if we lightly weye the same,
And make but nyne dayes wonder,
The Lord our stoutnes sone will tame,
And sharpely bringe vs vnder.

Then ponder wel, be tymes long past,
The sequel of fuche signes,
And call to God by prayer in hast
From sinne to chaunge oure myndes.

Repent, amende, both hygh and lowe,
The woorde of God embrace,—
To lyue therto as we should doe
God gyue vs all the grace!

Quod Jhon D.

- ¶ The father hereof is one Vyncent, a boutcher ;
bothe he and hys wyfe being of honest and quiet
conuersation, they hauing had chyldren before
in natural proportion, and went with this her
full tyme.
- ¶ Imprynted at London by Leonard Askel, for
Fraunces Godlyf, in the yeare of oure Lorde
1562.



¶ *A new balade entituled as foloweth :*

¶ To such as write in metres I write
Of small matters an exhortation,
By readyng of which men may delite
In such as be worthy commendation.
My verse also it hath relation
To such as print, that they doe it well,—
The better they shall their metres sell.

¶ And when we haue doen al that euer we can,
Let vs neuer seke prayse at the mouth of man.



ORACE, that noble poet, did write
In his learned booke, the Arte of
Poetrie,
Notable thinges of which to resite ;
One is now to be noted speciallie
In these our dayes, and wot ye whie ?
For some there be, take matters in hand
Chiefly in metre, to shew their fancie,
As did in his dayes a certaine band.

¶ Read in his bookes, and then vnderstand,
They vexed his eares, they troubled his eyes,
With metres in number compared to the sand,
And lacked not such as wolde to the skyes
So prayse their workes—such was their guyse,—
And also extoll their metres so
With wordes freuolous and manifest lyes,
That lyke vnto them there was no mo.

¶ But what faith HORACE, afore we go
Any further herein ? Because they did vse
To procure freendes, lest that their fo
Shoulde paint them out, and so accuse

Their doinges in verse and their abuse,
Which men to praise them were not so prest,
As Horace agayne wolde styll refuse
To admit that number into his brest.

¶ Suche coulde not dwell in his studie or chest.
LVCILIUS, with other in Horace dayes,
Was one which he coulde not digest;
His verse in wordes or sence alwayes
For the most parte deserued small prayse,
And why? because he had more respect
To couet the garland of lawrel or bayes,
For number rather then verse select.

¶ For when by writing men doe detect
Their wysedome or els their follie in deede,
Yf it be foolish, they doe correct,
Or ought that can, and that with speede,
As HORACE did, the vnskylfull breede
Of poets that wrote in his time, I say;
The workes of such, as ye may read,
Continue not long, but fall away.

¶ Such spices and wares as come from the sea,
They be good to vse from towne to towne,—
To the pedler they be a right good stay
To put in his stuff, blacke, white or browne;—
Good for the master, and good for the clowne;
So make—as ye know—the matter cleane,
Good to take vp, and good to cast downe;
When ye haue doen, ye know what I meane.

¶ Your balades of loue, not worth a beane,
A number there be, although not all;
Some be pithie, some weake, some leane,
Some doe runne as round as a ball;—

Some verses haue such a pleasant fall,
That pleasure it is for any man,
Whether his knowledge be great or small,
So that of a verse some skyll he can.

¶ But some yf ye take in hand to scan,
They lacke their grace, they lacke good fence ;
The printer shoulde, therefore, with his fan
Purge chaff from corne, to avoyde offence ;
And not for lucre, vnder pretence
Of newes, to print what commeth to hand,
But that which is meete to bring in pence
Let him print, the matter well scand.

¶ Our Englyshmen, some out of the land,
A sorte of rebelles sturdye and stoute,
With our pope, holy men, that ouerthwart band,
At Louaine, with open sclander breath oute
What enuie can doe, to bryng in doubt
The godly workes, well written of late
Of learned men, and now go about
To stirre vp against vs warre and debate.

¶ Wherefore let vs not open a gate,
Eyther the printer, or they which write,
To such as they be, knowyng their state,—
Their sclanderous pen doth cruelly byte.
Let them not say that those which endyte
Lacke knowledge in that the pen doth expresse ;
Let them not say that a rauenyng kyte
Is as good as a larke at a printers messe.

¶ But now, lest ye thinke me to vse excesse,
I wyll to an end myself prepare,
Wyshyng all them that wyll adresse
Their pen to metres, let them not spare

To folow Chawcer, a man very rare,
 Lidgate, Wager, Barclay and Bale,
 With many other that excellent are,
 In theſe our dayes, extant to fale.

¶ Let writers not couet the bottom or dale,
 Yf they may come to the hyll or brinke;
 And, when they haue written their learned tale,
 The printer muſt vſe good paper and inke,
 Or els the reader may ſometime ſhrinke,
 When faulte by inke or paper is ſeene;—
 And thus euery day, before we drinke,
 Let vs pray God to ſaue our queene. Amen.

¶ FINIS. By R. B.

¶ Imprinted at S. Katherins, beſyde the Towre
 of London, by Alexander Lacie.



¶ *O maruelous tydynges, both wonders old and new,
 The Deuyll is endited, yf many mens wordes be tru.*



N all chriſtendom Chriſtes godſpell now
 is rad
 Of man, woman and chyld; it maketh
 their harts glad,
 Whiche with ſhamefull ſyns before were full ſad;—
 Owounders good tydynges, yf al ſayinges be tru!

¶ It is rad ſo oft, and with ſoch diligence,
 That no text is wreſted thorow raiſche negligence;

Playn declaracions help moche to the true sence.

We all haue cause to reioyse, yf these tydyngs
be tru.

Now after Christes rule all folk do lead theyr lyfe,
They abhor all chydyng, braulyng, fyghtyng,
and stryfe;

Grete feruent charytie is betwyne man and wyfe,
No worse wordes then honycomb, sweet hart
of gold most tru.

¶ One neybur resorteth fryndly to another,
As though all were kynsfolk, lyke brother and
brother;

Greter loue was neuer betwyne chyld and mother.—
This world is no world, yf all tydynges be tru;

It is rather lyke heuyn, or pleasaunt paradyse,
The folk belyke angels, discrete, sober, and wyse;
If one fall through fraylty, he, repentynge more
then twyse,

Ryseth styll a new man, a good Christian and
tru.

¶ Folk fast, pray, and serue God not hipocritically,
Only to be seen of men for folysh vayn glory,
But from the very hart, the Lord God to gloryfy,
Despyfynge fond fantasyes, as false thynges and
not tru.

¶ Euery body now, in som trade of lyuyng,
Doth labour for his foode with trauell or swetyng;
Som dyggyng, som spynnyng, som wrytyng, som
redyng,
Som geuyng good counsell, lyke honest folk
and tru.

¶ They knowe that they must make a rekenyng
to God

Of theyr dispensacion, they feere gretely Gods rod ;
The ryche do helpe the poore with rost meat or
with fod,

None lye staruyng in streets, yf all mens
tonges be tru.

¶ Great ryche men be afraid lest they dye
sodaynly,

Least theyre goods (after them) be spent in foolery ;
Least God wyll call them fooles, therefore liberally
They spend moche in theyr lyfe vpon poore
folk and tru.

¶ They be redy, also, somewhat to prysons to send,
If any through frayltie chaunse folyshly to offend ;
But now prisons be empty ; the world doth so
amende,

There be but iiij. score and ten in Kynge's Benche,
it was tru.

¶ Of them that be in pryson som be tyed with
clogges,

Som gnaw broun crustes of bred, som burnish
boones like doggs ;

Som wysh to fyll theyr gutts with cattis, rattis,
myse, or froggs ;

Specyally this deere yere, now, they say, they
wyl be tru.

How many be in Ludgate and Neugate I can
not tel,

But they that be abroad be afraid, I trust well,
And fall to worke lustely thorow theyr examPELL,—
They abhorre Clinkerum, they say they wyl be
tru.

¶ A man may goo now ouer Fynsbury fylde
Without sweard and buckler, without speare or
shylde,
With an houndred poundes, as safe as with a nyldes,
In a mysty mornyng and by nyght, yf tales be
tru.

¶ All England and Spayn, all Scotland and
Germany,
All Fraunce and Ireland, all Denmark and
Hungary,
Be purged so, I trust, from vice and idolatry,
That the Turk doth begynn to thynk the
Godspele tru.

¶ The Saracens and Jewes, I trust, do now conuert,
Moued with godlynes that is in Christians harte;
They fere least Chrysts scourge wyll make theyr
bones to smart,—
I trust they receyue baptyme, and belyue the
Godspell is tru.

They hire it so discuffed by calculacyon
That Doomesday is at hand; yf mens speculation
In astronomye be tru, the worldes transformacyon
Wyl be within x. yeres, straunge newes yf it be tru.

¶ I—one of xl. yeres—thought to prouyde for
age,
House for one and twenty yere, or som fat
personage,
Som prebend, deanery, or som vicarage,
But now I pas not moche, yf astronomers be tru.

¶ Yea, whither astronomers be true eyther no,
Or that generall iugement be commyng to or fro,
This one thyng I kno sure, that I shall hence go,
I kno nor day nor ooure, nothyng is more tru.

¶ And douteles yf all men wolde be of my mynde,
We wold som better way for to lyue here out fynde;
Men shulde be set awurk, onlesse they were stark
blynd,

Yea, blynde shuld do somwhat to kepe them-
felfe tru.

¶ Helthy folke lackyng wourk shuld reforte to
a place

With theyr tooles and instrumentes, as som vse
to shew their face;

Then set awourk, or fed, of mens fauour and grace,
With som comon purse, to kepe themselves tru.

¶ So that it shuld be a straunge thyng for to see
Any theft or murder euer committed to be,
As—thankes be to God!—folk burne so in
charytie,

That no knauery raigneth, yf all mens wordes
be tru.

¶ The Deuyll hath ben a knaue, and hath kylde
many men,

Yea, both soule and body, moe perchaunse then ten;
Now he is endyted, as witnesseth my pen,

His quest is empayneld, he is founde false, not
tru.

*Here folowe the names of the xij. men that goo vpon
the Deuyll.*

¶ Gen. iii. 1 Paralip. xxj. Job i. ii. Sapien. ii.
Christ in Math. xij. and in Luke viij. Math. iij.
Mar. i. Luke xxij. Joan xij. and 1 Joan iij.
Paull to the Ephefians vj. 1 Pet. v. Jacob iij.

¶ It wyl be hard to kyll fuche an immortall knaue,
He recoueryth so oft, though a stronge hooſte we
haue ;

Call in Turkes and Saracens, that they alſo may
be faue,—

Through Gods help, we may breke Satans hed,
it is tru.

¶ To breke Satans hed, of all wayes this is one,
With the buckler of fayth to reſyſt ſuggeſtion,
And ſtrongly to belyue that Chriſtes paſſion,
Chriſtes wordes and myrakels all, be moſt ſurely
tru.

All Chriſtian kyngs do now theyr wittes bende
Theyr letters in print to the Turkes for to ſende,
With many New Testamentes, theyr blynd lyfe to
amend,

For fere of hell fyre, I truſt it wyl be tru.

¶ When Satan the Deuyll ſeeth ſuch a great
hooſt,

Suche a ſort of Chriſtians, to diminifh his boof, he
muſt nedes be compell'd to graunt his great
ſtrenght loſt,

When his pate is broken, God graunte this may
be tru.

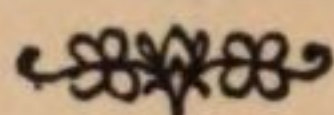
¶ Then the golden world, I truſt, wyl com agayn,
That folk may lyue eaſyly without any great
payn ;

Many egges for a peny at London I wolde ſe fayn,
Fleſche and fiſche better chepe, I truſt it wyl be
tru.

¶ All other thynges good chepe I trust to se er I
 dye,
 Coynes, measures, and weygthes in good vnifor-
 mitie
 Thorow all the world, I trust to se schortely,
 Onles that diuersitie doth more good, it be tru.

Jentyll reder, farewell! Thou knoest part of my
 mynde,
 There lye in my harte many such thynges be-
 hynde;
 Whiche towards the brekyng of Satans hed I fynde,
 That all may be mery and wyse in Christ: It
 is tru.

¶ Printed by Cornelis Woltrop, dwellyng
 at Saynt Antonies.



*As pleasant a dittie as your hart can wish,
 Shewing what unkindnes befell by a kisse.*



Y mistris sings none other song,
 But stil complains I do her wrong;
 Beleeue her not, it is not so,
 For I did but kisse her,
 For I did but kisse her,
 And so let her goe.

And now she swears I did—but what?
 Nay, nay, I must not tell you that;

And yet I will, it is so sweet,
As teehe taha,
As teehe taha,
When louers do meete.

But womens words they are heedles,
To tell you more it were needles;
I ran and caught her by the arme,
And then I kist her,
And then I kist her,
Was this any harme?

Yet out, alas! shees angry still,
Which sheweth but a womans will;
She bites the lippe, and cries, fie, fie!
And kissing sweetly,
And kissing sweetly,
Away she doth fly.

Acteon for one sight did die,
So for one fillie kisse must I;
Vnwares fond loue did me betray,
When I gaue her vantage,
When I gaue her vantage,
And she fled away.

She striued and wrangled ful sore with me,
And cryedst,—For shame, let it be!
You doe me wrong to vse me so,—
Therefore be quiet,
Therefore be quiet,
And now let me goe.

Yet still I held her by the hand,
Her words could not my will withstand;

She fround, she pouted, she lookt fower,
And still I held her,
And still I held her
Within my power.

At last she gan for anger cry,
And then my hart with grieve did die;
I could no longer her containe,
But thus we parted,
But thus we parted,
Vnto my great paine.

And since, when I with her do meete,
With words vnkind she doth me greet;
At me her wanton head she shakes,
And as a stranger,
And as a stranger,
My fauours she takes.

But yet her looks bewrayes content,
And cunningly her brawles are ment,—
As louers vse to play and sport,
When time and leasure,
When time and leasure
Is too-too short. Finis.

At London : printed for T. P.



*The true discription of two monstrous children,
laufully begotten betwene George Steuens and
Margerie his wyfe, and borne in the parish
of Swanburne in Buckynghamshyre the iiij. of
Aprill, Anno Domini 1566; the two children
hauing both their belies fast ioyned together, and
imbracyng one another with their armes: which
children wer both alyue by the space of half an
hower, and wer baptized and named the one
John, and the other Joan.*



READ how Affrique land was fraught,
For their most filthy life,
With monstrous shapes confuzedly,
That therin wer full rife.

¶ But England now pursues their vyle
And detestable path,
Embracyng eke all mischeefs great,
That moues Gods mightie wrath.

¶ As these vnnaturall shapes and formes,
Thus brought forth in our dayes,
Are tokens true and manifest
How God by dyuers wayes

Doth styrre vs to amendment of
Our vyle and cankred lyfe,
Which to-to much abused is
In man, in chylde, and wyfe.

¶ We wallow so in filthie sin,
And naught at all regarde,
Nor wyll not feare the threats of God,
Tyll we, for iust rewarde,

Be ouerwhelmd with mischeefs great,
Which, ready bent for vs,
Full long ago decreed wer,
As Scriptures doth discus.

¶ Both tender babes and eke brute beastes
In shape disfourmed bee;
Full manie wayes he plagues the earth,
As dayly we may see.

¶ Thus mightie loue, to pearce our harts,
These tokens straunge doth send,
To call vs from our filthie lyfe,
Our wicked wayes t'amend.

And thus, by these two children here,
Forewarnes both man and wyfe,
How both estates ought to bewayle
Their vile and wretched lyfe.

¶ For sure we all may be agast
To see these shapes vnkynd,
And tremblyng feare may pearce our harts,
Our God to haue in mynd.

For yf we printed in our brest,
These signes and tokens straunge
Wold make vs from our sinnes to shrinke,
Our liues anew to chaunge.

¶ But some proude boastyng Pharifie
The parents wyll detect,
And iudge with heapes of vglie vice
Their liues to be infect.

¶ No, no ; but lessons for vs all,
Which dayly doe offend ;
Yea, more, perhaps, then hath the freends
Whom God this birth did lend.

¶ For yf you wyll, with single eye,
Note well and view the text,
And marke our Sauours aunswer eke
That thereto is annex,

Where his disciples asked him,
To know therein his mynd,
Yf greater wer the parents finnes,
Or his that was borne blynd.

¶ To whom Chrift aunswered in a breef,
That neither hee nor they
Deferued had that crooked fate,
Although they sin each day ;

But to the end Gods glorie great,
And miracles diuine,
Might on the earth apparaunt be,
His workes for to define.

¶ Such lyke examples moued me,
In these forgetfull dayes,
To rue our state, that vs among
Vice beares such fwings and fwayes ;

¶ Wherein the goodnesse great of God
 We way and set so light;
 By such examples callyng vs
 From sin both day and night.

Where we doe runne at randon wyde,
 Ourselues flatteryng styll,
 And blazyng others faults and crimes,
 Yet we ourselues most yll.

¶ But if we doe confider right,
 And in euen balaunce way
 The ruine great of hartie loue
 Among vs at this day;

And well behyld, with inward eyes,
 Th' embracyng of these twinnes,—
 That God by them vpbraides vs for
 Our false discemblyng finnes;

We would with Niniuie repent
 Our former passed yeares,
 Bewaylyng eke our secreet finnes
 In sackecloth and in teares.

¶ Therefore in time amend your state,
 And call to God for grace,—
 Bewayle your former lyfe and finnes,
 While you haue time and space.

¶ Finis, quod John Mellys Nor.

¶ Imprinted at London by Alexander Lacy, for
 William Lewes, dwellyng in Cow Lane, aboue
 Holborne Cundit, ouer against the signe of the
 Plough.

*A newe Ballade intytuled, Good Fellowes
must go learne to daunce.*



GOOD fellowes must go learne to daunce,
The brydeall is full nere a ;
There is a brall come out of Fraunce,
The tryxt ye harde this yeare a ;
For I must leape, and thou must hoppe,
And we must turne all three a ;
The fourth must bounce it lyke a toppe,
And so we shall agree a.
I praye thee, mynstrell, make no stoppe,
For we wyll merye be a.

The brydegrome would giue twentie pounce
The mariage daye were paste a ;
Ye knowe, whyles louers are vnbounde,
The knotte is slyper faste a ;—
A better man maye come in place,
And take the bryde awaye a.
God fend our Wilkin better grace,
Our pretie Tom, doth saye a,—
God vycar, axe the banes apace,
And haste the mariage daye a.

A bande of belles, in bauderycke wyse,
Woulde decke vs in our kynde a ;
A shurte after the Moryce guyse,
To flounce it in the wynde a.
A wyffler for to make the waye,
And Maye brought in withall a,
Is brauer then the funne, I saye,
And passeth round or brall a ;

For we will trype so tricke and gaye,
That we wyll passe them all a.

Drawe to dauncinge, neyghboures all,
Good fellowshyppe is best a,
It skylles not yf we take a fall,
In honoringge this feste a.
The bryde wyll thanke vs for oure glee,
The worlde wyll vs beholde a;
O where shall all this dauncinge bee,
In Kent or at Cotsolde a?
Oure Lorde doth knowe, then axe not mee,—
And so my tale is tolde a.



Adewe, Sweete Harte.



DEWE, sweete harte, adewe!
Syth we must parte!
To lose the loue of you
It greues my harte.

Once againe come kyss me,
Syth I so long must mys thee,
[My w]illinge harte shall wyshe thee,
To ease me of my smarte.
And thoughe I nowe do leaue thee,
It wyll I not deceaue thee,
But come againe and wedde thee,
Euen for thy iust defarte.

Syr Launcelotte comes againe, fyr,
So men do saye;
Tom Tosse wyll sayle to Spayne, fir,
By Tyborne awaye.

Subtoll finne wyll haue her;
 Thoughe wyttie Watte do craue her,
 Yet cuttinge clowne shall faue her,
 Vnlesse he lose his praye.
 And though ye be so wyleye,
 And she do loke so hyleye,
 At length she wyll begyle ye,
 And [striue] the best ye maye.

L is so coye, fir,
 She be folde,
 W s her ioye, fir,
 T tolde,
 Ra wyll not blade it,
 Jack r wyll not fwade it,
 The byllbowes are not made it,
 Therof ye maye be bolde.
 Although ye now haue cought her,
 Ye wyll repent hereafter,
 For farder ye haue fought her
 Then I haue thought ye would.

Finis.

¶ Imprinted at London, in Flete strete at the
 signe of the Faucon, by Wylliam Gryffith, and
 are to be folde at his shoppe in S. Dunstones
 Churchyearde, 1569.



¶ *The braineles blessing of the Bull.*

The hornes, the heads, and all,
Light on their squint-eyed skonfes full,
That boweth their knees to Ball.

The cancred curse, that wolde consume this realme with wracke
and ruine,
Returne to Rome with fyre and fume, to bryng the pope in
tune!
If neither curse nor blessing bare may mend these parties
throwe,
I them bequeath—curst as they are—to Plutoes kyngdome
nowe!



AS neuer worlde so farre from orders
rule,
That men durst speake such sawcie
words of kings,
Nor neuer pope so lyke an asse or mule,
Or dunghyll cocke, to crow and clap his winges.
Stand backe, good dogs, the bul he leapes and
flinges,
He bleates and bleathes as he a-baightyng were,
And fomes at mouth, lyke boare with bristled
heare;
A beastlye sound comes runnyng from his paunch,
He beates the ground with foote, with hip and
haunch,
As though hell gates should open at his call,
And at his becke the heauens high should fall.

¶ O Sathans sonne! O pope pufte vp with pryde!
What makes thee clayme the clowdes where
God doth dwel,
When thou art knowne the glorious greedie guyde

That leades in pompe poore feelye foules to hell ?
 The pumpe of ship hath not so fowle a smell
 As hath the smoke and fume that flames from
 thee;

O graceles grace, O rotten hollow tree !
 The branches bud, but neuer bryng forth leaues ;
 Thy corne is dead when reaper lookes for sheaues ;
 Thy golde is glasse, and glistereth gay a whyle,
 Tyll tromperie comes, and makes the worlde to
 smyle.

¶ Who bad thee blisse ? O buzzarde blynd of
 fight,

Buylt God his church vpon such clots of clay ?
 Thou doest blaspheme thereby the God of might,
 And robbest with craft his honour cleane away.

Curse whome thou list, he better thryues that day ;
 Blesse whome thou wylt, and I dare gage my head,
 For all thy charmes, he brynges a foole to bed.
 Booke, bell and fyse are bables fit for those
 That gape for flyes where waspes and hornets
 blowes ;

The pardonles boxe, wherein thy reliques lye,
 Doth smell lyke fox, or swyne shut vp in stye.

¶ A pope was wont to be an odious name
 Within our land, and scrapt out of our scroules ;
 And now the pope is growne so farre past shame,
 That he can walke with open face in Poules.

Go home, mad bull, to Rome, and pardon foules
 That pyne away in purgatorie paynes,—
 Go triumph there, where credit most remaines.
 Thy date is out in England long ago,
 For Ridley gaue the bull so great a blow,
 He neuer durst apeach this land tyll now,—
 In bullyng time, he met with Hardyngs cow.

¶ A calfe or twayne hath here ben gotten since,
 Whose heades were folde of late in Butcher Row;
 Come cheape calues heads, and bring in Peter pence!
 Though some are bought, our butchers looke
 for mo,

For Walthams calues to Tiburne needes must go
 To fukke a bull and meete a butchers axe;
 The shambles full is stufte with prettie knacks,
 As goate and lambe, and shepe of three score yeare.
 We haue good hope calues heads wyll not be
 deare;—

If Hardyngs cow be bulled as shee ought,
 Calues heads enough for little wyll be bought.

¶ The pope doth nought but practize mischeif
 styll,

And lets his bul runne ryot for his ease;
 But whiles his calues are drawne vp Holborne hyll,
 Both bull and cow are safe beyond the seas.

O that it might our holy father please
 To come himselfe, and hang but halfe an hower
 With such poore freendes as here maintaine his
 power!

I say no more, for feare the babes awake
 That holde with pope, and hang for Hardyngs sake;
 Some knackes now lurkes that we shal know ful
 playne,

When Hoballes oxe bulles Hardyngs cow agayne.

¶ I scorne to write a vearce in any frame,
 To answer wordes that rayled haue so much,
 Yet baightyng oft may make a bull so tame,
 That euery dog that comes may haue a twitch.
 I here protest, if that my power were such,
 By pen or skyll to chaffe the bull at stake,
 I wolde be glad some further sporte to make;

But since I want the cunnyng and the arte
 To baight the beast, and play the mastiffs parte,
 Let this suffice to let you thinke in deede,
 I hate the bull and all the Romish breede.

¶ Finis.

¶ Imprinted at S. Katherins, beside the Tower
 of London, ouer against the Beare Daunce, by
 Alexander Lacie.



A Ballad.



HAT lyfe is best? The nedy is full of
 woe and awe,
 The welthy full of brawles and quarells
 of the lawe;

To be a maryed man how much art thou beguiled,
 Seeking thy rest by carking still for household,
 wif, and child!

To till it is a toyle to grace a gredy gaine,
 And such as gotten is with drudging and with paine.
 A shrewd wyfe bringes debate,—wiue not and
 neuer thriue;

Children are charge,—childless, the greatest lack
 aliue;

Youth witlese is and frayle, age sickly and forlorne;
 Then best it is to dye betime, or neuer to be borne.

*The crie of the poore for the death of the right
Honourable Earle of Huntington.*

To the tune of the Earle of Bedford.



GOD, of thy mercie remember the
poore,
And grant vs thy blessings, thy plenty
and store;

For dead is Lord Hastings,—the more is our griefe;
And now vp to heauen we cry for reliefe.

Then waile we, then weepe we, then mourne we
ech one,

The good Earle of Huntington from vs is gone.

To poore and to needie, to high and to low,
Lord Hastings was friendly, all people doth know;
His gates were still open the straunger to feede,
And comfort the succourles alwaies in neede.

Then waile we, &c.

The husbandles widdow he euer did cherrish,
And fatherles infants he likewise would nourish;
To weake and to sicke, to lame and to blinde,
Our good Earle of Huntington euer was kinde.

Then waile we, &c.

The naked he clothed with garments from cold,
And frankely bestowed his siluer and gold,—
His purse was still open in giuing the poore,
That alwaies came flocking to Huntingtons doore.

Then waile we, &c.

His tennants, that daylie repairde to his house,
Was fed with his bacon, his beefe and his soufe;
Their rents were not raifed, their fines were but
 small,
And manie poore tennants paide nothing at all.
Then waile we, &c.

Such landlordes in England we feldome fhall finde,
That to their poore tennants will beare the like
 minde,—
Lord Haftinges therefore is ioyfully crownde
With angels in heauen, where peace doth abound.
Then waile we, &c.

His wifedome fo pleased the queene of this land,
The sword of true iuftice ſhe put in his hand;
Of Yorke he was Prefident made by her grace,
Her lawes to maintaine and rule in her place.
Then waile we, &c.

Such mercifull pittie remainde in his brest,
That all men had iuftice and none were oprefst;
His office in vertue fo godly he ſpent,
That prince and his countrie his loffe may lament.
Then waile we, &c.

And likewise Lord Haftings, S. Georges true
 knight,
Did weare the goold garter of England fo bright,—
The gift of a prince, King Edward firſt gaue,—
A gem for a ſouldier and counceller graue.
Then waile we, &c.

His coyne was not whorded to flouriſh in pride,
His kings and his jewels and chaines to prouide;

But gaue it to fouldiers wounded in warres,
That pike and the bullet hath lamed with scarres.
Then waile we, &c.

He built vp no pallace nor purchafte no towne,
But gaue it to fchollers to get him renowne,
As Oxford and Cambridge can rightly declare
How many poore fchollers maintained are there.
Then waile we, &c.

No groues he inclofed, nor felled no woodes,
No pastures he paled to doe himfelfe good ;
To commons and countrie he liude a good friend,
And gaue to the needie what God did him fend.
Then waile we, &c.

He likewise prouided, in time of great neede,
If England were forced with warres to proceede,
Both men and munition, with horfes of warre,
The proude foes of England at all times to scarre.
Then waile we, &c.

Our queene and our countrie hath caufe to com-
plaine,
That death in his furie this noble hath flaine ;
Yet England reioyce, we reioyce without feare,
Lord Haftinges hath left a moft noble heire.
Then waile we, &c.

A thoufand poore widdowes for Huntingtons fake,
As manie poore children their praiers will make,
That God may long prosper his heire left behinde,
And graunt him old Huntingtons true noble minde.
Then waile we, &c.

Then pray we for countrie, for prince and for peares,
 That God may indew them with most happie yeares;
 Lord, blesse vs with vertue, with plentie and peace,
 And manie more subiects like him to increafe!

Then waile we, then weepe we, then mourne
 we ech one,
 Our good Earle of Huntington from vs is gone.

FINIS.

Printed at London for William Blackwall, and
 are to be sold at his shoppe, nere
 Guild Hall gate. 1596.



*Joyfull Newes for true Subiectes, to God and the
 Crowne,*

The Rebelles are cooled, their Bragges be put downe.

Come, humble ye downe,—come, humble ye downe,
 Perforce now submyt ye to the queen and the crowne.



L true English subiects, both moſte and
 leſte,
 Geue thanks vnto God, with humble
 knees downe,
 That it hath pleazde him, at our request,
 To vanquiſh the rebels that troubled the
 crowne.

Come, humble ye downe,—come, humble ye
 downe,
 Perforce now ſubmit ye to the quene and the
 crowne.

¶ The Westmerlande bull and man in the moone,
The beare hath brought their brauerie downe;
I dare saye for sorowe they are redy to swoone,
That euer they ymagynde to trouble the crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ And fir John Shorne, as fame doth reporte,
Is hangde vp so hye that he cannot come downe,
Because he thought it so good a sporte,
To playe the traytour against the crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ And because he should not hange alone,
To honor his priesthoode of holy renowne,
Sir John Swingbreeche, his fellow, a rebell well
known,
They say, is hangde with hym for troubling the
crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ The rest that are fled wyll soone be caught,
Though yet they lye lurkyng in countrey and
towne;
And than they be trufde vp by and by strayght,
Except the quenes mercie that weareth the
crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ But her Maiestie of mercie is endued with store;
That knewe they full well that nowe are put
downe,
Els would they not averted to rayse this vprere.
Now be they forth commyng, as pleaseth the
crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ The rest of the rebelles and traytours forsworne,
To see them trufde vp, I would gage my gowne,
And specially the sect of Syr John Shorne,
To teache them to trouble the realme and the
crowne.

Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ But that pertayneth no matter of mine ;
Yet for my good will on me do not frowne ;—
It must be as pleaseth God to assigne
The hart of our quene that weareth the crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ But, thanks bee to God ! their spyte is donne,
They haue spyt their venom, both knyght and
clowne ;
In deede, I must saye, verye fayre haue they
sponne ;—
They had better haue kept them true to the
crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ No doubt the deuill had them bewicht,—
They lackt bishop Boner, to cuniure him
downe ;
If he had liued till now, his eares would haue icht
For joye to heare how they trouble the crowne.
Com, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ And fure he would haue written in haste
To his holy father of hie renowne,
For helpe to spoyle, consume and waste,
All those that despised his triple crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

And that was the meaning of those that began
To roote out Christes doctrine, suppress and
put downe ;
They haue mist their purpose, now shift how they
can,—
God hath preuented them from troubling the
crowne.
Com, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ If they had preuayled, then had we been wo,
Then had ben olde wayling in countrie and
towne ;
Then should many a woman her husband forgoe,
All longe of the rebelles that troubled the
crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ Then had ben many a fatherlesse childe,
That shoulde haue gon begging vp and
downe ;
Yea, many a chaste damfell should haue ben defilde
By those popish priestes that troubled the
crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

Yea, many a good preacher should haue lost his
lyfe,
Many a lorde and lady of noble renowne ;
Yea, many an infant and many a wyfe,
By those cruell rebelles that troubled the
crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ To spoyle common wealth it was the next waye,
Example by other realmes of renowne,—

How warre and rebellyon bred their decaye,
And all for matters perteynyng the crowne.
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ But prayfed be God, they haue not theyr will!
The hurt they ment other to them doth
redowne,
In daunger both life and goods to spill,—
These fruiets do they reape for troubling the
crowne.
Com, humble ye downe, &c.

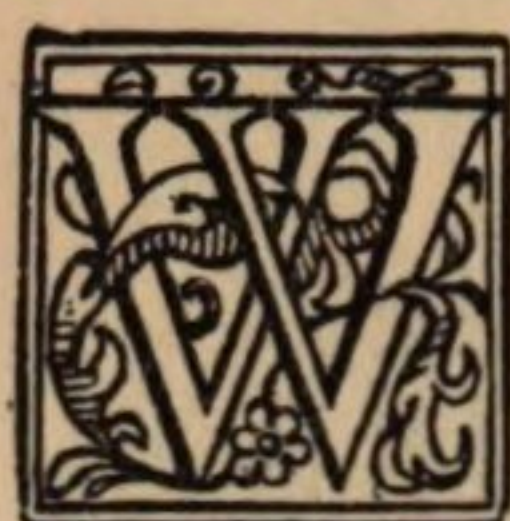
God faue the queenes maiestie and confound hir
foes,
Els turne their hartes quite vpsidowne
To become true subiectes, as well as those
That faythfully and truely haue serued the
crowne!
Come, humble ye downe, &c.

¶ God graunt euery one, after his vocation,
To remember the accompt he must laye downe;
And that we maye all, in this Englysh nation,
Be true to God, the queene and the crowne!
Come, humble ye down,—come, humble ye
downe,
God graunt Queene Elizabeth longe to
weare the crowne!

FINIS. W. Kyrkh.

¶ Imprinted at London, in Fleet streete, by
Wyllyam How for Richard Johnes.

¶ *A dittie in the worthie praise of an high
and mightie Prince.*



WHEN heapes of heauie hap had fild
my harte right full,
And sorrow fet forth penfuenes, my
ioyes away to pull,
I raunged then the woods, I romde the fields
about,—
A thousand fighes I fet at large, to seeke their
passage out;
And walkyng in a dompe, or rather in dispaire,
I cast my weeping eye aside, I saw a felde full
faire;
And lokyng vpwarde than I spied a mount
therein,
Which Flora had, euen for her life, dect as you
haue not seen;
Then could I not but thinke the same some sacred
place,
Where god or goddes such did dwell as might
releue my case.
I sat me downe, for whie? Death could but stop
my breath,
And to a man so sorrowfull what sweter is then
death?
No sooner was I fet, but slepe approcht mine eye,
Wherein the nymphes of Helicon appeared by
and by,—
And straight those sisters nine, the ground of
musicks arte,
My thought did striue who might preuaile to ease
my heauie harte.

The cunning they shewed there, the subtile notes
they fount,
As were awrest clene from my hart, my thought
the cares they wrong.
Celestiall were the notes which then, amazde, I
hearde,—
Their ditties eke were wonderfull, note ye whome
they preferde.
As for thy bloud, quod they, right noble, we
confesse,—
Thy pettigree, to long for vs, the heralds can
expresse;
But, happie, happie Duke, the second chylde of
Fame,
Which, next vnto the highest, she doth so
recoumpt the fame!
And happie Thomas ones, twise happie Norffolke
toe,
Thrise happie men that leade your liues where
Howard hath to doe,—
Which Howards happie daies they praied God to
encrease
Three times the space of Natures course, like
Nestor liue in peace!
What age hath seen his like, so free of purse and
tounge?
Where liues a iuster justice now, though rare in
one so young?
What plaint can there be tolde to his most godlie
eare,
But that he kepes the other styll, the blamed foule
to heare?
In mekenes he more meke then is the mekest doue,
Yet is his secret wisedome such he knoweth whome
to loue;

In freendship he surmounts Gifippus and his Tite,
All nobles may well note his race, and thereby take
their lighte ;—

In peace a Salomon, in warre so stoute a prince
As raigned not tyll Hector came, nor liued neuer
since,—

Then Sceuola more firme, which, for his cuntries
turne,

His hand from arme before his foes in fierie flame
did burne ;

He in the pride of peace delights in marciall shewe,—
Doe marke his turnoys vpon horse, note well his
vse of bowe ;

Nay, marke him yet that shall note well his payne-
fulnes,

No sugred slepe can make him freend to sluggish
Idlenes.

What that becomes a prince in his good grace
doth want?

In peace a courtier for the courte, a second Mars
in camp.

Thus styll they sounge, whose notes were cause of
my releefe,

And I be-wrapped in a traunce had cleane forgot
my greefe ;

And triple were my ioyes, ones cause my paynes
were past,

And twise agayne, because that prince amongst vs
here is plast,

I clapt my handes for ioye,—alas ! I wakt withall,
And then my muses and their songes, my ioyes,
were gone and all.

And then retournd my greefe,—I felt a further
care,

Because to shew what I had seen did passe my
power so farre ;

And that a man vnlearn'd, of arte that hath no
 skyll,
 Should haue a charge so great as this, and could
 doe it so yll.
 Yet thus I gan to wright I knew right well that he,
 Which due desert did thus commend, should shade
 the want in me ;
 To whome I pray the Lorde to send like yeares
 as Noye,
 In happie health and quiet state, to his and all our
 ioye.

¶ Finis, Ber. Gar.

¶ Imprinted at London, without Aldersgate, in
 Little Britaine, by Alexander Lacy.



¶ *A newe Ballade, intituled, Agaynst Rebel-
 lious and false rumours. To the newe tune of
 the Blacke Almaine vpon Scissillia.*



HAT rumores now are raised of late,
 Within this English lande,
 Which is not much for to be prayfed,
 The case so harde doth stand.

For euery one doth talke,
 There tongues contrary walke,
 And femes to meddell of this and that,
 There babling tongues so large doth chatte,
 As foolishe fancye moues them faye,
 So out there foolish talke they braye ;

And euery one doth besie him still
About the thing he hath no skill.

¶ Some of his neighbors doth inquire
What newes abroad there is,—
If that he any thinge doth here,
Of those that dyd amisse.

Some longeth to here tell
Of those that dyd rebell,
And whether they be fled or take,—
Thus still inquirie they do make ;
Some sayth to Scotland they be goe,
And other sayth it is not so ;—
The rumerous deuell is now abroad,
Which makes them so to laye on lode.

¶ Some sayth this yeare there shal be hapte
Much trouble in the lande ;
Of prophefies they carpe and clappe,
As they that haue them skande.
Doth tell them so abroad,
And thus they laye on lode,
And filles the peoples eares with lyes ;
Thus rumor still abroad he flyes,
Which makes them now in such a rore,
As all true hartes may well deplore.
And praye to God if that he please
These foolish rumors once maye cease.

¶ And let vs nowe applye our tyme
In prayer to the Lorde,
That he may cease this furious cryme,
That now is blowne abroad.
And euery one to staye
His tongue, and nothing saye

But of the thinges he hath in hand,
And see his besynes well be scand,
And not to meddle of princes actes,
What they will do, nor of their factes.
If occupied well we thus abyde,
The Lorde for vs will well prouide.

¶ For surely plagues we do defarue
Most horrible and great,
Because from God we still do swarue,
And dayly doth him frette.
And still prouoke his ieare,
Which glous as hotte as fyare;
His bow is now all redye bent,
Therefore in tyme let vs repent,
Least he for sinne do vs depriue,
For warned folkes, they saye, may liue,
And warning take by other men,
Which we before our eyes haue sene.

¶ We haue hard in Fraunce the rumur there,
That hath bene many a daye,—
There countrey spoyled in ruth and feare,
Vnto there cleane decaye,
With losse of many a man,
Since first that sturre began,
And many a noble hath bene slayne,
A duke, and eake a prince certayne,
Which weare the chiefe stayes of that land,
Wherfore in hazarde now they stande;
For where the chiefe are taken awaye,
The rest must nedes runne to decaye.

¶ In what estate doth souldiers stand,
Great ruth it is to here;

• That there is wrought the tirants hand,
We nede not to declare.
Experiaunce well may showe
What numbers here doth flowe
Of Flemminges fled from tirantes hand,
Which dayly commeth to this land;
Whose harts in wrath full long hath boyld,
And eake there countrie cleane dispoyld;
Which thing may warne vs well, I faye,
Least that we feele the lyke decaye.

¶ The Lorde hath suffered vs full longe,
And spared hath his rodde,—
What peace hath bene vs now among
Aleuen yeares, prayfed be God!
And round about vs hath
Bene warre and cruell fayth,—
And all to cause vs to repent,—
For we defarue worffe punnishment
Then any of these landes haue done;
I feare we shall be plagued right sone;
Thy judgement sure our God hath had,
To plague the good still for the bad.

¶ Wherefore let vs with one accorde
Fall all to fast and praye,
And pardon craue now of the Lorde,
To kepe vs from decaye;
And leaue this murmoring spight,
Which God doth not delight;
The Scripture playnely doth declare
The Ifralites they plagued weare,
Because the murmered at there God,—
Therin we do defarue lyke rod.

With hartes deuoute now let vs praye,
To kepe this realme from all decaye.

Finis, quod Thomas Bette.

¶ Imprinted at London, in Fletestreat, at the signe of the Faucon, by Wylliam Gryffith, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Sainct Dunstones Churchyarde, 1570.



*The true Discripcion of a Childe with Ruffes,
borne in the parish of Micheham, in the countie
of Surrey, in the yeere of our Lord MDLXVI.*

1566



HIS present yeere of our Lord MDLXVJ. the vij. day of June, one Helene Jermin, the wife of John Jermin, husbandman, dwelling in the parishe of Micheham, was deliuered of a woman-childe, named Christian, beeing after this maner and fourme following: that is to say, the face comly and of a cheerful countenaunce; the armes and hands, leggs and feet, of right shape, and the body, with all other members therunto apperteining, wel proporcioned in due fourme and order, sauing that it is as it were wunderfully clothed with suche a fleshy skin as the like at no time hath ben seene. For it hath the said fleshy skin behinde like vnto a neckerchef growing from the veines of the back vp vnto the neck, as it were with many ruffes set one

after another, and beeing as it were somthing gathered, euery ruf about an inche brode, hauing here growing on the edges of the same, and so with ruffes comming ouer the shoulders and couering some part of the armes, proceeding vp vnto the nape of the neck behinde, and almoſte round about the neck, like as many womens gownes be,—not cloce together before, but that the throte beeing (with a faire white ſkin) bare betweene bothe the ſides of the ruffes, the ſaid ruffes about the neck beeing double, and as it were thick gathered, muche like vnto the ruffes that many do vse to weare about their necks.

¶ This childe beforſaid (the day of the date vnder written) was to be ſeene in Glene Alley, in Suthwark, beeing aliue and x. weeks olde and iiij. dayes, not vnlikly to liue long.

¶ *An admonition vnto the Reader.*

THIS picture, preſt in paper white,
Our natures dooth declare,
Whoeſe forme ſo ſtraunge by natures ſpite
May lerne vs to beware.

¶ By natures ſpite,—what doo I ſaye?
Dooth nature rule the roſte?
Nay, God it is, ſay wel I may,
By whom nature is toſt.

¶ The face ful faire, the members all
In order ſtand and place;
But yet too muche by natures thrall
Dooth woork a great diſgrace.

¶ This ruffeling world, in ruffes al rolde,
Dooth God detest and hate;
As we may lerne the tale wel tolde
Of children borne of late.

¶ What meanes this childe, by natures woork
Thus ruffed for to be?
But by these ruffes our natures spurk
We might beholde and see.

¶ Her squares our squaring dooth set out,
This here our heres dooth checke;
This monstrouse monster, out of dout,
Agreeth in eche respect.

¶ Our filthy liues in pigges are shewd;
Our pride this childe dooth bere;
Our ragges and ruffes, that are so lewd,
Beholde her fleshe and here.

¶ Our beastes and cattel plagued are,
All monstrouse in their shape;
And eke this childe dooth wel declare
The pride we vse of late.

¶ Our curled here her here dooth preche,
Our ruffes and gises gaie,
Our straunge attire wherto we reche,
Our fleshe that plese we may.

¶ The poet telleth how Daphenes was
Transformd into a tree;
And Io to a cow did passe,—
A straunge thing for to see.

¶ But poets tales may passe and go
 As trifels and vntrueth,
 When ruffes of fleshe, as I doo trowe,
 Shall moue vs vnto ruthe.

¶ Deformed are the things we were,
 Deformed is our hart;
 The Lord is wroth with all this geere,—
 Repent for fere of smarte!

¶ Pray we the Lord our hartes to turn,
 Whilest we haue time and space,
 Lest that our foules in hel doo burn,
 For voiding of his grace.

¶ And thou, O England, whose womankinde
 In ruffes doo walke to oft,
 Parfwade them stil to bere in minde
 This childe with ruffes so soft.

¶ In fourme as they, in nature so,
 A maid she is indeed;—
 God graunt vs grace, howeuer we go,
 For to repent with speed!

FINIS, quod H. B.

¶ Imprinted at London by John Allde and
 Richarde Johnes, and are to be solde at the long
 shop adioining vnto S. Mildreds church, in the
 Pultrie, and at the litle shop adioining to the
 North-west doore of Paules church, anno
 domini M. D. lxvi. the xx. of August.

¶ *Other thus it is, or thus it shoulde bee.*



THE golden world is now come agayne,
 God is knowen, beleued, loued and
 obeyed ;
 True doctryne is taught and false ex-
 yled cleane,
 Sinne is mortified, all vice is decayed ;
 Peace doeth take place, all warres be delayed ;
 Youth is brought vp in learnyng vertuouflye ;
 Commonwealth doeth flourish, pouertie hath
 ayde ;—
 Other thus it is, or thus it shoulde be.

¶ Kynges and princes doe Gods lawes aduaunce,
 Justice and equitie also they doe maintayne ;
 They loue peace, they hate war and variaunce,
 Vice they suppress, and vertue cause to raigne ;
 To get learning and knowledge they take great
 payne ;
 They make good lawes, and see them kepte iustlie ;
 To defend their cuntries great trauel they
 sustaine ;—
 Other thus it is, or thus it shoulde bee.

¶ Maiestrates and officers, each one in their degree,
 Geue good ensample of obedience and liuyng ;
 For the commonwealth also they take great studie,
 They execute iustice iustlie in euery kynd of
 thyng ;
 To the poore pouertie they be good and louyng,
 The wylfull they restrayne from their iniquitie ;

To the humble and good they be gentle and
benigne ;—
Other thus it is, or thus it shoulde bee.

¶ Bishops and ministers doe themselues apply
Sincerelie to preach Gods holie law and gospell,
Accordyng to their doctrine they liue vertuously,
In hospitalitie and almes deed they greatly excell;
They geue good example for other to doe well,
They be chaste and sobre, and full of humilitie,
They studie the Scriptures, all vice they doe
expell ;—
Other thus it is, or thus it shoulde bee.

¶ Judges that sit in iudgement, matters for to
heare,
Be so vncorrupte that no bribes they wyll take,
Tyll they heare both parties they stop the one eare,
By the lawe deliberately the cases they debate,
By euidence and witnesses the truth they out
beate,
Falschod they fetter, but right they doe set free,
Just iudgement they geue, none can entreate ;—
Other thus it is, or thus it shoulde bee.

¶ Justices and gentlemen peace doe maintayne,
The queenes lawes and statutes they see executed,
Contention and variaunce they doe subdue cleane,
The oppressour they punish, the naughty is
rebuked ;
The sturdy they correcte, the poore be refreshed,
They lyue on their landes rented reasonable,
Matters before them be iustly and soone ended ;—
Other thus it is, or thus it shoulde bee.

¶ Mayours and bayliffes, and all other officers
Of cities, boroughes, and of townes corporate,
They studie fuch decrees and fuch godly orders,
That the people be wel ruled; great paine they
take

For the commonweale; tumult and debate
They deftroy; but they encrease godly vnitie,
They caufe plentie by prudence, dearth they
abate;—

Other thus it is, or thus it fhoulde bee.

¶ All lawyers doe perfwade their clients to agree
Rather then at the lawe to fpend out their money;
Yf they wyl not, they fearch their cafe profoundlie,
And therein they proceed without fraude or
delay;

They bryng it to iudgement, or to fome godly
ftay;

Yf they promife their clientes, they performe
iuftly;

They take reafonable fees for their paynes
alway;—

Other thus it is, or thus it fhoulde bee.

¶ The commons feare God and obey the queene,
They come to heare Gods wurd and together
pray;

Disobedience in no cafe is now no more feene,
Contention they hate, they loue peace alway.

Euery one is content to liue as he may,—

The rich helpe the poore, yea, and that gladly;

The poore be content and for them doe pray;—

Other thus it is, or thus it fhoulde bee.

¶ Parents doe bryng vp their children very godly,
Children obey their elders and folow their aduice;

Hufbandes loue their wiues, and they them hartely ;
 Women be sober and gentle, neither proude nor
 nice ;

Seruants be faithful, they need no warning twice ;
 To vertue and learning youth geueth all their
 studie ;

Yf any fall in decay, he is holpen agayne to
 arice ;—

Other thus it is, or thus it shoulde bee.

¶ All subiects faithfully pray for their queene,
 That God may endue her royall hart alway
 With faith, feare, and loue, before him to be seene,
 And for her honorable counsell they humbly
 pray,

That good lawes and statutes fet furth they
 may,

To the wealth of the realme and communaltie ;
 That the queene may rule wel, and they truly
 obey ;—

Amen. God graunt that so it may bee !

¶ Finis.

¶ Imprinted at London without Alderfgate in
 Little Brittain, by Alexander Lacy.



*A Ditty delightfull of mother Watkins ale,
A warning wel wayed, though counted a tale.*



HERE was a maid this other day,
And she would needs go forth to play;
And as she walked she sithd and said,
I am afraid to die a mayd.
With that, behard a lad
What talke this maiden had,
Whereof he was full glad,
And did not spare
To say, faire mayd, I pray,
Whether goe you to play?
Good fir, then did she say,
What do you care?
For I will, without faile,
Mayden, giue you Watkins ale;
Watkins ale, good fir, quoth she,
What is that I pray you tel me?
Tis sweeter farre then suger fine,
And pleasanter than muskadine;
And if you please, faire mayd, to stay
A little while, with me to play,
I will giue you the same,
Watkins ale cald by name,—
Or els I were to blame,
In truth, faire mayd.
Good fir, quoth she againe,
Yf you will take the paine,
I will it not refraine,
Nor be dismayd.

He toke this mayden then aside,
And led her where she was not spyde,
And told her many a prety tale,
And gaue her well of Watkins ale.

Good fir, quoth she, in smiling fort,
What doe you call this prety sport?
Or what is this you do to me?
Tis called Watkins ale, quoth he,
Wherein, faire mayd, you may
Report another day,
When you go forth to play,
How you did speed.
Indeed, good fir, quoth she,
It is a prety glee,
And well it pleaseth me,
No doubt indeed.

Thus they sported and they playd,
This yong man and this prety mayd,
Vnder a banke whereas they lay,
Not long agoe this other day.

When he had done to her his will,
They talkt, but what it shall not skill;
At last, quoth she, sauing your tale,
Giue me some more of Watkins ale,
Or else I will not stay,
For I must needs away,—
My mother bad me play,—
The time is past;
Therefore, good fir, quoth she,
If you haue done with me.
Nay, soft, faire maid, quoth he,
Againe at last

Let vs talke a little while.
With that the mayd began to smile,
And faide, good fir, full well I know,
Your ale, I fee, runs very low.

This yong man then, being fo blamd,
Did blush as one being afhamde;
He tooke her by the midle fmall,
And gaue her more of Watkins ale;
And faide, faire maid, I pray,
When you goe forth to play,
Remember what I fay,
Walke not alone.
Good fir, quoth fhe againe,
I thanke you for your paine,
For feare of further ftaine,
I will be gone.

Farewell, mayden, then quoth he;
Adué, good fir, againe quoth fhe.
Thus they parted at laft,
Till thrice three months were gone and paf.

This mayden then fell very ficke,
Her maydenhead began to kicke,
Her colour waxed wan and pale
With taking much of Watkins ale.

I wifh all maydens coy,
That heare this prety toy,
Wherein moft women ioy,
How they doe fport;
For furely Watkins ale,
And if it be not ftale,
Will turne them to fome bale,
As hath report.

New ale will make their bellies bowne,
As trial by this fame is knowne;
This prouerbe hath bin taught in schools,—
It is no iesting with edge tooles.

Thrife scarcely changed hath the moon
Since first this pretty tricke was done,
Which being harde of one by chance,
He made thereof a country dance;

And, as I heard the tale,
He cald it Watkins ale,
Which neuer will be stale,

I doe beleeeue;
This dance is now in prime,
And chiefly vsde this time,
And lately put in rime.

Let no man greeue
To heare this merry iesting tale,
The which is called Watkins ale;
It is not long since it was made,—
The finest flower will soonest fade.

Good maydes and wiues, I pardon craue,
And lack not that which you would haue;
To blush it is a womans grace,
And well becometh a maidens face,

For women will refuse
The thing that they would chuse,
Cause men should them excuse

Of thinking ill;
Cat will after kind,
All winkers are not blind,—
Faire maydes, you know my mind,
Say what you will.

When you drinke ale beware the toast,
 For therein lay the danger most.
 If any heere offended be,
 Then blame the author, blame not me.

FINIS.



A prettie newe Ballad, intytuled:

*The Crowe sits vpon the wall,
 Please one and please all.*

To the tune of, Please one and please all.



PLEASE one and please all,
 Be they great, be they small,
 Be they little, be they lowe,—
 So pypeth the crowe,
 Sitting vpon a wall,—
 Please one and please all,
 Please one and please all.

Be they white, be they black,
 Haue they a smock on their back,
 Or a kircher on their head,
 Whether they spin filke or thred,
 Whatsoeuer they them call,—
 Please one and please all,
 Please one and please all.

New ale will make their bellies bowne,
As trial by this fame is knowne;
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Be they white, be they black,
 Haue they a smock on their back,
 Or a kircher on their head,
 Whether they spin filke or thred,
 Whatsoeuer they them call,—
 Please one and please all,
 Please one and please all.

Be they fluttish, be they gay,
Loue they worke, or loue they play,
Whatsoever be theyr cheere,
Drinke they ale, or drinke they beere,
Whether it be strong or small,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Be they sower, be they sweete,
Be they shrewish, be they meeke,
Weare they filke or cloth so good,
Veluet bonnet or French hood,
Vppon their head a cap or call,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Be they halt, be they lame,
Be she lady, be she dame,
If that she doo weare a pinne,
Keepe she tauerne or keepe she inne,
Either bulke, bouth, or stall,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

The goodwife I doo meane,
Be shee fat or be she leane,
Whatsoever that she be,
This the crowe tolde me,
Sitting vppon a wall,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

If the goodwife speake aloft,
See that you then speake soft;
Whether it be good or ill,
Let her doo what she will;

And, to keepe yourselfe from thrall,
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

If the goodwife be displeased,
All the whole house is diseased,
And therefore, by my will,
To please her learne the skill,
Least that she should alwaies brall,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

If that you bid her doo ought,
If that she doo it not,
And though that you be her goodman,
You yourselfe must doo it than,
Be it in kitchin or in hall,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Let her haue her owne will,
Thus the crowe pypeth still,
Whatsoever she command
See that you doo it out of hand,
Whensoever she dooth call,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Be they wanton, be they wilde,
Be they gentle, be they milde,
Be shee white, be she browne,
Dooth she skould or dooth she frowne,
Let her doo what she shall,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Be she coy, be she proud,
Speake she soft or speake she loud,
Be she simple, be she flaunt,
Dooth she trip or dooth she taunt,—
The crowe sits vpon the wall,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Is she hufwife, is she none,
Dooth she drudge, dooth she grone,
Is she nimble, is she quicke,
Is she short, is she thicke,
Let her be what she shall,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Be they ritch, be they poore,
Is she honest, is she whore,
Weare she cloth or veluet braue,
Dooth she beg or dooth she craue,
Weare she hat or silken call,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Be she cruell, be she curst,
Come she last, come she first,
Be they young, be they olde,
Doo they smile, doo they skould,
Though they doo nought at all,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Though it be some crowes guise
Oftentimes to tell lyes,
Yet this crowes words dooth try
That her tale is no lye,

For thus it is and euer shall,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Please one and please all,
Be they great, be they small,
Be they little, be they lowe,—
So pipeth the crowe,
Sitting vpon a wall,—
Please one and please all,
Please one and please all.

Finis. R. T.

Imprinted at London for Henry Kyrkham,
dwelling at the little north doore of Paules,
at the signe of the Blacke Boy.



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An Epitaph on the death of the Right honorable and vertuous Lord Henry Wrisley, the Noble Earle of Southampton, who lieth interred at Touchfeelde in the countie of Hamshyre, the 30 day of Nouember, 1581, and in the 24 yeare of our most drad and soueraigne Ladie Elizabeth, by the grace of God, of England, Fraunce and Ireland Queene, &c.



YOU noble peeres, refraine your courtly
 sportes awhile,
 Cast on your wailefull weedes of woe,
 Dame Pleasure doo exile.
 Beholde a platforme playne of death, fit for the
 graue,
 Who late inioyed a lyuing foule, as you this
 season haue;
 His birth right noble was, honour beset him
 rounde,
 But Death amidst his lustie yeeres hath shrind
 him in the ground.
 When time is come, he waighes, according Gods
 decree,
 To conquer lyfe, respecting not the mightiest in
 degree;
 Intreatie cannot serue, Death seekes no golden
 gift,
 For from his reache no potentate to flye can
 make the shift.

The glasse runne forth at large, the howre fully
spent,

To share lifes thred a-funder hee by mightie
Joue is sent.

The Daunce of Death no king nor kayser but
must trace,

The duke, the earle, the lord and knight to him
must yeeld a place ;

The aged olde, the midle fort, the lustie youth
in prime,

To liue on earth cannot inioy the certentie of
time.

For as time hath no staie, but fleeteth euerie
howre,

So is the lyfe of mortall men compared to a
flowre,

Whose beautie knowne to daie, to-morrow fadeth
quight,

And vaniseth, as though therof man neuer had
the sight.

So fickle is our state, we fading flowres bee,
To-daie aliue, to-morrow dead, according Gods
decree.

Of lyfe no charters giuen to any worldly
wight,

Oh, who can say that he shall liue from morne
vnto the night !

He that at fyrst gaue lyfe, of lyfe will beare the
sway,

And when him lykes, as pleaseth him, will take
this lyfe away.

Sith he workes all in all, and rules as seemes him
best,

Lets learne that earth we are, and earth to claime
her owne is preft ;

The perfect prooffe wherof apparently is feene
By this good earle, whose lusty yeeres did florish
 faire and greene ;
But in a moment chaunged and withered lyke
 the haie,
Bereft of lyfe and honor great, and coutched
 close in claie.
Yet though he senceleffe lye, Southamtons Earle
 by name,
Yet Death in him lyes dead, no doubt, by meanes
 of noble fame ;
For whilst on earth he liu'de to vertue he was
 bent,
And after wisdomes lore to hunt he gaue his
 frank consent ;
In justice was his ioye, and iustly he did deale,
As they can tell that for his aide had cause for
 to appeale ;
The widow poore opprest he carefully did
 shield,
And to the orphane in his right did dayly comfort
 yeeld ;
The needie poore he fed with mutton, bread, and
 beeffe,
His hand was neuer slack to giue the comfortlesse
 releefe ;
The naked back to cloth he euer ready was,
No needy poore without reward from this earles
 gates could pas ;
His house-keeping right good, there plentie bare
 the sway,
No honest man forbidden was within his house
 to staie ;
His faith brought foorth sweete fruite the Lord
 God to delight,

And made him, as a seruant good, accepted in his
fight;
Vnto his tennauntes poore this earle was euer
kinde,
To work their weale he carefully did alwaies
yeeld his minde;
Inhaunfing of his rentes did ne enlarge his store,
He alwaies had a care to help and aide his farmers
pore;
His seruantes weale to worke no time he did
forbeare,
To doo them good that wel deseru'd his zeale
did still appeare;
On God his hart was fet, in Christ his hope did
rest,
And of the mightie Lord of hostes this noble
earle was blest;
To Prince he was most iust, to countrie alwaies
true,
The fruites of loue and loyaltie in him all states
might view;
In wedlock hee obserued the vow that he had
made,
In breach of troth through lewd lust he ne would
seeme to wade.
Thrice happy thou, of God and man belou'de,
That euer soughtst to make a peace where discorde
striffe had mou'd;
Though thou from vs be gone, and taken hence
by death,
Among the sonnes of mortall men thy prayse
shall liue on earth;
For as thy lyfe was iust, so godly was thy ende,
Not on this world, but on sweet Christ, thou
alwaies didst depend;

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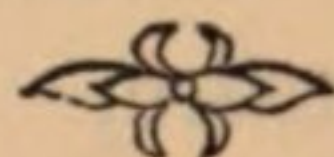
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Among the sonnes of mortall men thy prayse
shall liue on earth ;
For as thy lyfe was iust, so godly was thy ende,
Not on this world, but on sweet Christ, thou
alwaies didst depend ;

And as in health his name thou reuerently didst
 praise,
So in his feare in sicknesse thou didst spend thy
 lotted daies ;
This world thou heldst as vaine, thy lyfe thou
 thoughtest no losse,
In hope of heauen and heauenly blisse thou
 deemst al things but dros ;
Thus howering still in hope, to heauen thou tookst
 thy flyght,
Wherewith thy Christ, the juelle of ioy, thy hart
 is pight ;
And he in extreeme paine, when anguish did
 abounde,
To giue thee comfort from aboue was euer ready
 found.
Amidst his mercie he, though iustice wrought thy
 smart,
Euen lyke a louing fauour did alwaies take thy part ;
When Sathan, sinne, and death about thee round
 were set,
To pray for thee most earnestly he neuer did
 forget ;
And like a souldier iust by faith thou foughtst
 the feelde,
And armst thyself gainst all thy foes, to whom
 thou woldst not yeeld,
But so didst keepe the fort that all thy foes did
 flye,
And lyke a lambe in Jesus Christ preparedst
 thyselfe to die.
Of court thou takest thy leaue, thy prince thou
 bidst farewell,
For whose estate thou praydst to God her enemies
 to quell.

The noble peeres eche one with hart thou bidst
adue,
And praiedst that they to glad her hart may
loyaltie ensue.
Of all thy louing friendes thou takest a fynall
leaue,
And vnto God most constantly for comfort thou
doest cleaue.
Thy noble children thou right louingly doest
blesse,
To seruants all thou giuest adue, they may thee
not possesse,
From them thou doest prepare thy passage straight
to make,
And vnto Christ with cheareful voice thy soule
thou doest betake,
Who, with outstretched armes, receiues it to his
grace,
And with his saintes in glorie great appointes the
happye place.
Thy freendes thy losse lament, thy children waile
and weepe
To see their father and their freend in clay in-
closed deepe.
Thy seruants streame forth teares, they wring
their wofull handes
To see that all to soone of lyfe death hath de-
solued the bandes.
His tennants all doo mourne, their smoking fobs
abounde,
And to the skies the needie poore their pitious
plaints resounde ;
Their foster freend from them by death they say
is hent,
Whose want in court and towne eche-where both
old and yong lament.

But teares are spent in vaine; though they suppose
 him dead,
 He liues in heauen where Iesus Christ with glory
 crownes his head.
 And thus, right noble earle, thy last adue receiue,
 To thine auaille behinde thee thou good name
 and fame doest leaue,
 Which so shall conquer Death that Death in thee
 shall die,
 And moue the sonnes of mortall men to heaue
 thy praise to skie.

Omnis caro fenum, quod John Phillip.



*A Ballad reioysinge the sodaine fall,
 Of Rebels that thought to deuower vs all.*



REIOYCE with me, ye Christians all,
 To God geue laude and prayse,
 The rebels stoute haue now the fall,
 Their force and strength decays.

Which hoped, through their traitrous traine,
 Their prince and natiue foyle
 To put by their deuises vaine
 Vnto a deadly foile.

And with their armies stoute in feilde
 Against their prince did rise,
 And thought by force of speare and sheilde
 To win their enterprise.

It was the Erle of Westmerland
That thought himfelfe fo fure,
By the aide of his rebellious bande,
His countrie to deuoure.

The Erle eke of Northumberland
His traitorous parte did take,
With other rebels of this lande,
For Aue Maries fake.

Saying they fought for no debate,
Nor nothing els did meane,
But would this realme weare in the ftate
That it before hath ben.

What is that ftate, I would faine know,
That they would haue againe?
The popifh maffe it is, I trowe,
With her abufes vaine,—

As by their doings may apeare,
In comming through ech towne;
The Bibles they did rent and teare,
Like traytours to the crowne.

And traytours vnto God, likewise,
By right we may them call,
That do his lawes and worde despife,
Their country, queene and all.

The lawes that fhe eftablifhed
According to Gods word,
They feeke to haue abolifhed
By force of warre and fword,

Forgetting cleane their loyaltie
That to their prince they owe,
Their faith, and eke fidelitie,
That they to hir should show.

And rather seeke to helpe the Pope
His honour lost to winne,
In whom they put their faith and hope
To pardon al their sinne ;

That if they should their natie land,
Their queene and God denie,
They should haue pardon at his hand
For their iniquitie.

Therefore with those that loue the Pope
They did their strength employ,
And therby steadfastly did hope
Gods flocke cleane to destroy.

And then set vp within this land,
In euery churche and towne,
Their idols on roodeloftes to stand,
Like gods of greate renowne.

Their aulters and tradicions olde,
With painted stocke and stone,
Pardons and masses to be solde,
With Keryeleyson.

Friers shoulde weare their olde graye gownes
And maides to shrift should com,
Then priestes should singe with shauen crownes,
Dominus vobiscum.

All these and such-like vaneties
Should then beare all the sway,
And Gods word through such fantasies
Should cleane be layd away.

But like as God did them despise
Which were in Moyfes dayes,
That did a calfe of gold deuise
As God, to giue him prayse;

And for the same idolatry,
In one day with the sword
Did thre and twenty thousand dye,
That did neglect his worde.

The children eke of Israell,
In Ezechias time,
He made among their foes to dwell,
That did committe that crime.

But when that Ezechias praied
To God to helpe his owne,
The Lorde forthwith did send them aide,
Their foes weare ouerthrowne.

A hundred thousande eightie fve,
By Gods aungelles weare flaine,
And none of them were left aliue
That toke his name in vaine.

Senacherib also, the kinge
Then of the Affirians,
As he his God was honouring,
Was flaine by his two sonnes.

Like as he did those rebels still,
Which did his flocke pursewe,
From time to time, of his free will,
By force of warre subdewe.

As Hollifernus and the rest
He put them still to flight,
That had his little flocke opprest
In presence of his sighte.

So hath he now these rebels all,
Through their vngodly trade,
Cast downe into the pit to fall
That they for others made.

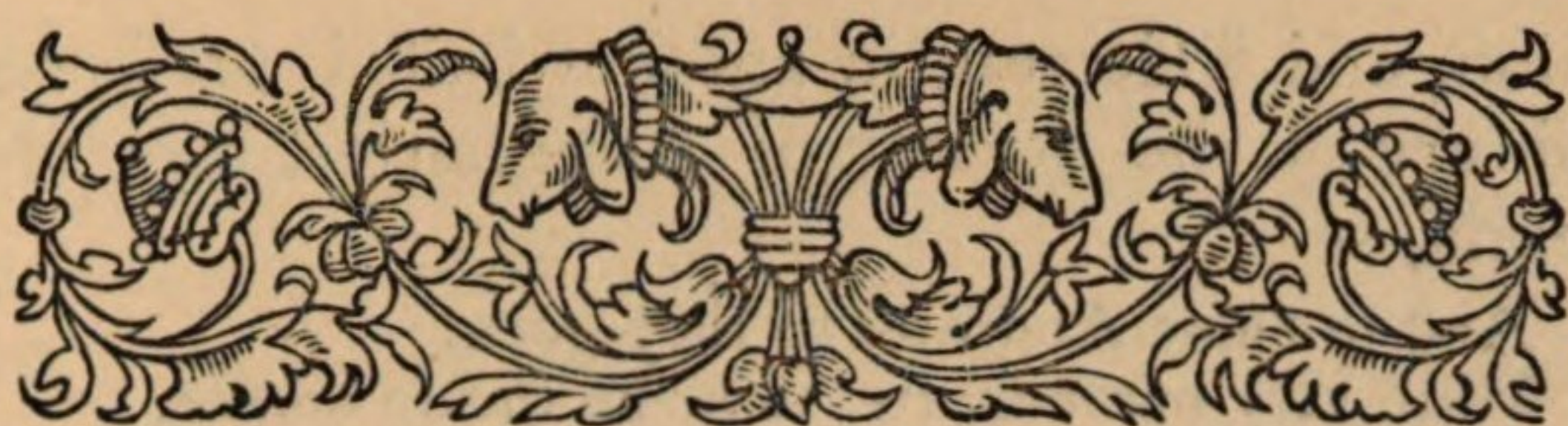
To whom still daily let vs praye,
Our noble queene to fende
A prosperous raigne, both night and day,
From her foes to defende

Her and her counsaile, realme and all,
During her noble life,
And that ill hap may them befall
That seeke for warre and strife.

Finis.

Imprinted at London, in Fleete streete, by William
How, for Henry Kirkham, and are to be
solde at his shop at the middle north doore of
Paules Church.





Notes.

DAGE 1, line 2. *As Donstable waye.* “As plain as Dunstable road. It is applied to things plain and simple, without welt or guard to adorn them, as also to matters easie and obvious to be found, without any difficulty or direction,” Bedfordshire Proverbs in Fuller’s Worthies. Howell gives the proverb in a slightly different form,—“as plain as Dunstable high-way.” The author of the *Cobler of Canterburie*, 1608, speaks of the “clownes plaine Dunstable dogrell.”

Page 1, line 4. *Syr Thomas Plomtrie.* *Sir* is here the title of a priest, answering to the Latin *dominus*. This clergyman took a conspicuous part in the rebellion, and was amongst those executed at Durham early in the year 1570. “The 4. and 5. of January did suffer at Durham to the number of three score and six, constables and other, among whom an alderman of the towne named Struthar, and a priest called Parson Plomtree, were the most notable,” Stow’s *Annales*, ed. 1615, p. 664.

Page 2, line 13. *Northumberland.* The Earl fell into the hands of outlaws on the Borders, and was treated with great indignity. He was subsequently betrayed, and confined in the castle of Loch Leven. See Sir C. Sharp’s *Memorials*, 1841, p. 323. Westmoreland made his escape to Flanders, and spent the remainder of his life on the Continent, dying, at a very advanced age, in November, 1601. He concealed himself in Scotland for a time immediately after the

rebellion, and Elderton, in another ballad, preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, says of the two earls,—

And to Saint Androwe be they gone,
With very harde shyfte, to make theare moane,
And som of theare ladies lefte behinde.

Page 2, line 16. *No more is not Norton.* Several members of this family were concerned in the rebellion, but the person here alluded to was Richard Norton, of Norton Conyers, generally called “old Norton,” a very conspicuous leader in the movement. On the flight of the rebels, a spy, named Constable, endeavoured to persuade him to put himself under his protection in England until a pardon could be obtained; but he wisely declined. He fled into Flanders, and received a pension from the King of Spain. The period of his death is uncertain. There is a portrait of him still preserved at Grantley Hall. “The countenance,” observes Sir C. Sharp, “is florid; the hair grey, but the slight beard on the chin and upper lip is of a sandy colour; his eyes are small and grey; the contour is pleasing, and the general expression is grave, but not stern,—vigilant, wary, and contemplative,” Sharp’s Memorials, p. 277.

Page 2, line 24. *Gentyll John Shorne.* This was the name of a Kentish saint, whose shrine was much visited by pilgrims in the early part of the sixteenth century. Latimer, in one of his sermons, says he prefers not to “speak of the popish pilgrimage, which we were wont to use in times past, in running hither and thither to Master John Shorne or to our Lady of Walsingham.” The bones of Shorne were originally deposited at Canterbury, where his shrine remained, but it would appear from MS. Ashmole 1125, f. 107, that they were removed in 1478, probably to Windsor, where there was a chapel consecrated to him. The name of John Shorne afterwards became to be used as a generic term for a Roman Catholic priest.

Page 6, line 4. *Astonyed.* “Troubled in minde, *astonied*, made sore afraid,” Baret’s Alvearie, 1580.

Page 5, line 7. *By Thomas Colwell.* "Receved of Thomas Colwell, for his lycense for the pryntinge of a ballett intituled a newe wel a daye, as playne, m^r. papeste, as Dunstable waye, iiij.d.," Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1569-70. A tune called *Well-a-day* is frequently mentioned. See Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 175.

Page 5, line 11. *The Black Almayne.* A tune often referred to, for instance in a *Handeful of Pleasant Delites*, 1584, in *Collier's Old Ballads*, p. 53, &c. The tune itself is unknown.

Page 6, line 1. *I-wys.* Certainly; truly. This old Anglo-Saxon adverb was now beginning to be corrupted into the pronoun and verb, *I wis*, I know.

Page 8, line 25. *The upper end of Fleet lane.* Most of the pieces which issued from the preps of Richard Jones are dated from St. Paul's. This was one of his early publications, mentioning a residence not heretofore noticed. He was living at St. Paul's in the following year, 1573.

Page 9, line 2. *Gar.* Literally, make. The late Mr. Bright possessed an early MS. miscellany, in which there was a copy of this ballad, subscribed,—“Fynis, quod Jhon Heywood.” This ballad was licensed to Alde, as a ballad “agaynste detrection,” in 1561-2.

Page 9, line 8. *And all those.* So in the original, but it appears from the MS. copy that *and* is an error for *on*.

Page 10, line 5. *Skaine.* A kind of scimitar. Hall, in his *Chronicle*, 1548, speaks of “a band of Iryshmen armed in mayle with dartes and *skaynes*, after the manner of their countrey.” Palsgrave, however, in 1530, explains *skeyne*, “a knyfe,” a word frequently synonymous with dagger.

Page 10, line 22. *Bothe.* All, Bright MS.

Page 11, line 31. *Heere.* Cleere, MS. Bright. In the next page, line 2, for *it is*, we here, MS. *ibid*.

Page 12, line 17. *Me to ensue.* Meete to eschewe, MS. Bright.

Page 12, line 29. *Wo by.* Wo be, MS. Bright.

This and the previous stanza are transposed in the MS. In the next page, line 8, the manuscript reads :—

To make them glowe,
As grace by grace may stay.

Page 13, line 1. *To fleke*. “I flecke, I quenche a fyre; whan you flecke a hoot fyre with water, it maketh a noyse lyke thunder,” Palsgrave, 1530.

Page 14, line 3. *New lusty gallant*. The favourite tune of the Lusty Gallant is frequently alluded to, but Mr. Chappell considers that the present ballad was intended for another air, because there are seven lines in each stanza. See his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 91. Breton, in his *Workes of a Young Wyt*, 1577, mentions a dance tune called the Old Lusty Gallant. An early notice of the tune occurs in MS. Ashmole 48, f. 112.

The present ballad was printed in the year 1569, as appears from the following entry in the books of the Stationers' Company,—“Receved of Thomas Colwell for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballett intituled the prayse of my lady marques, iiij.d.” *Marques*, marchioness. Shakespeare makes Henry the Eighth speak of the “lady marquis Dorset,” act v. sc. 2. In the original ballad there are five woodcuts, in a line at the top of the sheet. The fourth, which represents a sage holding up the forefinger of the left hand, is also found, with the addition of three stars, in the title-page of Larke's *Boke of Wisdome*, 1565.

Page 16, line 9. *Finis quod W. Elderton*. Drayton, in his *Elegies*, speaking of his beginning to read the Classics as a boy, says,—

I scorn'd your ballet then, though it were done
And had for *Finis*, William Elderton.

Page 16, line 14. *The Prisoners' Petition*. This title is not in the original, which is printed on a slip of paper measuring 5 by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and appears to be a

hand-bill sent round to the wealthy inhabitants of the City.

Page 16, line 19. *The hole of Wood-street Counter.* There is no doubt that the best portion of Wood-street Counter was very far from being an agreeable place of residence, but *the hole*, as it was called, was the very worst part of the prison.

Put. Well, wee cannot impute it to any lacke of good-will in your worship,—you did but as another would haue done ; twas our hard fortunes to misse the purchase, but if ere wee clutch him againe, the Counter shall charme him.

Rauen. The *hole* shall rotte him.

The Puritaine, or the Widdow of Watling-streete, ed. 1607, fig. F.

Next from the stocks, *the Hole*, and Little-ease,
Sad places, which kind nature do displease.

The Walks of Hogsdon, 4to. 1657.

On the east side of this street (Wood Street) is one of the prison houses pertayning to the shiriffes of London, and is called the Compter in Wood-street, which was prepared to be a prison house in the yere 1555, and, on the Eue of S. Michaell the Archangell, the prisoners that lay in the Compter in Bred-streete were remoued to this Compter in Wood-streete.—*Stow's Suruay of London*, ed. 1603, p. 298.

Page 17, line 14. *Ballad of Patient Griffell.* This is the earliest copy known of a ballad which was frequently reprinted. There are numerous variations in the later editions, few, however, of which are of much importance. The story was introduced to English readers by Chaucer, who derived the incidents from Boccaccio ; and in the sixteenth century it was extremely popular in this country, becoming the subject of plays, chap-books, and ballads. See notices of these collected in the Shakespeare Society's reprint of the comedy of Patient Griffil, 1841. The present ballad forms the larger portion of a little chap-book of the seventeenth century entitled, "The Pleasant and

Sweet History of Patient Griffell, shewing how she, from a poore mans daughter, came to be a great lady in France, being a patterne to all vertuous women. Translated out of Italian. London: Printed by E. P. for John Wright, dwelling in Giltspur Street at the signe of the Bible," n.d. The poem is here introduced by the following episode,—“In the countrey of Salusa, which lyeth neere Italy and France, there lived a noble and wealthy prince named Gualter, Marqueesse and Lord of Salusa, a man of such vertues that the world did ring of; beloved of his subjects for his good parts, that, before his dayes nor since, was very few the like for his continuall care of his subjects good, and they, in their dutifulnesse, sought to out-strip him in love. From his youth his onely exercise was hunting, wherein he tooke such delight, that nothing was more pleasing unto him; withall the subjects loyalty to this worthy prince, in their carefulnesse that such excellent vertues should not faile for want of issue, intreated him by humble petition to marry, that from his loynes their children might enjoy the like happinesse. This speech thus spoke to the prince drave such love and affection into his mind, that most graciously he made them answer that when it should please God that hee should see one that he could love, hee most willingly would fulfill their good and honest request. Withall this answer gave them such content, that they earnestly prayed to see that day.”

Page 17, line 15. *The Brides Good-morrow*. The ballad of the Bride's Good-Morrow, “to a pleasant new tune,” is in the Roxburghe Collection, i. 15, “Printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke,” but the ballad itself is older than the period of that printer. It commences thus,—

The night is passed, and joyfull day appeareth,
Most cleare on every side;
With pleasant musick we therefore salute you,—
Good morrow, Mistris Bride.

The exclamation, “Good morrow, Mistris Bride,” is found, observes Mr. Collier, “as a quotation, in more

than one play of the time of Shakespeare, with other allusions to this ballad." The tune itself has not been found under this title. Did Shakespeare have the ballad in his recollection when he makes Petruchio say,—

But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kifs?

Page 19, line 16. *Malist*. Maliced; envied.

Page 21, line 6. *Alone*. "All alone," chap-book ed.

Page 21, line 21. *Bisse and purest pall*. Bifs and pall were filk and cloth of expensive and fine textures. They are frequently mentioned in the old English romances as signs of the wealth of their possessors. "That grete cite that was clothed with *bisse* and purpur, and overgyld with gold and presious stonys," Wimbleton's Sermon, 1388. "And on hym were the purpull palle," MS. Ashmole 61.

Page 22, line 25. *All and some*. That is, everybody—

We are betrayd, and y-nome,
Horse and harness, lords, *all and some*.

The Romance of Richard Coer de Lion, 2284.

Page 23, line 2. *Brauery*. That is, rich apparel. "Lionello he hastes him home, and futes him in his braverie," Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, 1590.

Page 23, line 4. *As he*. "At his," later version. And, in the next line, "I will ask of thee." The chap-book version, at the conclusion of the ballad, adds the following,—"The lords and gentlemen, being astonished, looked one upon another, and seeing no remedy, but that the noble Marquesse had an unremoveable love upon her, besought her to pardon them of their envy towards her, and to take them into her favour, which she, with a modest behaviour, promised to doe. The noble Marquesse, seeing all in peace, ordained a great and sumptuous feast, where patient Griffel fate mistresse of the feast; the Mar-

queste on her right hand, on her left her aged father, old Janicola; her two children betweene them both, the lords and gentlemen doing them service. This feast continued fourteene dayes, to the comfort of the commons. When this solemne feast was ended, the Marqueste, to shew his love to his Griffell, made her father one of his counsel, and governour of his palace, where for many yeeres he lived in the love of the whole court. The noble Marqueste and his faire Griffell lived almost thirty yeeres, saw their children's children, and then dyed, beloved and bewayled of their subjects."

Page 24, line 1. *Ballade of a Lover*. This ballad was originally printed by Colwell in 1563, as appears from the Registers of the Stationers' Company,—“received of Thomas Colwell for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballett intituled the lover extollynge hys ladyes, iiij.d.” In the original, the first eight lines are set to music. “The tune,” observes Mr. Chappell, “is worthless as music, and, I suspect, very incorrectly printed. It seems a mere claptrap jumble to take in the countryman.”

Page 24, line 3. *Damon aud Pithias*. “This,” observes Mr. Chappell, “is probably a tune from the very old drama of Damon and Pithias.”

Page 25, line 6. *Woulde*. “Wolude,” original.

Page 27, line 1. *A monstrous childe*. It is a curious fact that the woodcut of this child, and of some other monsters described in the present collection, should be copied by hand on the margins of the register-book of Wills in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury for the year 1562, headed by the following note, here copied exactly as it stands in the original,—*Prodigiæ quædam contra solitum naturæ cursum nata et in lucem ædit: anno Domini 1562*. In addition to those found in these broadsides may be mentioned drawings of a caterpillar and of a dog with a band round its neck. “Item, ther was (a) pyge brothe to London in May with ij alff bodys, behyng with viij fette, that mony pepull dyd se ytt; and after cam a syne and token of a monstorous

chylde that was borne be-fyd Colcheſter at a town callyd (*blank*)," Machyn's Diary, 1562, ed. J. G. Nichols, p. 281.

Page 27, line 16. *Braft*. Burſt. "Braft in the middes, or in fundre," Huloet's Dictionarie, 1572.

Page 28, line 4. *Beholde a calfe*. "In Aprell was browth to London a pyde calff with a great ruffe about ys neke, a token of grett ruff that bowth men and women," Machyn's Diary, 1562, ed. J. G. Nichols, p. 280.

Page 28, line 24. *Linne*. Ceafe. "He never *linns*, he gives it not over, he is alwaies doing," Terence in Engliſh, 1614.

Page 29, line 6. *A ſcape*. So Shakeſpeare, in King John, ſpeaks of a "ſcape of nature."

Page 30, line 16. *Lady, Lady*. A favourite burden to a ſong, as in that of the Conſtancy of Sufanna, quoted by Shakeſpeare in Twelfth Night. Compare a ſong in the old interlude of the Trial of Treafure, 1567,—

Thou paſſeſt Venus far away,
Lady, lady;
Love thee I will both night and day,
My dere lady!

Page 31, line 2. *Forked cap*. The mitre.

Page 31, line 12. *And famiſhed him till lyfe was donne*. The author does not here follow the ordinary popular belief of the time, which was afterwards adopted by Shakeſpeare. According to Stow, who quotes an inedited MS. by Sir John Fortefcue as his authority, the king "was imprifoned in Pomfrait Caſtle, where xv. dayes and nightes they vexed him with continuall hunger, thirſt and cold, and finally bereft him of his life with ſuch a kind of death as never before that time was known in England." The Percies, in the manifeſto which they iſſued againſt Henry the Fourth the day before the battle of Shrewſbury, expreſſly charge him with the reſponſibility of this crime.

Page 32, line 7. *Trentalles*. "Trentals or trigintals were a number of maſſes, to the tale of thirty, ſaid

on the same account, according to a certain order instituted by Saint Gregory," Ayliffe's Parergon.

Page 33, line 1. *The Pope in his fury.* This ballad was licensed to Kirkham, or Kyrham, as it is written in the register, in 1570-1, "his lycense for pryntinge of a ballett, the Pope in greate fury doth." So the words of the entry conclude.

Page 33, line 2. *To a letter the which to Rome is late come.* This perhaps refers and is a supposed reply to another ballad, by Stephen Peele, now in the Miller Collection, "to the Tune of Row well ye Mariners," which is headed,—

A Letter to Rome, to declare to the Pope,
John Felton, his freend, is hang'd in a rope;
And farther, aright his Grace to enforme,
He dyed a Papist, and seemed not to turne.

The same day (4 August, 1571) was arraigned at Guildhal of London Iohn Felton, for hanging a bull at the gate of the Bishop of London's palace, and also two young men for coyning and clipping of coine, who all were found guilty of high treason, and had judgement to be drawne, hanged and quartered.—*Stowe's Annales*, ed. 1615, p. 666. The eight of August, John Felton was drawne from Newgate into Paules Church-yard, and there hanged on a gallowes new set up that morning before the Bishoppes palace gate, and being cut downe aliue, he was bowelled and quartered.—*Ibid.*, p. 667.

Page 34, line 2. *To-to.* Exceedingly. "*Too-too*, used absolutely for very well or good," Ray's English Words, ed. 1674, p. 49.

Page 34, line 14. *Senceyng.* That is, incensing. "And whan thei comen there, thei taken ensense and other aromatyk thinges of noble smelle, and *sensen* the ydole, as we wolde don here Goddes precyouse body," Maundevile's Travels, p. 174, ed. 1839.

Page 34, line 16. *Mell.* That is, to meddle with. "Hence, ye profane; *mell* not with holy things," Hall's Satires.

Page 35, line 21. *The Nortons' bones.* Two of

this family, Thomas and his nephew Christopher Norton, were executed for their implication in the Northern rebellion, at Tyburn, in May, 1570. Their heads were set upon London Bridge, and their quarters upon the various gates. There was a little poem by Sampson Davie on them printed the same year. "Receved of Wylliam Pekerynge for his lycense for pryntinge of the ende and confession of Thomas Norton and Christofer Norton, rebelles in Yorkefhyre, which dyed the xxvij. of Maye, 1570," Stationers' Registers.

Page 36, line 7. *Frump*. That is, mock. "*Mocquer*, to mock, flowt, frump, scoffe, deride," Cotgrave. "To frump, *illudo*," Coles.

Page 36, line 20. *Queen Elizabeth*. These lines under a portrait form together a singularly curious broadside. In the State Paper Office is an undated draft of a proclamation, in the handwriting of Cecil, prohibiting all "payntors, pryntors, and gravors" from drawing Queen Elizabeth's picture, until "some conning person mete therefor shall make a naturall representation of Her Majesty's person, favour, or grace," as a pattern for other persons to copy. This proclamation was most likely never published, as it is not mentioned in Humfrey Dison's list of the proclamations of Queen Elizabeth. The "pycture of quene Elyzabeth" was entered to Gyles Godhed on the books of the Stationers' Company, 1562-3.

Page 37, line 11. *Ane new Ballet*. The date of this ballad fixes it to the period of the author's escape from Paris at the time of the St. Bartholomew massacre.

Page 37, line 15. *Tykit*. Tied, bound?

Page 37, line 16. *At Bastianes brydell*. The allusion here is to Queen Mary's leaving Darnley, on the night of his murder, to attend a ball at Holyrood, on the occasion of the marriage of one of her attendants named Bastian. The intention of the author of the ballad is obviously to establish a parallel between the murder of Darnley and the massacre at Paris.

Page 37, line 19. *Wyte of this cummer*. That is, blame of this trouble or vexation. "Delivir us fra all dangears and perrellis of fire and wattir, of fyirflauchtis and thundir, of hungar and derth, fedition and battel, of pleyis and *cummar*, seiknes and pestilence," Hamiltoun's Catechisme, ap. Jamieson.

Page 37, line 22. *Conuoyit*. By artful contrivance, deceitfully.

Page 38, line 4. *Farlie*. Wonder.

Page 38, line 6. *Ganzelon*. Ganelon, the celebrated traitor of the romances of Charlemagne, the person who was bribed into betraying the French army to the King of the Saracens. He was executed at Aix-la-Chapelle by order of Charlemagne.

Page 38, line 12. *Be doand ane quhyle*. Go on for a time.

Page 38, line 14. *Ding*. To overcome.

Page 38, line 18. *Wapis*. That is, casts or throws. So, in Ramsay's poems,—

Get Johnny's hand in haly band,
Syne *wap* ye'r wealth together.

Page 38, line 21. *The feryne*. That is, the fyren. *Ouirfylit*, circumvented.

Page 38, line 24. *Volatill*. Bird. "Make we man to oure ymage and liknesse, and be he sovereyn to the fischis of the see, and to the *volatils* of hevene," Bible, MS. Bodl. "Volatile, wyld fowle," Prompt. Parv.

Page 39, line 6. *Burreo*. Executioner. *Bourreau*, Fr.

Page 39, line 8. *Sane*. That is, the river Seine. *Huking*, confidering, regarding.

Page 39, line 13. *Thy faces was sour*. Thy sauce was four, tasteless, or insipid.

Page 40, line 8. *Tythance*. Tidings.

Page 41, line 3. *Graith*. Accoutrements.

Page 41, line 9. *Calk*. That is, chalk (to mark with). Mark their doors with chalk.

Page 41, line 18. *Go say*. So in the original.

Can these words be erroneously printed for *assay*? In the next line *thie* in the original, clearly a misprint for *this*.

Page 42, line 1. *The Bryber Gehefie*. "Receved of Thomas Colwell, for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballett intituled of bryber Jehesye, taken out of the vth chapter of the iiijth Bokes of Kynge, iiij.d," Stationers' Registers, 1566-7. The reference, in the modern translations of the Bible, is to the Second Book of Kings.

Page 42, line 3. *To the tune of Kynge Salomon*. It appears, from the *Newe Enterlude of Vice, conteyninge the Historye of Horestes*, 1567, that this is the same tune as "Lady, lady." The stage-direction is,— "Enter Egistus and Clytemnestra, singinge this songe to the tune of King Salomon;" and then follows the song, commencing,—

And was it not a worthy fight
Of Venus childe, Kinge Priames sonne,
To steale from Grece a ladye bryght,
For whom the wares of Troye begon,
Naught fearinge daunger that might faull,
Lady, ladie!
From Grece to Troye he went withall,
My deare lady!

It appears, from the registers of the Stationers' Company, that Tyfdale had a license in 1561-2 for printing "a new ballett after the tune of Kynge Salomon."

Page 45, line 6. *The shape of ii monsters*. This broadside is probably that mentioned in the following entry in the Stationers' Registers, 1561-2,— "Receved of John Alde for his lycense for pryntinge of a picture of a monstherus pygge, iiij.d." It is also alluded to in another ballad. See p. 64. There are engravings of two "monstrous pigs" in the original broadside, but only one is described in the text.

Page 49, line 3. *Feinzeit*. That is, feigned. The word *cruellus*, in the next line, is invented for the sake of the rhyme. This ballad evidently belongs to the earlier part of the year 1581, before James Earl of

Morton was brought to trial, and executed on the following day.

Page 49, line 17. *Dowkand*. That is, diving.

Page 50, line 8. *Volt*. Face; countenance.

Page 50, line 9. *Ingyne*. Capacity; ability.

Page 51, line 8. *Potteris*. "Porteris," original.

The classical allusions in this ballad are too trite to require annotation.

Page 51, line 13. *Landwart*. That is, country. It is hardly necessary to say that *pleuch*, here and in other places, stands for *plough*.

Page 51, line 19. *Ane tit*. A quick pull; a hasty turn of the wheel.

Page 51, line 26. *Subumbragit*. Overshadowed.

Page 52, line 3. *Git*. The last letter of this word in the original appears, on close examination, to be an imperfect *f*, not a *t*. Read *gif*, if.

Page 52, line 11. *Litils*. So in the original, but probably a misprint for *litill*.

Page 52, line 16. *Law*. To lower or humble.

Page 52, line 29. *Danter*. Conqueror; subduer. Under the firm government of Morton, the Border districts, which had become the scene of great lawlessness, were reduced into order. "He was very wyse, and a guid justitiar in administration. His fyve yeirs war estimed to be als happie and peaceable as euer Scotland saw. The name of a Papist durst nocht be hard of; ther was na theiff nor oppressour that durst kythe."—Melvill's Diary, 1577.

Page 53, line 21. *Franke*. So in the original, but it may possibly be an error for *fracke*, active, diligent. So in a poem cited by Jamieson,—

He wald not lat the Papists cause ga bak,
Gif it were just, bot wald be for him *frak*.

Page 54, line 10. *Pleit*. Maintained; debated.

Page 54, line 13. *Eith*. That is, easy.

Page 54, line 21. *Dowie*. Dull; melancholy.

Page 55, line 9. *Eluottis*. So in the original. It may be right, and a mere specimen of cacography, but more probably a misprint for *Elyottis*.

Page 55, line 12. *Labeis*. Jamieson has, "*Lebbie*, the lap or fore-skirt of a man's coat, S. B. Loth."

Page 55, line 25. *Glaikrie*. Idle wantonnefs.

Page 56, line 3. *Detreitis*. So in the original, obviously intended for *decreitis*. In the previous line, *decoure*, that is, decorate.

Page 56, line 7. *Sempill*. Can it be that the author is here quibbling upon his own name?

Page 56, line 10. *Robert Lekprewicke*. This printer was at Edinburgh from about the year 1561 until 1570. In 1571, he is found at Stirling, and in 1572 at St. Andrew's. See p. 41. In 1573, he had returned to Edinburgh.

Page 56, line 12. *The Plagues of Northumberland*. "Receved of Thomas Colwell, for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballett intituled, Plaiges of Northumberlande, iiij.d," Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1569-70. At the top of this broadside is a row of five woodcuts.

Page 56, line 13. *Appelles*. This tune is referred to in Gooze's Eglogs, 1563, in the Handeful of Pleasant Delites, 1584, and in the Crown Garland of Golden Roscs, 1659. A "ballett intituled Kynge Pollicrate, to the tune of Apelles," was entered to Colwell in the Stationers' Registers, 1565-6.

Page 56, line 14. *When that the Moone, in Northumberland*. The Silver Crescent is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the Crusades against the Saracens. In an ancient pedigree in verse, finely illuminated on a roll of vellum, and written in the reign of Henry VII, we have this fabulous account given of its original. The author begins with accounting for the name of Gernon or Algernon, often borne by the Percies; who, he says, were

Gernons fyrst named Brutys bloude of Troy :
Which valliantly fyghtynge in the land of Persè
At pointe terrible ayance the miscreants on nyght,
An hevynly mystery was schewyd hym, old bookys reherse ;
In hys scheld did schyne a *Mone* veryfying her lyght,

Which to all the ooste yave a perfytt fyght,
 To vaynquys his enemys, and to deth them persue :
 And therefore the Persès the Cressant doth renew.

From a Note by Bishop Percy.

Page 56, line 24. *With horse and armes.* "I have certaine advertysement that all reteyners and husehold servants appertening the Erle of Westmorland, with the mooste part of all others his tennants, beyng furnished with armour and weapon, of his lordship of Raby, in their warlike apparel, repared to Branspeth yesterday and this nyght past, and all the rest of his tennants ar by his lordship's officers commandyt to set forthe upon one hour's warning," Letter of Sir George Bowes to the Duke of Suffex, 7 November, 1569.

Page 57, line 1. *Pyght.* That is, placed, fixed. *Redyght*, to restore, (Lat.)

Page 57, line 27. *Bellinge.* That is, bellowing. "Bellynge of nete," Prompt. Parv. "Becking, belling, ducking, yelling, was their whole religio," Answere to a Romish Rime, 1602.

Page 60, line 4. *In Somer time.* This is the same tune which is mentioned in a ballad in the Pepys' Collection, "The Rimer's New Trimming, to the tune of *In Sommer time*," which commences as follows,—

A rimer of late in a barber's shop
 Sate by for a trimming to take his lot;
 Being minded with mirth, until his turn came
 To drive away time he thus began.

Page 61, line 20. *Fat.* A vat or brewing-tub. "Fatte, a vessel, *quevue*," Palsgrave, 1530. "A vate or fat, *labrum*," Rider's Dictionarie, ed. 1617.

Page 63, line 17. *A monstrous Chylde.* In 1564-5, there was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company,—“Receved of William Greffeth, for his lycense for pryntinge of a pycture of a chylde borne in the Ile of Wyghte, with a cluster of grapes about ys navell, *iiij.d.*” Notwithstanding the variation in this description, there can be little doubt that this entry

refers to the broadside printed in the text. If so, the ingenious compiler of the narrative altered the character of the "cluster" between the date of entry and the period of issue.

Page 65, line 23. *Vnparfett*. An unusual form of the word. Huloet has, "unperfeete, *imperfectus*," ed. 1572; and *unparfited*, for *unperfected*, occurs in Surrey's Songs and Sonnets, 1557. In the next line, the word *porte*, by a singular license, appears to be used for *report*.

Page 66, line 3. *Confortor*. A genuine old form of the word, derived from the Anglo-Norman.

Page 66, line 12. *The Marchants Daughter*. This is the earliest copy of this ballad known to exist. William Blackwall, its printer, dwelt "over against Guildhall Gate," but very few productions from his press are known to exist. See another specimen at p. 231. He is alluded to by the author of the Declaration of the true Causes, 1592, as the printer "of obscure and trifling matters." This ballad was extremely popular. The fiddler in Fletcher's Monsieur Thomas, 1639, mentions it as one of the songs he is best versed in. A later copy, a few of the stanzas being omitted, is preserved in the Roxburghe collection.

Page 66, line 13. *Bristow*. The usual old way of spelling the name of the town of Bristol.

Page 66, line 14. *The Maydens Joy*. This tune is referred to in Anthony Wood's collection of ballads at Oxford, in Old Ballads, 1729, vol. iii. p. 201, &c.

Page 67, line 12. *Fine*. "Then," ed. Roxburghe.

Page 67, line 18. *Waste*. "Waile," ed. Roxburghe.

Page 68, line 7. *She*. "He," in the original.

Page 68, line 8. *Though naked*. Even as lately as the sixteenth century, the use of night linen was far from being universal. "To bed he goes, and Jemy ever used to lye naked, as is the use of a number, amongst which number she knew Jemy was one," Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608. Hence arose the expression, *naked bed*, of which Shakespeare has made such a pretty use,—

Who fees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white.

Page 71, line 23. *Joyfull*. "Mortall," ed. Roxburghe.

Page 72, line 7. *Trauell*. "Triall," ed. Roxburghe.

Page 72, line 14. *Al her iorneys*. "Her sorrow," ed. Roxburghe.

Page 72, line 20. *On her perills*. "Of her sorrowes," ed. Roxburghe. The next stanza is omitted in this later copy.

Page 73, line 10. *Euer*. This should be *evermore*, as required by the rhyme, and as it stands in the Roxburghe copy.

Page 73, line 18. *Eyes*. "Eys" in the original.

Page 73, line 24. *Such grieuous*. The space for the word following these is also left blank in the original. "Such grievous *doome*," ed. Roxburghe. In the next line, *ladies* is a misprint in the original for *laddes*.

Page 74, line 28. *And of a passing pure life*. "And passing pure of life," ed. Roxburghe.

Page 75, line 18. *Feareful*. "Freareful" in the original.

Page 78, line 8. *To the tune of Labandalashotte*. This tune is the same as "I waile in woe, I plunge in pain." See the Handeful of Pleasant Delites, 1584, and Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 151. The tune is referred to for "A song of King Edgar, shewing how he was deceived of his Love." That ballad commences,—

Whenas King Edgar did govern this land,
Adown, adown, down, down, down;
And in the strength of his years he did stand,
Call him down-a, &c.

Mrs. Quickly sings this burden in the Merry Wives of Windsor, act i. sc. 4, and Ophelia sang one of her snatches to the tune of Labandalashotte. "You must sing, *Down-a-down, an you call him a-down-a*," Hamlet, act iv. sc. 5. "*Filibustacchina*, the burden of a countrie song, as we say, hay doune a doune douna,"

Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598, p. 131. The same tune is clearly referred to in the Ballad against Slander and Detraction, p. 9; and Rhodes, in his Answer to a Romish Rime, 4to. 1602, says,—“I found it set to no certaine tune, but because it goeth most neere to the olde tune of *Labandala shot*, therefore I have made that all may be sung to that tune, if neede be.”

Page 79, line 5. *Marketsted*. A market-place. “And their best archers plac'd the market-*sted* about,” Drayton's Polyolbion.

Page 79, line 30. *Ance*. That is, once, in the sense of, once for all. “Once, twenty-four ducattes he cost me,” Gascoigne's Supposes.

Page 80, line 22. *Nicholas Colman of Norwich*. A new name in the history of English publishing. The ballads were printed for him in London.

Page 81, line 1. *A proper newe sonet*. It is probably this ballad, not the preceding one, which is thus entered in the Stationers' Registers for 1586,—“Nicholas Colman, receved of him for printinge a ballad of the lamentation of Beckles, a market towne of Suffolke, on St. Andrewes day laste paste, beinge burnt with fier, to the number of lxxx. house, and losse of xx. m. *li*.” Contributions in aid of the sufferers from this fire were raised throughout the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. Blomefield mentions a sum of money as having been collected in the parish of Harpham “for the burning of Beccles.” In the book of the Mayor's Court at Norwich is this entry,—“William Fleming, preacher of Beccles, raised in Court of Mr. Mayor, £30. 10. 8, which was collected in this city towards the re-edifying of Beccles Church, which was lately burnt,” Suckling's Suffolk, vol. i. p. 12.

Page 81, line 8. *To Wilson's Tune*. This tune does not appear to be known. In the library of the Society of Antiquaries is, A proper newe Ballad declaring the substaunce of all the late pretended Treasons against the Queenes Majestie, 1586, *To Wilson's new Tune*.

Page 83, line 11. *The church and temple by this*

fyre. "The roof, seats, and woodwork of the church were consumed, though the walls and the stonework of the windows escaped destruction. The lower part of the steeple remains blackened with smoke in a very remarkable degree to the present day," Suckling's History and Antiquities of the County of Suffolk, vol. i. p. 12. The parish registers were, probably, destroyed, the present books commencing in the year 1586.

Page 85, line 1. *Franklins Farewell.* James Franklin was the apothecary whose poverty or whose will consented to furnish the poisons, according to order, in the Overbury murders. See his Trial in Cobbett's State Trials, vol. ii. col. 947. According to his own account, he bought the poisons at the entreaty of the Countess and Mrs. Turner, protesting his ignorance of what they intended to do with them. See further particulars in Amos's Great Oyer of Poisoning, 1846. In the library of the Society of Antiquaries is a broadside, entitled,—“James Franklin, a Kentishman of Maidstone, his owne Arraignment, Confession, Condemnation, and Judgment of Himselfe, whilst hee lay Prisoner in the Kings Bench for the Poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury. He was executed the 9 of December, 1615.”

Page 88, line 1. *The xxv. orders of Fooles.* “Receved of Henry Kyrham, for his lycense for the pryntinge of a ballett, intituled the xx. orders of fooles, iiij.d,” Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1569-70.

Page 88, line 4. *A quarterne.* That is, a quarter (of a hundred). Maundevile speaks of the moon being in “the seconde quarteroun,” Travels, p. 301.

Page 88, line 19. *Or els a fox-tayle.* One of the distinguishing badges of a fool. “I shall prove him such a noddy before I leave him, that all the world will deeme him worthy to weare in his forehead a coxcombe for his foolishness, and on his back a fox tayle for his badge,” The Pope's Funerall, 1605.

Page 89, line 17. *Wood.* That is, mad. “Phœbus

grows stark *wood* for love and fancie to Daphne," Countess of Pembroke's Ivy-Church, 1591. "The name Woden signifies fierce or furious; and in like sense we still retain it, saying, when one is in a great rage, that he is *wood*, or taketh on as if he were *wood*," Verstegan's Restitution of Decayed Intelligence, 1605. "Woode or madde, *fureux*," Palsgrave.

Page 91, line 1. *Foole*. "Feele" in the original.

Page 92, line 23. *Apayd*. Satisfied; pleased. "In herte I wolde be wele apayed," MS. Lincoln. "I am well apayed, *je suis bien content*," Palsgrave, 1530.

Page 95, line 12. *Or els to Lolers tower toft*. "At eyther corner of this west end (of St. Paul's) is also of auncient building a strong tower of stone, made for bell towers, the one of them, to wit, next to the pallace is at this present to the vse of the same pallace; the other, towards the south, is called the Lowlarden Tower, and hath beene used as the Bishoppes prison, for such as were detected for opinions in religion contrary to the faith of the church," Stow's Survey of London, ed. 1603, p. 372.

Page 95, line 16. *To swage*. "I swage, I abate the swellng of a thyng" Palsgrave, 1530. "Swage, or to mitigate or appease, *complacare*," Huloet's Dictionarie, 1572.

But wicked wrath had some so farre enraged,
As by no meanes their malice could be swaged.

Gascoigne's Works, 4to. 1587.

Page 96, line 9. *A forayne*. That is, a foreigner. (Fr.)

Page 96, line 29. *Threape*. That is, obstinately maintained. "I threpe a mater upon one, I beare one in hande that he hath doone or saide a thing amyffe; this terme is also farre northren; he wolde threpe upon me that I have his penne," Palsgrave, 1530.

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Page 98, line 1. *A Ballad*. This is probably the earliest, as it undoubtedly is the most curious, of the English versions of a notion which subsequently

became familiar as the Five Alls. As late as the reign of George the Third, there was issued a satirical print by Kay in five compartments, the first of which represented a clergyman in his desk, with the inscription, "I pray for all;" the second a barrister, "I plead for all;" the third a farmer, "I maintain all;" the fourth a soldier, "I fight for all;" the fifth his Satanic majesty, "I take all." There are several old epigrams, each line ending with the word *all*. See copies of two in Larwood and Hotten's History of Signboards, p. 452. Inns called the *Four Alls* are still well-known; but the sign appears to be gradually going out of fashion.

Page 101, line 1. *A godly Ballad*. This ballad is printed on the back of a waste sheet of an old almanac, one side only having been printed of the latter, which was a Prognostication for the year then following, 1567. Each month is illustrated by a small woodcut.

"Receved of John Alde for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballett intituled declarynge by the Scriptures the plages that have insued of whoredom, iiii.d," Stationers' Registers, 1566-7.

Page 101, line 5. *Left in*. "Left if" in the original. Perhaps the correct reading may be, *left in*.

Page 101, line 15. *The woorm*. That is, the serpent. The use of the word in this sense is very common in early English.

Page 101, line 21. *The harmes*. "Thy harmes" in the original.

Page 105, line 8. *Tantara*. This odd word was usually employed to signify the noise made by a drum. So, in the old ballad of the Winning of Cales,—

Long the proud Spaniards had vaunted to conquer us,
Threatning our country with fyer and sword;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums:
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

It was also, however, the name of a tune. A song

called Gibson's Tantara is given in the Handeful of Pleasant Delites, 1584. In the Miller collection is a ballad, dated 1590, "to the tune of the new Tantara." The uncouth orthography used by the writer of this ballad, and the allusion to Bewdley ale, indicate a provincial origin. Such words as *blofe*, blows, *Rafe*, Ralph, *fincke*, cinque, *gose*, goes, hardly require explanation.

Page 106, line 2. *Upon the molde*. Upon the ground or earth. This was a favourite expression in the old English romances. "Moold or soyle of erthe, *solum*," Prompt. Parv.

Page 106, line 14. *Plaie*. "Plate" in the original.

Page 106, line 28. *To baste*. That is, to beat. "To bast, beat, *fuste cædere*," Coles. *Bastian*, a cudgel. "*Baculus*, a baston, a staffe," Nomenclator, 1585. *Bumbde*, struck, beat. The verb *to bum*, to beat, is still in use in the North. *Vnguentum Bakaline*, ointment for the back.

Page 107, line 19. *He spurres his cutte*. That is, his horse. "Am I their cutt? must Jack march with bag and baggage," Play of Sir Thomas More. "But master, 'pray ye, let me ride upon Cut," Sir John Oldcastle.

He's buy me a white cut forth for to ride,
And ile goe seeke him throw the world that is so wide.
The Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634, p. 42.

Page 108, line 8. *Her life*. "His life" in the original.

Page 110, line 17. *Bedstaffe*. A wooden pin in the side of the bedstead for holding in the bed-clothes. "Hostesse, lend vs another bedstaffe here quickly," Every Man in his Humour, ed. 1601, fig. C. 4.

Page 111, line 12. *Did laugh a-good*. In good earnest. "The world laughed *a-good* at these jests," Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608. "This mery aunswer made them all laughe a-good," North's Plutarch.

Page 112, line 1. *Description of a monstrous pig*. "Receved of Garrad Dewes, for his lycense for

pryntinge of a pycture of a monfterus pygge at Hamfted," Registers of the Company of Stationers, 1562. There are two views of the pig in the original broadside.

Page 112, line 19. *Flean*. That is, flayed.

Page 113, line 15. *The tune of Lightie Loue*. This tune, which is constantly alluded to by our early writers, and twice by Shakespeare, will be found in Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 224. The words of the original song have not been discovered. "Hee'l dance the morris twenty mile an houre, and gallops to the tune of *Light a' love*," Two Noble Kinsmen, 1634, p. 77. The earliest notice of the tune yet met with occurs in Proctor's Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, 1578, in which "the louer exhorteth his lady to be constant, to the tune of, Attend thee, go play thee." It commences,—

Not light of loue, lady,
Though fancy doo prick thee.

Page 114, line 1. *Nicyngs and ticings*. Pretty follies and allurements. *Tysing* for *enticing* occurs in Aminta, 1628.

Page 114, line 6. *Shouer*. Perhaps for *shiver*, tremble.

Page 114, line 10. *Glofe*. Diffimulation; falsehood.

Tell me, Gobrias, dost thou simplie thinke
That this discourse is naught but naked truth,
Or else some forged or dissembled *glofe*.

The Warres of Cyrus, King of Persia, 1594.

Page 114, line 15. *And you twincke*. "Twynkyne wythe the eye, *conniveo*," Prompt. Parv.

Some turne the whites up, some looke to the foote;
Some winke, some twinke, some blinke, &c.

Lane's Tom Tel-Troths Message, 1600.

Page 115, line 18. *Bearyng your louers in hande*. To bear in hand, that is, to persuade to a false conclusion. "I beare in hande, I threp upon a man that he hath done a dede or make hym byleve so," Palsgrave, 1530.

Page 118, line 1. *Sapartons Alarum*. There was licensed to Colwell, in 1569-70, "a ballett intituled my gentle John Saperton," who may be the same person with the author of the present ballad.

Page 119, line 14. *What thoe?* What then? This expression also occurs in Shakespeare. See Henry the Fifth, act ii. sc. 1.

Page 120, line 5. *The barded horse*. The horse equipped with military trappings or ornaments. "Their horses were barded for feare of arrowe shotte," Palsgrave, 1530. "At all alarmes he was the first man armed, and that at all points, and his horse ever barded," Comine's History, 1596. The word is sometimes written *barbed*.

Page 120, line 30. *Vnder the Lotterie house*. The Lottery House was situated for many years near the western gate of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is described by Stow as "an house of timber and boord." See his Annales, ed. 1615, p. 719.

Page 122, line 13. *A let*. That is, a hindrance. "Let, *impedimentum*," Huloet's Dictionarie, 1572. "Let, impediment, hinderaunce," Baret's Alvearie, 1580.

Page 122, line 27. *Stroy*. That is, destroy. "Some they stroye and some they brenne," MS. Cantab. "Stroyed in dishonour," Antony and Cleopatra, act iii. sc. 9.

Dissolving all her circles and her knots,
And *stroying* all her figures and her lots.

Harington's Orlando Furioso, 1591.

P. 123, line 19. *The Groome-porters lawes at Mawe*. The Groom-porter was an officer of the royal household, whose chief business it was to provide cards and dice, and to decide all disputes respecting games of chance. Mawe was a favourite old game at cards, and is frequently alluded to. Braithwait observes that "in games at cards, the maw requires a quicke conceit or present pregnancy," which implies that it was a game of unusual difficulty. All the games at cards played by our ancestors were, however, more difficult

and complicated than those in vogue at the present day.

Page 123, line 27. *Vied cardes*. Cards which have been betted upon. So, in Hall's Satires,—

More than who *vies* his pence to see some tricke
Of strange Morocco's dumb arithmeticke.

Page 125, line 12. *Sodome and Gomorra*. Kyrkham had a license, in 1570-1, "for pryntinge of a ballett of Sodom and Gomore."

Page 127, line 21. *Shryked*. "I shrike, I kry out, as one dothe that is sodaynly afrayde, *je me escrie*," Palsgrave, 1530.

Page 129, line 18. *Amery balade*. Alexander Lacy, the printer of this ballad, appears to have either died or retired from business about the year 1571.

Page 130, line 7. *Neither mocke nor mow*. "I mowe with the mouthe, I mocke one; he useth so moche to mocke and mowe, that he disfigureth his face," Palsgrave, 1530. *Loute*, in the next line, has a similar meaning, perhaps to contemn. "Lowted and forsaken of theym by whom in tyme he myght have bene ayded and relieved," Hall's Chronicle. This is also probably the meaning of the term in a passage in the First Part of Henry the Sixth, act iv. sc. 3.

Page 130, line 19. *House-keepers*. Persons who keep at home. Shakespeare uses the term in the same sense in the play of Coriolanus.

Page 131, line 2. *To hyll*. That is, to cover. "You must hyll you wel nowe anyghtes, the wether is colde," Palsgrave, 1530.

Page 131, line 8. *Sad*. That is, serious. The use of the term in this sense was very common.

Page 132, line 26. *The iob*. The peck or stroke. "Jobbyn wythe the bylle, byllen or jobbyn as bryddys," Prompt. Parv.

Page 133, line 1. *The Othe of euerie Freeman*. A woodcut of the City arms is at the top of this broadside. Hugh Singleton, the printer, appears to have started in business about the year 1562. He died in 1592.

or 1593. A later copy of this oath is given in Stow's Survey of London, ed. 1633, p. 689.

Page 133, line 7. *Obeysant*. Submissive. "That were obeissant to his heste," Gower.

Page 134, line 10. *Neybourhed, loue, &c.* "Receved of Rychard Lante for his lycense for pryntinge of a ballett intituled, how neyghborhed, love, and tru dealinge ys gonne, iiij*d.*," Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1561.

Page 136, line 16. *Percialnesse*. Partiality.

Page 138, line 14. *Philosophers learnynge*. There is a row of five woodcuts at the top of this sheet. The first one is also introduced by Colwell into Larke's Boke of Wisdome, ed. 1565, fig. B. i. Colwell had a license "for pryntinge of a ballett intituled the philosifor lernynge" in 1568-9.

Page 138, line 17. *Que passa*. A dance, properly called *Qui passa*, but sometimes spelt *quipascie* or *kypascie*. There is a song "to the tune of Kypascie" in the Handeful of Pleasant Delites, 1584.

Page 139, line 5. *Surance*. Warrant; security; assurance. "Now give some surance that thou art Revenge," Titus Andronicus, act v. sc. 2.

Page 140, line 3. *Corzye*. Distress; inconvenience. "To have a great hurt or damage, which we call a corsey to the herte," Eliote's Dictionarie, 1559.

Page 140, line 10. *Exuperate*. Surmount. (Lat.)

Page 141, line 11. *It is olde syr John*. The title of *sir* was formerly the designation of a Bachelor of Arts, and, in consequence, the English clergy were distinguished by this title affixed to their Christian names. Hence Shakespeare introduces Sir Hugh, Sir Topas, &c. "Within the limits of myne own memory, all readers in chapels were called *sirs*," Machell's MSS., temp. Car. II.

Page 141, line 18. *A graye*. A badger. "Grey, beeft, *taxus*," Prompt. Parv. "Graye, a beeft, *taxe*," Palsgrave, 1530. "Graye, bagger, brocke, a beaft," Huloet's Dictionarie, 1572.

Page 142, line 24. *The swap of the swalowe*. The

flang expressions in this and some other of these ballads can only be conjecturally explained. Can this mean, the blow of the drunkard?

Page 143, line 8. *To bewite.* To hinder.

Page 143, line 11. *Mome.* A blockhead. "*Capparrone*, a pugge, an ape, a munkie, a babuine, a gull, a ninnie, a mome, a fot," Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598. "She will make a mome of thee, if shee get the upper hand once," Withals' *Dictionary*, ed. 1608, p. 460.

And pluck up thy hart, thou faint-harted *mome*;

As long as I lyve, thou shalt take no harme.

The Conflict of Conscience, by N. Woodes, 1581.

And yet, to speake the veritie, I roame not farre from home;
My yeeres be not expyred yet that bound me for a *mome*.

The Castell of Courtesie, by James Yates, 1582.

Page 143, line 12. *Talle.* Valiant; warlike. "He is as tall a man as any in Illyria," *Twelfth Night*.

Page 145, line 1. *Marueilous straunge Fishe.* This is one of the earliest broadsides relating to "strange fishes" known to exist, and is a modest account in comparison with that given by Stowe of a fish taken near Ramsgate in 1574, one of the eyes of which, "being taken out of his head, was more then six horses in a cart could draw; a man stoode upright in the place from whence the eye was taken;" *Annales*, ed. 1615, p. 677. The fondness of the public for exaggerated accounts of such things is pleasantly ridiculed by Shakespeare,—"*Here's another ballad, Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids.*" I am not acquainted with any very early ballad respecting a fish, but in the Miller collection is a broadside, "*The Discription of a rare or rather most monstrous fishe, taken on the East Coast of Holland the xvii. of Nouember, anno 1566,*" at the conclusion of which are some verses commencing thus,—

As thou this formed fishe doest see
 I-chaunged from his state,
 So many men in eche degree
 From kynd degenerate;
 To monstres men are turned now,
 Disguised in their raye,
 For in theyr fonde inuentions new
 They kepe no meane ne staye.

Page 145, line 14. *Scooles*. Shoals. "Into the town of Rochell, they say, God hath sent a *skull* of fish for their relief," MS. Harl. 388.

Page 146, line 15. *Daye sertayne*. The comma here should be placed after the word *daye*. In the 15th line of this page the last word in the line is, in the original, misprinted *serteintaintie*.

Page 146, line 17. *The Kinges Head in new Fish-streat*. A celebrated tavern for the "fast" men of the time of Elizabeth, noted for its wines. "Ha' your diet-drinke ever in bottles ready, which must come from the Kings-head," Ben Jonson's *Magnetick Lady*, ed. 1640, p. 37. "The King's-head in New Fish-street, where roysters do range," *Newes from Bartholomew Fayre*.

Page 147, line 12. *The fantasies*. This poem and the three following are printed together in double columns on one page of a large broadside. This first one is also found amongst the "Songes and Sonnettes of Uncertain Auctours," in Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557, there headed, "Of the mutabilitie of the world." Lacy, in 1565-6, had a license "for prynting of a ballett intituled a songe of Appelles, with another dytty;" and Griffith, in the same year, "for prynting of a ballett intituled of Apelles and Pygmalyne, to the tune of the fyrst Apelles." Lacy, however, a lso in the same year, had a license "for pryntinge of a ballett intituled the Fantises of a trubbled mans hed;" so that the first poem in the present broadside may have been issued separately.

Page 147, line 17. *A sea of wofull sorrowes*. "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles," Hamlet.

Page 148, line 10. *And is*. "As is," ed. 1557.

Page 148, line 17. *Payne*. "Gaine," ed. 1557, which has also *runne* for *rome* in the next line but one.

Page 149, line 12. *Of euyll tounge*s. This is also printed in Tottel's Miscellany, 1557, the present copy giving the name of the author, which was unknown to the compiler of that work.

Page 150, line 5. *Ye make great hatred*. In ed. 1557 this stanza commences thus,—

Ye make great warre, where peace hath been of long;
Ye bring rich realmes to ruine and decay.

Page 151, line 24. *Cought*. Laid; placed. This term was specially applied to artistic work.

Alle of palle werke fyne,
Cowchide with newyne.—MS. Lincoln.

Page 152, line 2. *A worlde it was to see*. That is, it was worth a world to see, it was wonderful to see. "It is a worlde to se him lowte and knele," Palsgrave, 1530. "It is a worlde to see what a wit wickednesse hath," Racster's Booke of the Seven Planets, 1598.

It is a worlde to see eache feate displaying wise,
Of Venus nimphes, of curtizans, whom folly doth disguise.
Grange's Golden Aphroditis, 1577.

But, Lord, it is a world to see how foolish fickle youth
Accompts the schoole a purgatorie, a place of paine and ruth.
The Chariot of Chastitie, by James Yates, 1582.

Page 154, line 7. *Roisters*. Rioters.

If he not reeke what ruffian *roisters* take his part,
He weeldes unwisely then the mace of Mars in hand.
Mirrour for Magistrates, ap. Nares.

Page 154, line 12. *Crake*. "I crake, I boſte, *je me vante*; whan he is well whyttelled, he wyll crake goodly of his manhode," Palsgrave, 1530. "Cracke or to bragge foolyſhely, *exultare*," Huloet's Dictionarie, 1572.

Page 154, line 29. *Gage*. A pledge or pawn. "He

that taketh a gage for a suretie of payment," Baret's *Alvearie*, 1580.

Page 156, line 2. *Holborne Hill*. Holborn Hill was always the road through which criminals, taken from Newgate to be hung at Tyburn, were conducted. There are innumerable references to this in our old writers.

Page 156, line 17. *Capichini*. So in the original. "Behold yet a new swarm of locusts, the order of the Capuchins, and of those shameless companions which attribute unto themselves the name of the companie of Jesus, which are within these forty years crawled out of the bottomless pit," Sermon published in 1587.

Page 157, line 3. *Lies*. "Lie" in the original.

Page 157, line 8. *The faire Widow of Watling street*. This ballad has no connection with the play so called. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers by Richard Jones in August, 1597, as "two ballads, being the first and second partes of the Widowe of Watling Street." No copy printed by Jones is known to exist, the present, issued by Pavier, being the earliest edition yet discovered. There is a later copy in the Roxburghe collection "printed for Fr. Cowles."

Page 157, line 12. *To the tune of Bragandary*. In Anthony Wood's collection of ballads at Oxford is one entitled, "A Description of a strange and miraculous fish cast upon the sands in the meads, in the hundred of Worwell in the county Palatine of Chester or Chesheire; to the tune of Bragandary."

Page 158, line 25. *For-why*. Because.

Page 162, line 6. *Fauor*. Countenance. "He was a youth of fine favour and shape," Bacon's History of Henry the Seventh.

Page 162, line 20. *A sort*. A company. "What care I for waking a sorte of clubbish loutes," Enterlude of Jacob and Esau, 1568. "A sort of country fellows," Tale of a Tub. "Ye shall be slain, all the sort of you," Psalms.

Page 162, line 23. *Witnesses*. "Witnesse" in the original, and so also in the Roxburghe copy.

Page 163, line 9. *And how it fell.* "And how it befell, they two mark'd it well," Roxburghe ed.

Page 163, line 19. *As the scuse.* "An excuse," ed. Roxburghe. This is simply a modernization. *Scuse* for *excuse* occurs in Shakespeare.

Page 163, line 23. *You masters.* "My masters," Roxburghe ed.

Page 164, line 6. *Quod the widdow.* "Quoth the young man," Roxburghe ed.

Page 164, line 11. *He.* "She" in the original, corrected in the Roxburghe copy.

Page 164, line 18. *To speake so.* The word *so*, wanting in the original, is supplied by conjecture. The Roxburghe copy reads *ill*.

Page 165, line 4. *Stamberd.* Stammered. "Stamber, or to stutte, *titubo*," Huloet's *Dictionary*, 1572. "Playes on thoughts, as girls with beads, when their masse they stamber," Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608.

Page 165, line 15. *To loose, at the least.* These two lines are thus given in the Roxburghe edition,—

For forfeit even all the goods he posselt,
To loose both his eares, and banisht so rest.

Page 166, line 15. *Almightie God I pray.* This and the next article are printed on one broadside page. The initial letters of the lines in the present poem read, when placed together,—"*Tempus edax rerum*, Time bryngethe al thynges to an ende, qvod Christopher Wilfon."

Page 167, line 6. *Xpe.* Christe.

Page 169, line 15. *Reduce.* Bring back (Lat.) "The mornynge, forsakyng the golden bed of Titan, reduced the desyred day," *History of Lucre and Eurialus*, 1560.

Page 173, line 17. *Trone.* "Trone or seate royall, *thronus*; trone-sitter, or he that sytteth in Maiestye, *altitronus*," Huloet's *Dictionary*, 1572.

Page 174, line 15. *Pepper is blacke.* There was a dance-tune so called. "When his wench or friskin was footing it aloft on the greene, with foote out and

foote in, and as busie as might be at Rogero, Bafilino, Turkelony, all the flowers of the broom, *Pepper is black,*" &c., Nash's Have With You to Saffron-Walden, 1596. The tune is found in the Dancing Master, 1650. See it in Chappell's Popular Music, p. 121.

Page 175, line 15. *Baggage*. Refuse. "Scum off the green baggage from it, and it will be a water," Lupton's Thousand Notable Things.

Page 178, line 8. *An Epitaph*. The name of the Lord Mayor was Avenon, not Avenet, as here given. The death of this estimable lady in July was, singularly enough, followed by the widower's marriage on October 22nd in the same year. "1570, Oct. 22, was married Sir Alexander Avenon, Lord Mayor, and mistres Blunden, widow, by a license, within his own house," Register of Allhallows, Bread Street, ap. Malcolm, ii. 12. The epitaph upon this lady is recorded in Stow's Survey of London, ed. 1618, p. 496. His first wife, the lady commemorated in the ballad, was Elizabeth, daughter of John Slow of King's Norton. See a pedigree in MS. Harl. 1096.

Page 178, line 18. *Fine*. End. This word is now only used in the expression, *in fine*.

Page 179, line 10. *Schortchyng*. The *r* is probably inserted by mistake in this word, which seems to be merely a form of *scotching*.

Page 179, line 14. *Could not want*. That is, could not do without. "I mysse, I wante a thyng that I seke for," Palsgrave, 1530. "*De cela je ne puis passer,* I can by no meanes want it, I cannot bee without it," Cotgrave.

And he is one that cannot wanted be,
But still God keepe him farre enough from me.
Workes of Taylor, the Water-Poet, 1630, ii. 134.

Page 181, line 18. *Keyfar*. An old term for an emperor, considered by some to be a corruption of Cæsar. "Es there any kyde knyghte, kayfere or other," Morte Arthure, MS. Lincoln. "Mighty kings and kesars into thraldom brought," Spenser.

“To be kaifer or kyng of the kyngdom of Juda,”
Piers Ploughman.

Page 182, line 10. *A famous dittie*. “The 12. of Nouember the queenes maiestie, returning after her progresse, came to her manor of S. James, where the citizens of London, to the number of 200, the grauest fort in coats of veluet and chaines of gould, on horse-back, and 1000 of the companies on foote, hauing with them 1000 men with torches ready there to giue light on euery side, for that the night drew on, receiued and welcomed her.”—*Stow's Annales*, p. 700.

Page 182, line 14. *Wigmores Galliard*. This tune is given in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 242, from William Ballet's MS. Lute-Book. It is frequently alluded to by our early writers. “This will make my master leap out of the bed for joy, and dance Wigmore's Galliard in his shirt about his chamber,” Middleton's *Five Gallants*.

Page 186, line 13. *A meruaylous straunge deformed Swyne*. This and other marvels of the time are thus alluded to in a letter from Bishop Jewell to H. Bullinger, written in August, 1562,—“Incredibilis fuit hoc anno toto apud nos cœli atque aeris intemperies. Nec sol, nec luna, nec hyems, nec ver, nec æstas, nec autumnus, satisfecit officium suum. Ita effatim et pene sine intermissione pluit, quasi facere jam aliud cœlum non queat. Ex hac contagione nata sunt monstra: infantes fœdum in modum deformatis corporibus, alii prorsus sine capitibus, alii capitibus alienis; alii trunci sine brachiis, sine tibiis, sine cruribus; alii ossibus solis cohærentes, prorsus sine ullis carnibus, quales fere imagines mortis pingi solent. Similia alia complura nata sunt e porcis, ex equabus, e vaccis, e gallinis. Messis hoc tempore apud nos angustius quidem provenit, ita tamen ut non possimus multum conqueri.”

Page 187, line 8. *Tallents*. Talons. This form of the word was very common, and the occasion of many a quibble. “Are you the kite, Beaufort? Where's your talents?” *First Part of the Contention*, 1600.

Page 188, line 17. *White-faste*. That is, white-faced.

Page 190, line 8. *Love deserveth Love*. This, and the four pieces which follow, are not printed, but accompany the ballads in contemporary manuscript.

Page 190, line 19. *He beares her gloue*. The glove of a lady, worn in a helmet as a favour, was considered a very honourable token, and much of the wearer's success was supposed to be derived from the virtue of the lady. See Nares, in v.

Page 191, line 2. *Tell me, sweete girle*. There is another MS. of this ballad in MS. Ashmole 781, beginning, "Tell mee, sweete harte," fol. 145.

Page 192, line 9. *Cross-row*. The alphabet, said to be so called from the cross prefixed to it in the early horn-book.

Thine eies taught me the alphabet of love,
To kon my cross-rowe ere I learn'd to spell.

Drayton's Idea.

Page 194, line 8. *A monstrous Child*. "Receved of John Sampson, for his lycense for the pryntinge of a monstherus chylde which was bornne at Maydestone, iiij.d," Registers of the Stationers' Company, 1568-9. This entry is not inconsistent with the imprint, Sampson frequently styling himself Awdeley, which was, in fact, his *alias*. The original is embellished with two hideous wood-engravings, showing the front and back of the child.

Page 194, line 22. *Played the naughty packe*. "A whore, queane, punke, drab, flurt, strumpet, harlot, cockatrice, *naughty pack*, light huswife, common hackney," Cotgrave.

Page 195, line 3. *Libardes*. "Libarde, *leopardus*," Huloet's Dictionarie, 1572. "Hee is a most excellent turner, and wil turne you wassel-bowles and posset-cuppes, carv'd with libberdes faces and lyons heades, with spoutes in their mouthes to let out the posset-ale most artificially," Sir Gyles Gooscappe, 1606.

Page 197, line 16. *To the tune of Fortune.* This favourite old tune is given in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, and in various other musical compilations. See a long account of it in Chappell's Popular Music, p. 162.

Page 198, line 9. *Shute.* Robert Shute was a Justice of the Queen's Bench from the year 1586 until his death in 1590. See Foss's Judges of England, vol. v. p. 541.

Page 201, line 1. *A discription of a monstrous Chylde.* "The iiij day of June ther was a chyld browth to the cowrte in a boxe, of a strange fegur, with a longe strynge commyng from the navyll,—browth from Chechester," Machyn's Diary, 1562, ed. J. G. Nichols, p. 284. Francis Godliff had a license, in 1562, for "the pycture of a monstus chylde which was bourne at Chechester." See Herbert's Ames, p. 1325.

Page 202, line 11. *Our.* The original has *it*, and the alteration may be unnecessary. When it was made, it was not recollected that *it* occasionally stands for *yet*. "And *it*, God knowes what may befall," Marriage of Wit and Wisdome, 1579.

Page 202, line 15. *A lame.* A lamb. "Lam or loom, yonge scheep, *agnus*," Prompt. Parv. "*Agnus*, a lame; *agna*, a new lame," Nominale MS.

Page 203, line 2. *The calues and pygges so straunge.* "This yeare (1562) in England were manie monstrous births. In March, a mare brought foorth a foale with one bodie and two heads, and, as it were, a long taile growing out betweene the two heads. Also a sow farrowed a pig with foure legs like to the armes of a manchild with armes and fingers, &c. In Aprill, a sow farrowed a pig with two bodies, eight feet, and but one head. Manie calves and lambs were monstrous, some with collars of skin growing about their necks like to the double ruffles of shirts and neckerchers then used. The foure and twentieth of Maie, a manchild was borne at Chichester in Suffex, the head, armes and legs whereof were like to an anatomie, the breast and bellie monstrous big, from the navill as it

were a long string hanging; about the necke a great collar of flesh and skin growing like the ruffe of a shirt or neckercher coming up above the eares, pleited and folded, &c." Holinshed's Chronicles, ed. 1587, vol. 3, p. 1195. Cf. Stow's Annales, ed. 1615, p. 647.

Page 206, line 7. *Disgest*. A common form of *digest*. "I have set you downe one or two examples to try how ye can *disgest* the maner of the devise," Puttenham.

Page 206, line 27. *Take*. "Toke" in the original.

Page 207, line 28. *Messe*. Entertainment. The term is generally applied to a party of four. "And you are the fourth, to make up the messe," Wapull's Tyde Taryeth no Man, 1576. "The messe of constables were shrunke to three," Taylor's Workes, fol. Lond. 1630.

Page 208, line 2. *Lidgate, Wager, Barclay and Bale*. There was a William Wager, the author of the comedy called, The Longer thou Liuest the more Foole thou Art, n. d. Another comedy by him, entitled, 'Tis Good sleeping in a Whole Skin, was amongst the number of plays destroyed by Warburton's servant, and Winstanley ascribes the play of the Trial of Chivalry to the same writer. The person alluded to in the text may, however, be Lewis Wager, the author of "A new Enterlude, never before this tyme imprinted, entreating of the Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalene," 1567. The other writers alluded to in the text are too well known to require a note.

Page 211, line 1. *Fynsbery fylde*. Open fields outside Moorgate. They were used for archery meetings, and, at a period later than the probable date of this ballad, they were the favourite resort of the citizens for walking. It would appear, from the satirical remarks of the writer, that Finsbury Fields were, at this early period, infested with thieves. There is a long and interesting account of the history of this spot in Stow's Survey of London, ed. 1633, p. 475.

Page 211, line 3. *A nylde*. A needle. "Like pricking needls, or points of fwords," Lucan's *Pharsalia* by Sir A. Gorges, 1614.

Page 211, line 20. *I pas not moche*. I care not much. "To passe (care), *moror*; I pass not for it, *quid mea*; I passe not for his help, *ejus operam nihil moror*," Coles.

Page 214, line 9. *Cornelis Woltrop*. No printer of this name is mentioned by Ames or Herbert.

Page 214, line 11. *As pleasant a dittie*. This popular ballad is printed in Robert Jones's *First Booke of Songs and Ayres*, 1601, with the music. In Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605, Francischina, who is the Dutch courtezan, sings in broken English,—

Mine mettre sing non oder song,
But still complaine me doe her wrong,
For me did but kisse her,
For me did but kis her,
And so let her go!

That its popularity extended to Holland is proved by the Dutch words to the tune printed in Starter's *Boertigheden*, 4to. Amst. 1634. It is also quoted more than once by Shirley.

Page 214, line 14. *I do*. "I did," ed. Jones, 1601; and in the next line, *was for is*.

Page 215, line 2. *As teehe*. This jocular term was used to signify the noise made in laughing. "Ye tee-heeing pixy," Exmoor Scolding.

Page 215, line 10. *Was this any harme*. "This was no harme," ed. Jones, 1601. In the next line, that printed copy reads,—*"But shee, alas, is angrie still;"* and, after this stanza, there is only the following one, corresponding to the last verse in our copy,—

Yet sure her lookes bewraies content,
And cunningly her brales are meant;
As louers vse to play and sport,
When time and leisure is too-too short.

Page 219, line 17. *In a breef*. We now say, in brief. The form of the phrase, as it occurs in the text, is very unusual.

Page 220, line 5. *At randon*. A common old form, and the more correct, (Fr.)

Oh yes, it may, thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully *at randon* doest thou hit.

Venus and Adonis, ed. 1593, fig. F. 4, v^o.

Page 221, line 1. *Good Fellowes*. This and the next ballad are on one broadside page. There appears to have been an earlier edition, for Griffith had a license, in 1567-8, "for the pryntinge of a ballett intituled, Good felowes muste go learne to daunce, &c."

Page 221, line 5. *A brall*. "*Bransle*, a brawle, or daunce, wherein many men and women, holding by the hands, sometimes in a ring, and otherwhiles at length, moue all together," Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, ed. 1611.

Page 221, line 6. *The tryxt*. That is, the neatest. "Tricke, gallaunt and trymme, *cultus, eligans*; tricke, gallaunt or trimme wench," Huloet's *Dictionary*, ed. 1572.

Page 221, line 16. *Slyper faste*. Fastened in a slippery manner. "Slypper, *glissant*," Palsgrave, 1530.

Page 221, line 23. *In bauderycke wyse*. That is, in the manner of a belt. It appears to have been a technical term applied to bells. "Payd to goodman Godden, for makeinge the buckelle to the baldrike, and trussinge up the belle, ij.s. viij.d," MS. Accounts, Stratford-on-Avon, 1592.

Page 221, line 25. *A shurte after the Moryce guyse*. Alluding, perhaps, to the streamers worn by Morris-dancers on their sleeves, which fluttered in the wind, specimens of which are seen in the celebrated Tollett window.

Page 221, line 27. *A wyffler*. Wiffers were persons who went before a leading personage in a procession to clear the way. They were furnished with wands, and formerly were an essential part of every procession of any magnitude. "Passing the gate,

wiffers, fuch officers as were appointed by the mayor to make me way through the throng of the people which preft fo mightily upon me, with great labour I got thorow that narrow preaze into the open market-place," Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder, 1600.

Page 222, line 5. *It fkylles not.* It matters not. "It fkills not greatly who impugns our doom," Second Part of Henry the Sixth, act iii. fc. 1.

Page 222, line 10. *Or at Cotfolde.* The allufion to dancing on the Cotfwold hills may here probably refer to the fhepherds' festivals in that locality alluded to by Drayton. The Cotfwold games were not intituted until a later period.

Page 223, line 2. *Wyttie Watte.* Wat was an old name for a hare, and hence ufed for a wily perfon. The more ufual expreffion was Wily Wat. *Cuttinge*, fwaggering. "Wherefore have I fuch a companie of cutting knaves to waite upon me?" Hiftorie of Friar Bacon.

Page 223, line 6. *Hyleye.* That is, highly.

Page 223, line 15. *The byllbowes are not made it.* That is, not made yet. The bilboes were a fpecies of ftocks ufed for the punifhment of failors. "The pore feloe was put into the *bilboes*, he being the firft upon whom any punifhment was fhewd," MS. Journal of a Sea Voyage, temp. Eliz.

Page 224, line 1. *The braineles bleffing of the Bull.* Lacy had a license in 1570 "for pryntinge of a ballett intituled the brayneles bleffynge of the bull."

"The 25. of May in the morning was found hanging at the Bifhop of Londons palace gate, in Paules Churchyard, a Bull which lately had beene fent from Rome containing diuerfe horrible treafons againft the Queenes maiefty, for the which one Iohn Felton was fhortly after apprehended, and committed to the Tower of London."—*Stow's Annales*, ed. 1615, p. 666.

This ballad is equalled in fiercenefs, and is well illuftrated, by an exceedingly curious contemporary tract entitled, "A Difclofing of the great Bull, and certain calues that he hath gotten, and fpecially the

Monster Bull that roared at my Lord Byshops gate," n.d.

Page 224, line 14. *Bleathes*. Bellows? This word may possibly be connected with the provincial term *blether*, to make a great noise. "The selfe same monster Bull is he that lately roared out at the Bishops Palace gate, in the greatest citie of England, horrible blasphemies agaynst God, and villanous dishonors agaynst the noblest queene in the world, Elizabeth, the lawfull Queene of England; he stamped and scraped on the ground, stong dust of spitefull speches and vaine curses about him, pushed with his hornes at her noble counsellors and true subiectes, and for pure anger all to berayed the place where he stoode," A Disclosing of the great Bull, n. d.

Page 225, line 10. *Clots*. "Clodde or to clotte lande, *occo*," Huloet's Dictionarie, ed. 1572. "No clot in clay," Legen. Cathol., p. 2.

Page 225, line 14. *Gage my head*. A common jocular form of a wager. So Biron exclaims,—

I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,
These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.

Page 225, line 16. *Syse*. "Syse, waxe candell, *bougee*," Palsgrave, 1530. In the solemn form of excommunication, the bell was tolled, the book of offices for the purpose used, and three candles extinguished, with certain ceremonies. See further in Nares, in v. *Bell, Book, and Candle*.

Page 225, line 30. *Hardyngs cow*. "Since he (the bull) came ouer so lately disguised, he hath light upon certaine ranke kyen, who I thinke by their long forbearing are become the lustier, that is, treason, superstition, rebellion and such other, and with them he hath so bestirred him that, by the helpe of maister Doctor Harding, Sanders, and other, some there, some here, iolly cowkeepers and herdemen of Popish clergie, which sent and brought him ouer, and brake open for him the feuerall hedges and fences of true religion, obedience, allegiance, fayth, and honestie, he hath be-

gotten a marueilous number of calues in fewe yeares,"
A Disclofing of the great Bull, n. d.

Page 226, line 2. *Butcher Row*. There was a place so called near the Strand, "from the butchers' shambles on the south side," Strype, iv. 118, ap. Cunningham.

Page 226, line 5. *Walthams calues*. In allusion to the old proverb about Waltham's calf, which ran nine miles to suck a bull. "Some running and gadding calues, wiser than Walthams calfe that ranne nine miles to sucke a bull, for these runne aboue nine hundred miles," A Disclofing of the great Bull, n. d.

Page 226, line 26. *A twitch*. A touch. So we have *twiche-box*, a touch-box, in the play of Damon and Pithias.

Page 227, line 10. *What lyfe is best*. This is in manuscript and signed by the initials I. G. in a monogram. It is similar in character and evidently by the same writer as the poem already printed at p. 192, but it is on a separate paper, and apparently another essay.

Page 228, line 1. *The crie of the poore*. Henry, the third Earl of Huntingdon, married Catherine, daughter to John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and dying at York in December, 1595, in the sixty-first year of his age, was buried at Ashby-de-la-Zouch with great solemnity. The expenses of his funeral amounted to nearly £1400. The corpse was embalmed at an expense of £28; liveries to sixty poor men, £60; in alms to the poor of divers parishes, £26 13s. 4d. The wood-engraving which illustrates the original ballad was probably intended for some other similar scene, and may have been previously used for another purpose. Certain it is, at least, that the Earl died intestate, administration to his effects having been granted in June, 1596, to his brother George, who succeeded to the title. See the Administrations in the Court of Probate, London, 3 June, 1596. The Earl, whose death is here lamented by one to whom he had probably been a kind patron, was distinguished by his piety and goodness.

There are letters of his to the Bishop of Chester, still extant, in which he speaks of his strenuous endeavours to obtain good preachers for the people.

Page 229, line 2. *Souſe*. "I ſouce meate, I laye it in ſome tarte thyng, as they do brawne or ſuche lyke," Palsgrave, 1530.

Page 229, line 13. *Of Yorke he was Prefident made by her grace*. "Henry Earle of Huntingdon was made Prefident of the Councell in the North. This Prefidentſhip, which is now full of honour, hath from a poore beginning grown up in ſhort time to this greatneſſe," Camden's *Annales* of 1574, ed. 1635, p. 179.

Page 232, line 1. *The Weſtmerlande bull*. So, in the ballad of the Riſing in the North,—

Lord Weſtmorland his ancyent raiſde,
The Dun Bull he rays'd on hye.

"The ſupporters of the Nevilles, Earls of Weſtmoreland, were Two Bulls Argent, ducally collar'd Gold, armed Or, &c. In another ballad his banner is thus deſcribed,—

Sett me up my faire dun bull,
With gilden hornes, hee beares all ſoe hye."
Note by Biſhop Percy.

Page 232, line 13. *Sir John Swingbreeche*. The Proteſtants of this time were fond of giving jocular names to prieſts. So, in a contemporary manuſcript, we have the names of Sir John Lack-Latin, Sir John Mumble-Matins, and Sir John Smell-smoke.

Page 232, line 17. *Though yet they lye lurking*. "What a fond and foliſhe ende theſe rebells have made of their traiterous rebellion. They alwaies fled afore us after we cam firſt within xij. myles of them, and we folowed after them as faſt as we might, without reſt; nevertheless you ſee how they bee eſcaped, which they might eaſily do in this waſt and deſolat country," Sadler to Cecil, State Papers.

Page 232, line 21. *But her Maieſtie of mercie is endued with ſtore*. So, in a rare poem, An Aunſwere to the Proclamation of the Rebels in the North, 1569,—

If lenity may make men rise,
 Or meeknesse gender yre,
 If cold may cause the coles to burne,
 Or water kindell fire;
 If adamant may thrust away
 The iron or the steel,
 Or shining sun the naked man
 May cause the colde to feele;
 Then may our Queene Elizabeth
 Be thought to be the cause,
 Why these rebels do go about
 The breaking of hir lawes.

Page 234, line 7. *Olde*. A common augmentative. "On Sunday at masse, there was olde ringing of bells," Tarlton's *Newes out of Purgatorie*, 1590. "We shall have old swearing," *Merchant of Venice*, act iv. sc. 2.

Page 234, line 21. *Next*. Nigheft; nearest. "Home, home, the next way," *Winter's Tale*, act iii. sc. 3.

Page 235, line 10. *Vpsidowne*. Upside-down.

Thus es this worlde torned upsodowne,
 Tyll many mans dampnacyowne.—*Hampole*.

"Tornyng upsodowne, *subvercion*," Palsgrave, 1530.

Page 236, line 1. *A dittie*. This ballad in honour of Thomas Howard, the fourth Duke of Norfolk, was probably written about the year 1561, when the Duke was still young, but yet had distinguished himself as a successful commander, two facts which are mentioned by the writer.

Page 237, line 6. *Thy pettigree*. "Petygrewe, *genealogie*," Palsgrave, 1530. "Petigrew, petigree, or geneologie, *stemma*," Huloet's *Dictionary*, 1572.

Page 238, line 1. *Gisippus and his Tite*. An allusion to the well-known story of Titus and Gisippus, related in the *Decameron*, x. 8. In 1562 appeared a poem by Edward Lewicke entitled, "The most wonderfull and pleasaunt History of Titus and Gisippus, whereby is fully declared the figure of perfect frendshyp."

Page 238, line 8. *Turnoys*. "*Torno*, a turne, a twirle," Florio's *Worlde of Wordes*, 1598.

Page 239, line 5. *As Noye*. "A Noye" in the original, *Noye* being of course an old form of *Noah*.

Page 239, line 10. *A newe Ballade*. The allusion to the uncertain fate of the rebels fixes the date of the composition of this ballad to the earlier part of the year 1570.

Page 241, line 11. *Ieare*. That is, ire.

Page 242, line 14. *Aleuen*. Eleven. "Aleuen widdowes and nine maides," *Merchant of Venice*, ed. 1623.

Page 242, line 20. *Plagued*. "Plagud" in the original.

Page 242, line 24. *And*. "Ond" in the original.

Page 243, line 8. *The true Discripcion*. There was a ballad at a later period on a similar odd birth, which was licensed in 1586-7, as "a newe ballad intituled Stowp gallant, concerning a child borne with great ruffes." In the original copy of the broadside here printed, each side of the leaf is filled with exactly the same matter. There are two hideous woodcuts representing the front and back of the child.

Page 245, line 7. *Spurk*. That is, spirt.

Page 251, line 1. *Mother Watkins ale*. This ballad is mentioned in a letter with the signature of T. N. to his good friend A. M. [Anthony Munday], prefixed to the latter's translation of "*Gerileon of England*," 1592,—"*I should hardly be perswaded, that anie professor of so excellent a science (as printing) would be so impudent to print such ribauldrie as Watkin's Ale, the Carman's Whistle, and fundrie such other.*" The tune is preserved in *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book* in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. See the music in *Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 137. It has been stated in print that the music, without the words, has been discovered among the papers of Dr. Pepusch. This statement, however, is a silly and mischievous fabrication.

Page 251, line 4. *Needs*. "Nœds" in the original. *Sithd*, in the next line, sighed.

Page 251, line 7. *Behard*. Beheard, i. e., heard.

Page 251, line 20. *Muskadine*. A kind of sweet wine, frequently alluded to by our early writers. Cotgrave, in v. *Muscadet*, speaks of "a cyder which, made of a verie small and sweet apple, resembles muscadine in colour, taft, and smell."

Page 254, line 1. *Bowlne*. That is, swell. The term is still in use in the provinces. Palsgrave has *bowlne*, 1530.

Page 254, line 29. *Cat will after kind*. A common old proverbial saying, immortalized by Touchstone,—

If the cat will after kind,
So, be sure, will Rosalind.

"Cat after kinde, faith the proverbe, swete milke wil lap," Enterlude of Jacob and Esau, 1568.

"What is hatcht by a hen will scrape like a hen, and cat after kinde will either hunt or scratch, and you are an ill bird so fowly to defile your nest."—*Florio's Second Frutes*, 1591.

"An evill bird layeth an ill egge, the cat will after her kinde, and ill tree cannot bring foorth good fruit, the young cub groweth craftie like the damme."—*Arraignement of Lewd, Idle, Froward, and Unconstant Women*, 1617, p. 44.

Page 255, line 7. *The Crowe sits upon the wall*. Entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company in 1591-2, "xviij. die Januarii, 1591, Henry Kirkham entred for his copie under Mr. Watkin's hande a ballad intituled the Crowe shee fittes uppon the wall; please one and please all." This ballad is of great interest, being the only copy known of the one referred to by Malvolio,—“But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is,—Please one, and please all.”

Page 255, line 19. *Their*. This word is here, and also in line 12 of the next page, misprinted *her* in the original copy of the ballad. *Kircher*, kerchief.

Page 256, line 19. *Bulke*. A sort of board or ledge outside a house upon which articles were exposed

for sale. "*Balcone*, a bulke, a stall of a shop," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598.

Page 258, line 3. *Be she flaunt*. That is, be she fine or fashionable. Shakespeare uses the substantive *flaunts*, fineries, in the Winter's Tale, act iv. sc. 3. "The one a flaunting fellow, useth to wear a scarlet cloak over a crimson fatten suit," Gee's Foot out of the Snare, 1624.

Page 260, line 2. *Lord Henry Wrisley*. The second Earl, born 30 November, 1546. See Esc. 4 Edw. VI., ii. 78. He was a devoted adherent of Mary Queen of Scots, an attachment which occasioned his being imprisoned in the Tower in 1572. Camden assigns the date of his death to the year 1583. See his Annales, ed. 1635, p. 255. This, however, is undoubtedly an error, for he died at the early age of thirty-five, on October 4th, 1581, as appears from the inquisition taken after his decease (Esc. 24 Eliz., i. 46). The date of the month, as given in the title of the ballad, is therefore erroneous. By his will, he directs his body to be interred in the Chapel of Tichfield Church, bequeathing sufficient money to his executors to renovate the said chapel, which was to be divided by iron grating from the rest of the church. He also bequeaths the sum of £200 to the poor. Warton's account of Tichfield is interesting and curious,—“ I visited Tichfield-house, Aug. 19, 1786, and made the following observations on what is now remaining there. The abbey of Tichfield being granted to the first Earl, Thomas, in 1538, he converted it into a family mansion, yet with many additions and alterations: we enter, to the south, through a superb tower, or Gothic portico, of stone, having four large angular turrets. Of the monastic chapel only two or three low arches remain, with the moor-stone pilasters. The greater part of what may properly be called the house, forming a quadrangle, was pulled down about forty years ago. But the refectory, or hall of the abbey, still remains complete, with its original raftered roof of good workmanship: it is embattelled; and has three Gothic

windows on each side, with an oreille or oriel window. It is entered by a portico which seems to have been added by the new proprietor at the dissolution; by whom also the royal arms *painted*, with the portcullis and H. R. (Henricus Rex), were undoubtedly placed over the high-table. At the other end is a music-gallery. Underneath is the cellar of the monastery, a well-wrought crypt of chalk-built arches; the ribs and intersections in a good style. In a long cove-ceiled room, with small parallel semicircular arches, are the arms of King Charles the First on tapestry; he was protected here in his flight from Hampton-court. Two or three Gothic-shaped windows, perhaps of the abbey, in a part of the house now inhabited by a steward and other servants. In these and other windows some beautiful shields of painted glass are preserved; particularly one of Henry the Eighth impaling Lady Jane Seymour, who were married at Maxwell, twenty miles off, and who seem from thence to have paid a visit at this place to Lord Southampton. Here are some fine old wreathed chimneys in brick. In an angle of the dilapidated buildings, to the west of the grand entrance or tower, is an elegant shaft of a pilaster of polished stone, with the springing of an arch which must have taken a bold and lofty sweep: these are symptoms of some considerable room or office of the monastery."

Page 263, line 4. *Ne.* That is, not.

Page 266, line 6. *Moue.* "More" in the original.

Page 267, line 19. *The Bibles they did rent and teare.* "Rent," that is, rend. "While with his fingers he his haire doth rent," Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice, 1597.

"Christians I can not terme you that haue defaced the Communion of Christians, and in destroying the booke of Chrystes most holy Testament, renounced your parts by his Testament bequethed unto you."—*Norton, To the Queene's Maiesties poore deceiued Subiects of the Northe Contrey*, 1569.

"The earles have beene at Duresme, with ther force in armor, to perswade the people to take ther partes,

and some of ther company have throwen downe the comunion table, and torne the Holy Bible in pieces, so as it appereth directly they intende to make religion ther grownd."—*Letter from the Council of the North to the Queen*, November 15th, 1569.

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